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THE NEW YORKER

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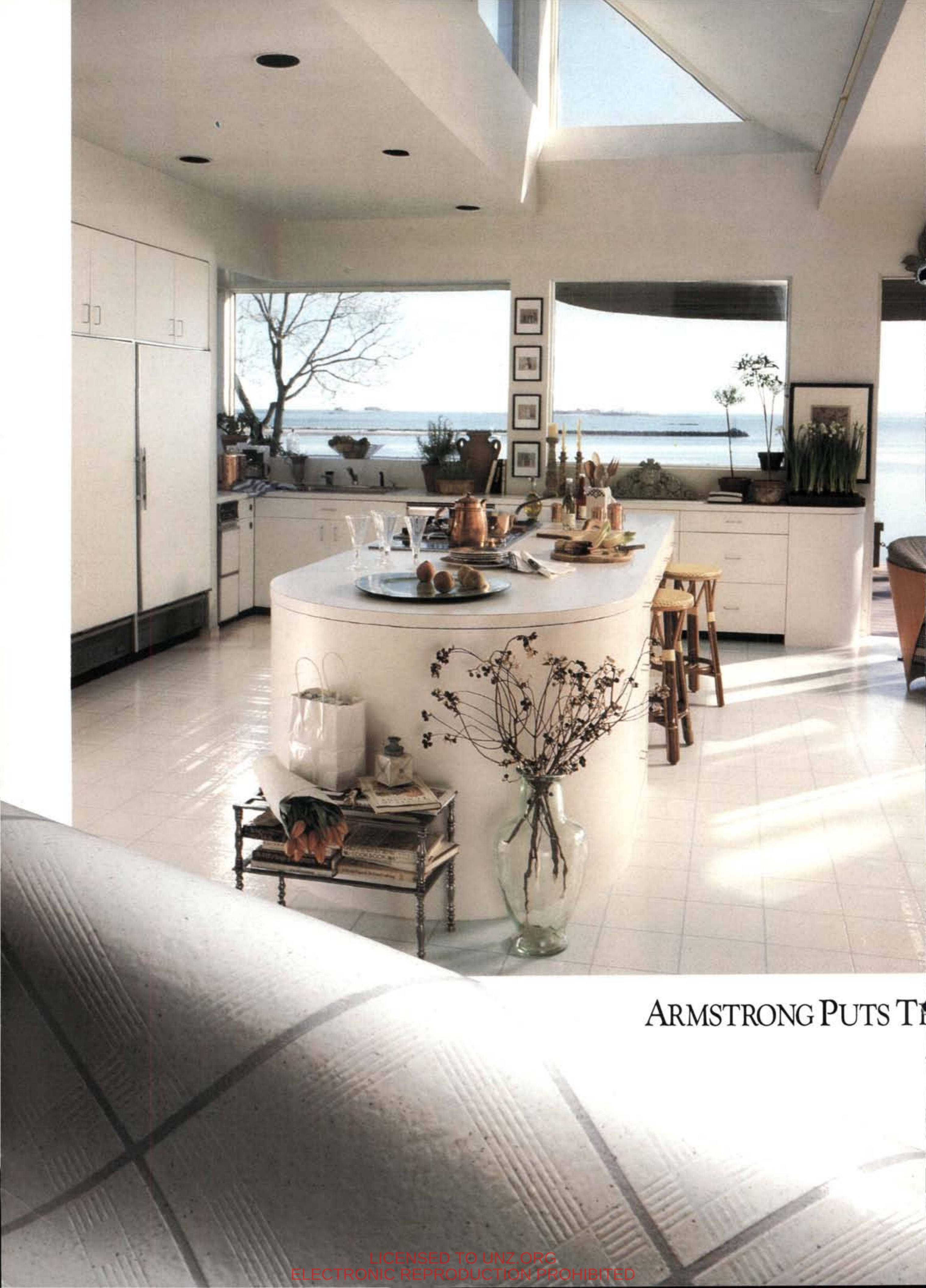
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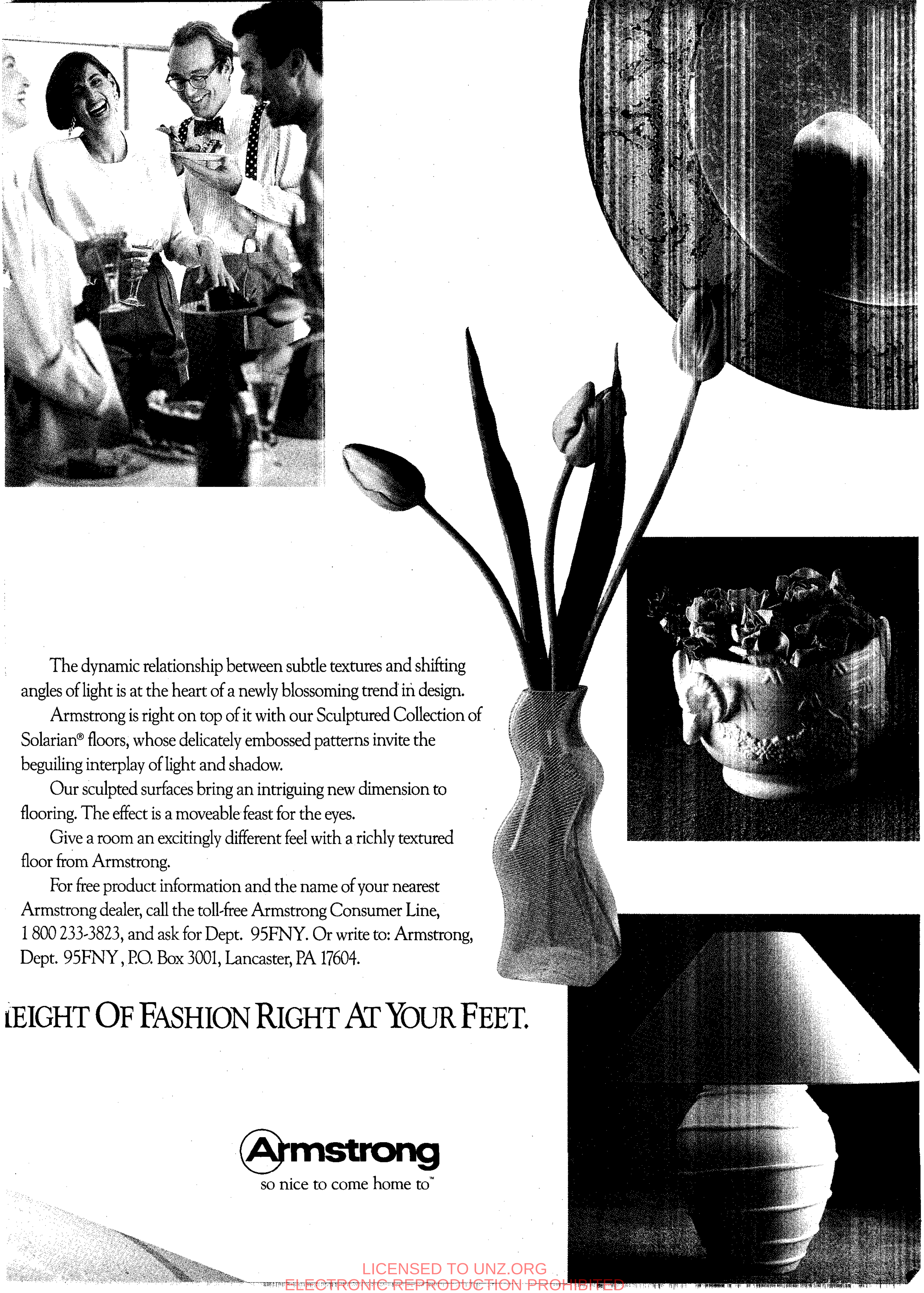

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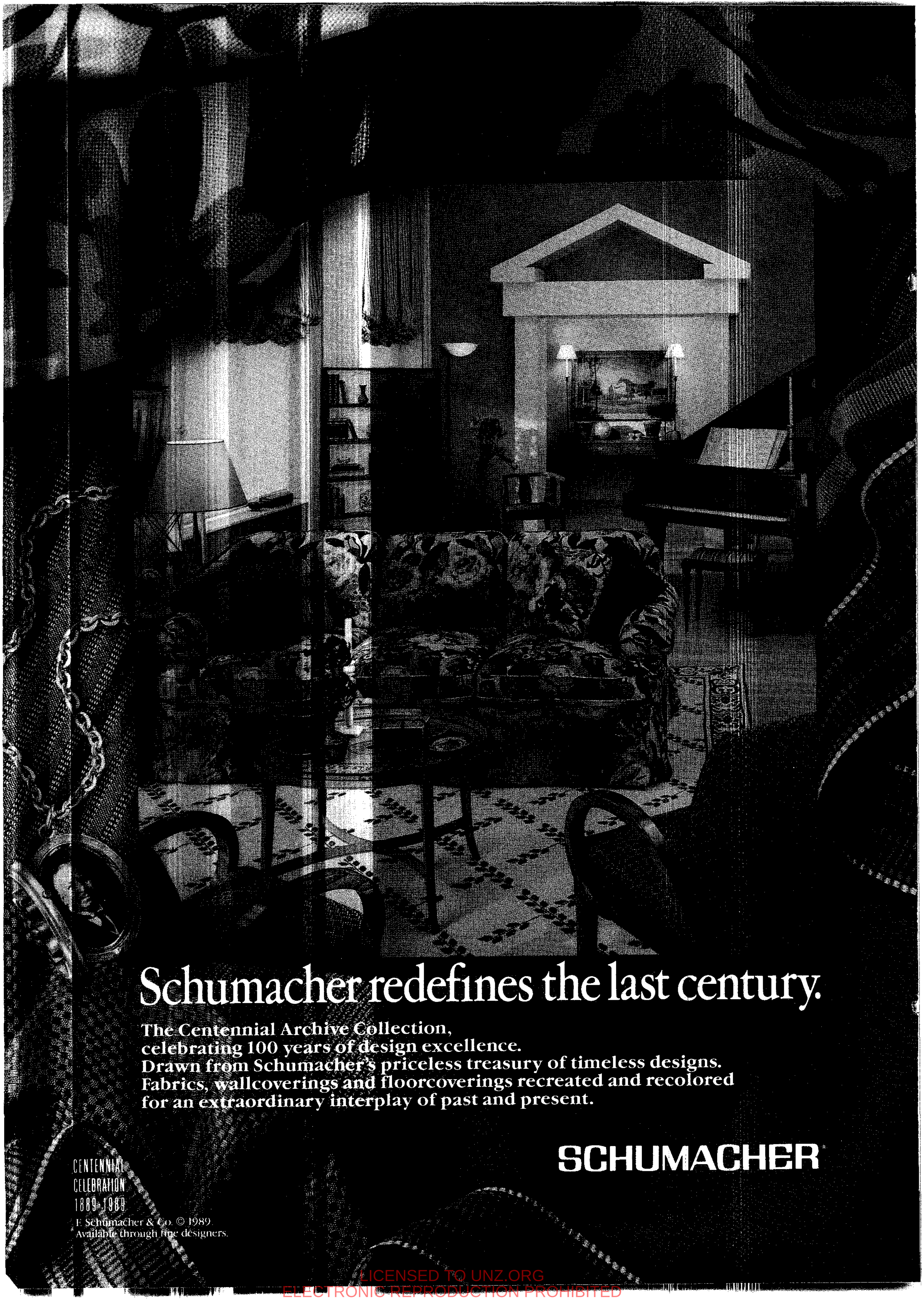

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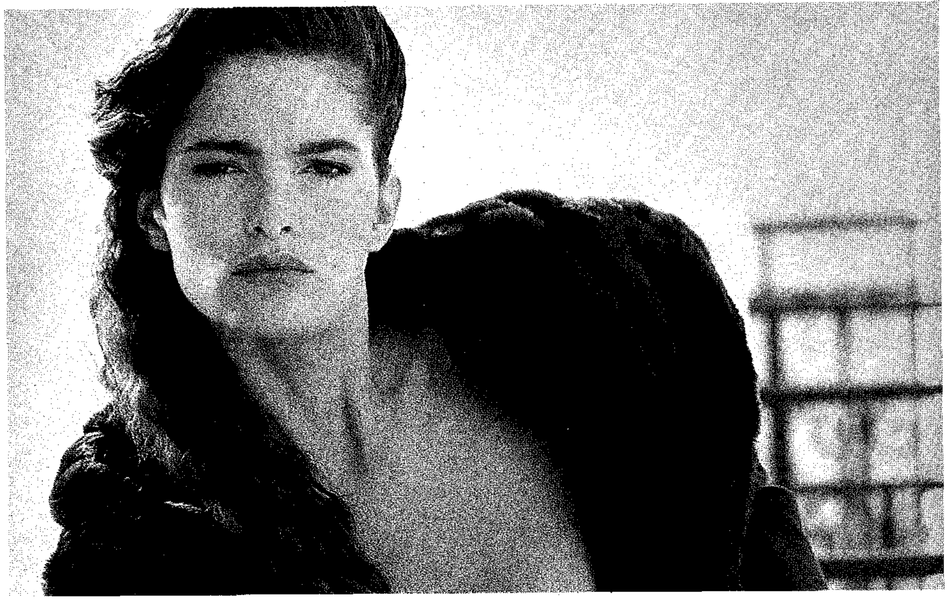

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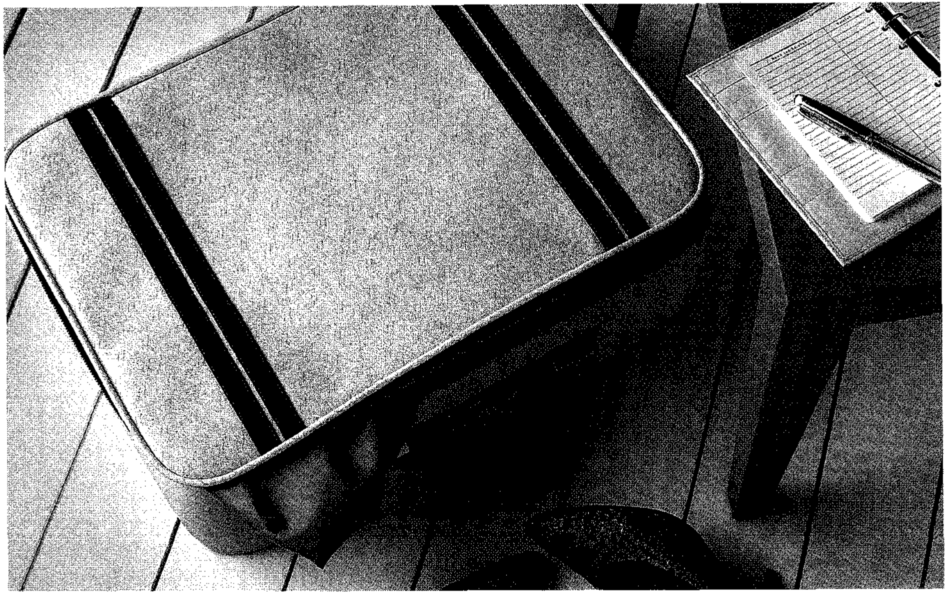

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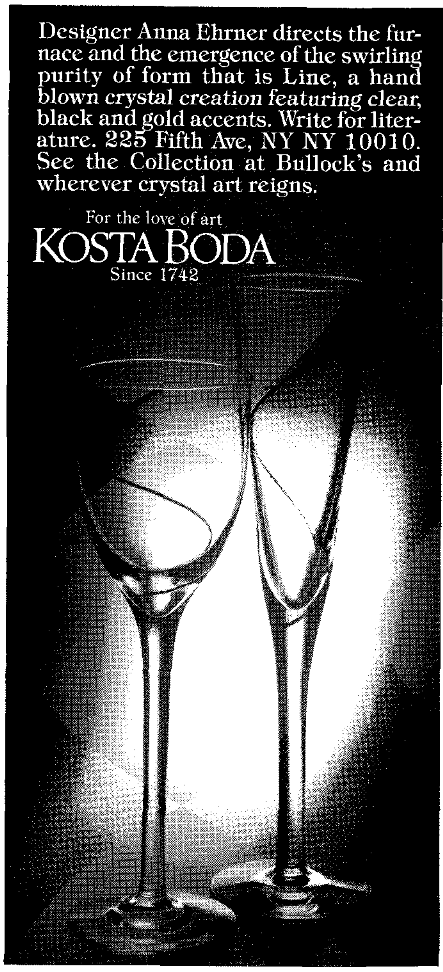
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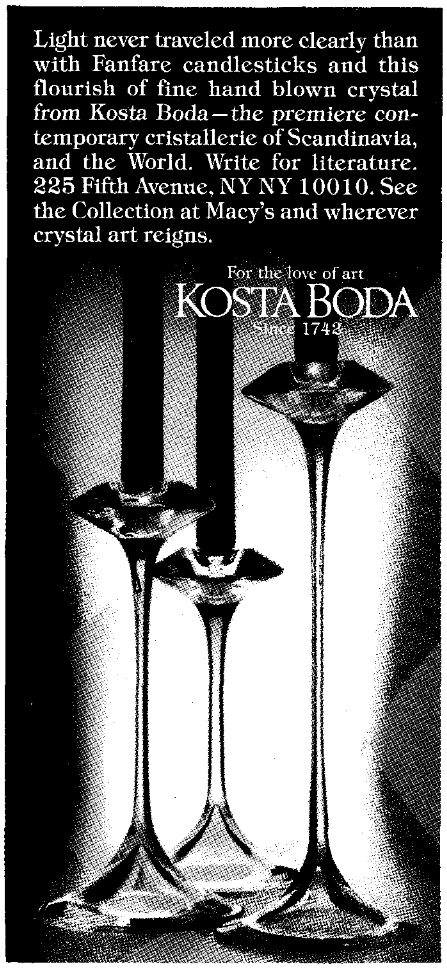
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

SECURITY alarms, cryonics, and the book-publishing business are the ostensible subjects of three one-act plays that Naked Angels—a young theatre collaborative made up of twenty-four actors, directors, and writers—is producing this week at its recently acquired theatre on West 17th Street. The theatre, only partly refurbished (it's situated in a building that used to be an old picture-frame factory, around the corner from Barneys), is the sort of place where you hear a big "click" when the sound man hits the button on the tape recorder.

We have a fondness for this kind of venue, as well as for one-act plays, so we asked if we could come to a rehearsal of some of the pieces being performed. Of the three plays we heard read (there are ten in all) there wasn't a loser among them. We figure that Jon Robin Baitz's "The Substance of Fire" isn't really any more about book publishing than "Moby Dick" is about whaling; by the same token, Frank Pugliese's "The Alarm" isn't really about the installation of a security system. It was too soon to tell whether John Sayles' "New Hope for the Dead" is really about cryonics or about something else. That the play was a little whimsical for our taste may be a function of direction. At the particular reading we attended, Patrick Breen—a highly versatile actor, who will appear in three of the plays presented in this two-evening program, including one that he wrote himself—reminded us uncomfortably of too many of the young men we used to know who seemed to want no more out of life than to take their shoes off, open their eyes very wide, and hold a girl's hand, but we recognize this as a purely personal reaction.

Naked Angels performs April 25th through 29th at eight, at 114 West 17th Street (727-0020).

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for the schedule and ticket availability.)

APPROACHING ZANZIBAR—Jane Alexander and Harris Yulin in a new play by Tina Howe. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

ARISTOCRATS—A play by Brian Friel, originally done at Dublin's Abbey Theatre in 1979. With Niall Buggy, Margaret Colin, John Pankow, and Kaiulani Lee. A Manhattan Theatre Club production. Opens April 25 at 8. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. For information about tickets, call 645-5590.)

ELEEMOSYNARY—A play by Lee Blessing, with Eileen Heckart, Joanna Gleason, and Jennie Moreau. Lynne Meadow is the director. In previews. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

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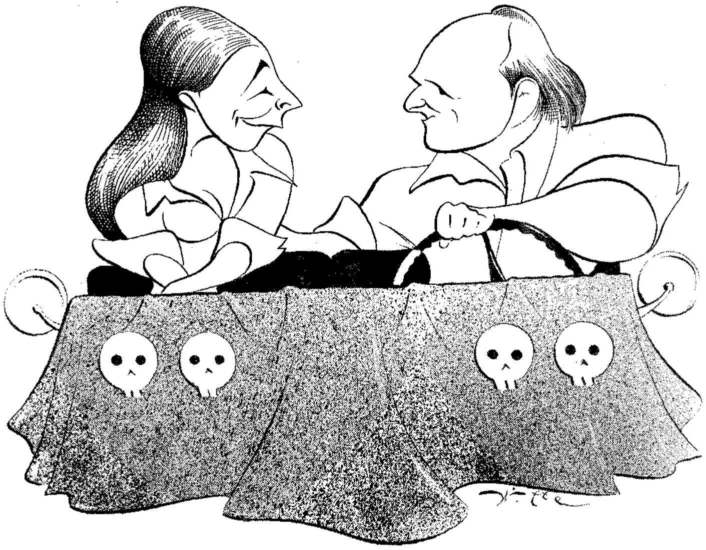
GHETTO—A play by the Israeli writer Joshua Sobol, set in Vilna, Lithuania, in 1942-43. Donal Donnelly, Avner Eisenberg, Stephen McHattie, and Helen Schneider are in the cast. Previews through April 29. Opens April 30 at 6. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

LARGELY NEW YORK—Bill Irwin's new, wordless comedy about man and technology. Performed by a company of nineteen, including Mr. Irwin himself. Previews through April 30. Opens May 1 at 7:15. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

STARMITES—A musical about a young girl who is transported to the world of her favorite comic-book characters. The score and lyrics are by Barry Keating, and the book is by Stuart Ross and Mr. Keating. Previews through April 26. Opens April 27 at 6:30. (Stage Right at Criterion Center, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)



"Approaching Zanzibar"

NEW THIS SEASON

AMULETS AGAINST THE DRAGON FORCES—An extremely tedious work about the young son of a practical nurse, who takes him along to the house of a dying patient. The performance, under B. Rodney Marriott's direction, is worthy of a better script. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/17/89.) (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes May 7.)

BLACK AND BLUE—An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, Savion Glover, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (2/6/89, under Dancing.) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

BORN YESTERDAY—Madeline Kahn's performance as Billie Dawn (the role that made Judy Holliday famous) is the only good thing about this revival of Garson Kanin's 1946 political fable. Ed Asner is entirely inadequate as the scrap-metal tycoon who makes the mistake of hiring a *New Republic* writer to educate his mistress. So, unfortunately, is Daniel Hugh Kelly, who plays the journalist. (2/13/89) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

BRIMSTONE AND TREACLE—Dennis Potter wrote this stage version of his own 1975 television film, which the BBC, having commissioned and paid for the thing, found too "nauseating" to transmit. (They later broadcast the film in 1987.) It has none of the subtlety or complexity of either "The Singing Detective" or Potter's novel "Blackeyes." The play is a hodgepodge of images borrowed from Pinter and Peter Nichols—the devil descends on a couple trapped in a benighted existence with their spastic daughter—and seems to date from a period before Dennis Potter figured out that he was Dennis Potter. (Interart, 549 W. 52nd St. 246-1050. Closes May 14.)

BROTHERS, MOTHERS AND OTHERS—A pair of two-character one-act plays by Seth Zvi Rosenfeld, set in Spanish Harlem. The first, about an encounter between a drug dealer and his cop brother, shows some promise. The second play, marred by an insufferable performance from Ralph Marrero, is just "Zoo Story" recast as a play about racial strife in the wake of the sixties. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes May 6.)

CANTORIAL—Ira Levin's play about a couple who move into a renovated apartment on the Lower East Side that was once a synagogue, only to find that the place is haunted (by the restless spirit of an intrusive cantor, no less). Anthony Fusco and Woody Romoff are cute as all getout playing, respectively, the young man of uncertain origins who finds himself wanting to be a Jew and the wise old bird who owns the deli across the street. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

CHU CHEM—A small Jewish delegation (2m, 1f) visits China in the fourteenth century and finds traces of another, larger delegation that went there a thousand years before that. This musical is probably harmless, if you can manage to ward off the cutes. (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 246-0102.)

THE COCKTAIL HOUR—A dramatist returns home to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more engaging. Under Jack O'Brien's direction, Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Keene Curtis, and Richard Backus do well also. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

DON JUAN OF SEVILLE—Ghastly. Carey Perloff's gimmicky staging of Tirso de Molina's "El Burlador de Sevilla" (the original Don Juan play) uses scaffolding, modern dress, and otherwise jokey costumes (Day-Glo seventeenth-century collars and such, worn over tracksuits and crop tops) to soup up a classic. Jeffrey Nordling is inexpressibly vulgar in the title role—like a refugee from the Broadway cast of "The Three Musketeers"—and easily matched by those around him. It's hard to tell which is worse: Lynne Alvarez's effortful, self-conscious translation or Elizabeth Swados's irritating, sententious music. Produced in conjunction with Intar. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes April 30.)

EARLY ONE EVENING AT THE RAINBOW BAR AND GRILLE—Dan Butler, as bartender, and Julie White, as visitor, embark on a love affair, while the world outside draws to a close. William Wise, as God in a navy business suit, may be able to save them. Bruce Graham's apocalyptic barroom melodrama is not very substantial, but it has good moments, and it is well performed, under Pamela Berlin's direction, in Edward T. Gianfrancesco's impressive setting. (4/24/89) (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Closes April 30.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

The Forbidden City—This domestic drama about a black family living prosperously on the edge of suburban Philadelphia in 1936 was written by Bill Gunn, who died the day before it opened. It's essentially an unfinished play, as full of interest as it is of excess and inconsistency. The writing ranges from the embarrassingly overwrought to the inspired, as does the acting, under Joseph Papp's direction. With Gloria Foster, Akili Price, and Frankie R. Faison. (4/17/89) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

The Heidi Chronicles—Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With a superb cast, led by Joan Allen. (12/26/88) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

I Could Go On Lip-Synching!—This one-man variety show made up of cultural arcana is kind of weird, kind of quirky, and kind of brilliant. Performed by John Epperson and written by him and Justin Ross (who directed), it uses the rhetorical tactics of drag theatre to attack some of the Big Questions, managing not so much to raise lip-synching to an art as to transform aural montage into psychodrama. Certainly this is the strangest show in town. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

Jerome Robbins' Broadway—A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. The evening is an orgy of family entertainment, a display of theatrical arts and crafts, and a canonization of Robbins and his era. Whether the fifties was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (3/13/89, under Dancing.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Kathy and Mo Show: Parallel Lives—Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Lend Me a Tenor—The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, Tovah Feldshuh, J. Smith-Cameron, Caroline Lagerfelt, Ron Holgate, Jane Connell, and Jeff Brooks make up the splendid cast. (3/13/89) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Romberg's **new moon.** (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

Love Letters—Staged readings of A. R. Gurney's new two-character play. April 24 at 8, Dana Ivey and James Naughton; April 30 at 7, Blythe Danner and John Rubinstein; and May 1 at 8, Nancy Marchand and Paul Sparer. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Measure for Measure—This is one of Shakespeare's most adult, Shavian, and unsettling plays, but you wouldn't know it from Mark Lamos's bloodless and soporific production. It tries to find modern visual equivalents for the characters and situations in the play, rather than trying to realize them morally or dramatically. Len Cariou and Kate Burton are hopelessly bland as the Duke and Isabella. (3/27/89) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes May 7.)

The Member of the Wedding—Esther Rolle's tart humor adds to her strong performance as Berenice Sadie Brown, the family cook and pivotal character, in this good revival of Carson McCullers' play, directed by Harold Scott. The acoustics in the theatre leave much to be desired. (4/10/89) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes May 7.)

Metamorphosis—Steven Berkoff's one-act adaptation of the Kafka story, with Mikhail Baryshnikov in the role of Gregor Samsa. Spinach. (3/20/89) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The Night Hank Williams Died—Larry L. King, whose "Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" was a hit some years ago, has again written a strong play with music, set in a saloon in an obscure Texas town in 1952. The performance, under Christopher Ashley's direction, is satisfying and more, and so are Mr. King's songs. With Betsy Aidem, Matt Mulhern, and, this week, Mr. King, the show's author, substituting for Darren McGavin, who returns to the cast on May 2. (2/20/89) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Only Kidding—A play by Jim Geoghan that looks at the lives of stand-up comedians. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.)

Other People's Money—Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. Kevin Conway can seldom have been better or funnier than he is as Bronx-born Lawrence Garfinkle, and Janet Zarish plays his adversary (with a difference). They are ably supported by Scotty Bloch, James Murtaugh, and Arch Johnson. The performance as a whole is a credit to Gloria Muzio, who directed it. An import from the Hartford Stage Company. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Richard Levine, Ron Leibman, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Shirley Valentine—Pauline Collins gives a funny, beguiling performance as a Liverpool housewife who, feeling herself engulfed by drab domesticity, flies off to Greece, where she finds a temporary lover and lives happily ever after. Miss Collins is the only actor, and she is backed every inch of the way by Willy Russell, who wrote the play, and by Simon Callow, who directed it. (2/27/89) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Songs of Paradise—A musical based on the works of the Yiddish poet Itsik Manger. In Yiddish and English; with a book by Miriam Hoffman and Rena Berkowicz Borow, and music by Rosalie Gerut. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

A Tale of Two Cities—Everett Quinton's over-the-top one-man version of Dickens' novel has Miss Pross literally hanging from the ceiling. Unfortunately, his performance is more spirited than it is consistently funny. Best is the word "BLOOD" scrawled on the bathroom wall. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

Village Light Opera Group—Presenting Frank Loesser's **most happy fella.** (Haft Theatre, Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200. Closes April 30.)

What the Butler Saw—An impeccable revival of Joe Orton's mischievous 1969 farce, with Joseph Maher, Charles Keating, and Angela Thornton in the leading roles, and director John Tillinger at the helm. The production makes an unremittingly funny evening. (3/20/89) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes May 7.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting a revival of Sondheim's **sweeney todd,** with Bob Gunton as the Demon Barber of Fleet Street and Beth Fowler as Mrs. Lovett, his cohort in crime. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes April 29.)

LONG RUNS

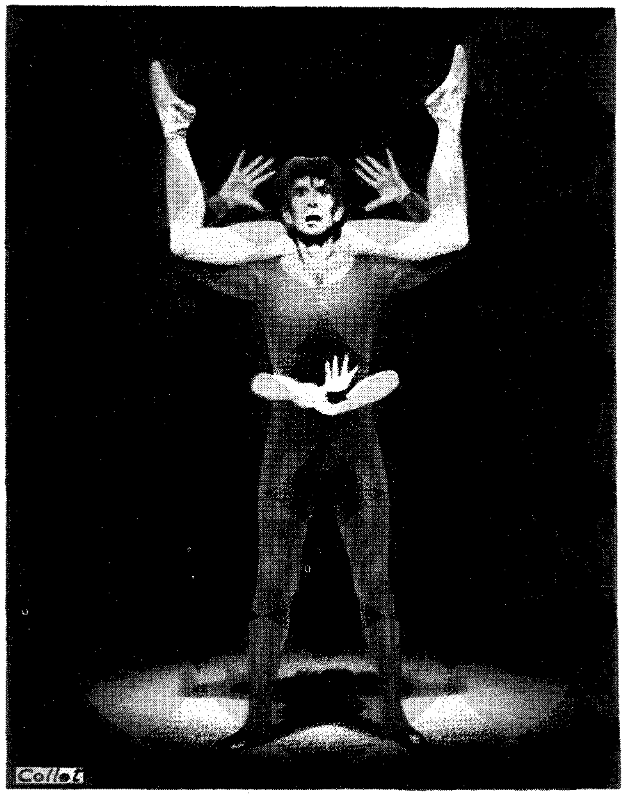
anything goes: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Leslie Uggams, Bill McCutcheon, and Howard McGillin, does more than justice to the words and score. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction, and to the sets and costumes of John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **the fantasticks:** This longest-running long run turns twenty-nine on May 3. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **into the woods:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful and funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363.) . . . **m. butterfly:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with John Rubinstein and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **me and my girl:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **les misérables:** The real stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **oil city symphony:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Kathy Beaver, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.) . . . **the phantom of the opera:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **sarafina!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **steel magnolias:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

BALLROOM dancing—the waltz, the tango, the foxtrot, the jitterbug—is often called social or vernacular dance, but, like figure skating or classical piano playing, it has become the province of experts and aspiring experts. The official rules and regulations for international ballroom competition have an incalculable effect on how these dances are taught and on the manner in which they are performed. Competition can be useful: it encourages skeptics to see a method in your madness (and so, it is hoped, take you seriously). Unfortunately, competition discourages the very intuition that leads the dancer to brainstorm in the studio and take chances in performance. Anyone who has watched the ballroom competitions on television in recent years has seen obviously adept practitioners who are committed to their field put on schematic, predictable, ice-cold demonstrations. Like many figure skaters, these dancers show little concern for anything in the music apart from tempo. Their unfeeling displays may represent the science of dancing, but not the art.

Pierre Dulaine and Yvonne Marceau, the remarkable dance team that founded American Ballroom Theatre in 1984, are four-time winners of the British Exhibition Championships: they command respect among their colleagues. The couple appreciate the musicality and dramatic suggestion needed in the theatre, although they have had difficulty highlighting these qualities while preserving continuity over an evening-length program. For "Rendezvous with Romance," the company's program at the Joyce this year (April 25th through May 7th), there will be new choreography by several of the dancers, under the supervision of the Broadway choreographers Graciela Daniele and Tina Paul.

New York City Ballet—Opening performances of an engagement that will run through June 25. April 25 at 8: "Mozartiana," "Episodes," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ April 26 at 8: "Mozartiana," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ April 27 at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ April 28 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ April 29 at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "Episodes," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ April 29 at 8: "Mozartiana," "Firebird," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ April 30 at 1: "Donizetti Variations," "Firebird," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ April 30 at 7: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ May 2 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Firebird." . . . ¶ May 3 at 8: "Mozartiana," "Rhapsody in Blue," and "Symphony in Three Movements." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)



"Episodes"

Paul Taylor Dance Company—April 25 at 8: "Brandenburgs," "Speaking in Tongues," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ April 26 at 8: "Arden Court," "Ruah" (première), "Danbury Mix," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ April 27 at 8: "Airs," "In Transit," "Big Bertha," and "Esplanade." . . . ¶ April 28 at 8: "Syzygy," "Dust," "3 Epitaphs," and "Minikin Fair." . . . ¶ April 29 at 8: "Brandenburgs," "Speaking in Tongues," and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ April 30 at 3: "Diggity," "Counterswarm," and "Musical Offering." . . . ¶ April 30 at 7:30: "Arden Court," "Ruah," "Danbury Mix," and "Sunset." . . . ¶ May 2 at 8: "Mercuric Tidings," "Phases of the Moon," "Post Meridian," and "Last Look." . . . ¶ May 3 at 8: "Syzygy," "Dust," "3 Epitaphs," and "Minikin Fair." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Through May 7.)

American Ballroom Theatre—A fourteen-member company of ballroom dancers in a two-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. April 25 at 7:30; April 26-28 at 8; April 29 at 2 and 8; April 30 at 2 and 7:30; and May 2-3 at 8. Through May 7.)

Stephanie Skura and Company—Presenting the première of "Big Waves" and a revised version of "The Fantasy World of Bernard Herrmann." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. April 27-29 at 8, and April 30 at 3. Through May 7.)

Rachna and Madhurita Sarang—In a program of Northern Indian kathak dance. With accompaniment by tabla player Zakir Hussain and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. April 28 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

AMY is a singing waitress, so sometimes it's difficult to get a drink out of her. Recently, we spent a couple of hours at the Duplex, on Grove Street, admiring her brash, skittery alto and trying to flag her down between verses. Amy and her partner, Gerry—a pleasant-looking man who perches over a Yamaha piano and sometimes wears sweaters—spend three nights a week swaggering and sighing their way through a set that includes some of the most gloriously awful songs ever recorded. On these occasions, a crowd of about two hundred crams in around thirteen tables, each large enough for four beers or four elbows.

Even with the unpredictable service, it's hard to resist a duo that covers Sonny & Cher *and* the Partridge Family. Our friend Jess was so taken with Gerry and Amy, in fact, that he grabbed a napkin, wrote "Woman of the Year" on it, and passed it forward through the crowd. We quickly sent off a note requesting the worst song we could think of: the theme from "Ice Castles." You might not remember the movie—a tragic love story, starring Robby Benson, about two ice skaters, one of them blind. We weren't sure the movie *had* a theme song, but we figured we'd take a chance. When Gerry received the missives, he laughed and tossed them aside. "What was *that*?" Jess wanted to know.

A little later, Gerry and Amy did "Piano Man," and when they got to the bit about the bartender, the crowd swivelled toward the bar, and the bartender sang, "Well, I'm sure that I could be a movie star, if I could get out of this place." Jess was getting impatient, so he took another napkin, scrawled "WHAT ABOUT 'WOMAN OF THE YEAR'?!" on it, and sent it up. Finally, at about 3 A.M., when Gerry and Amy were closing out their show, Gerry said, "You've waited all night. Here you go." Jess flushed with joy, we heard a clattering of piano chords, and there it was in all its glory: the theme from "Ice Castles."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Karen Mason, a singer who tackles Broadway and the Fab Four and whoever else is left standing, will be in the Oak Room April 25-27 at nine-fifteen and April 28-29 at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Thirty-year-olds in love call Mabel Godwin "a *scandal*." Now in her seventies, she remains a singer of racy jazz numbers, a devout chatterer, a wearer of gold lamé suits, and a pianist who perks along quite nicely to the accompaniment of a snare and a standup bass. Arthur's is currently decorated for the holidays—Christmas, New Year's, Halloween, and St. Patrick's Day. Thirty-year-olds in love say, "This is a *great place*." Ms. Godwin performs Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A fledgling jazz operation that could easily be mistaken for a yuppie bar. The scenery includes waiters and waitresses in Reeboks and bow ties, some trees, a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox, and some nice-looking neon wading birds. On April 24, **BOBBY WATSON,** a young alto-sax player who received a four-year degree from the U. of Blakey and prior education in the gospel church, has the stage. The Sherrie Maricle quartet enters on April 25, followed by Amy London and her trio on April 26. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A long, narrow, bemirrored room with a piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and jazz people of various magnitudes on the dais. April 25-30, funny valentine **PHYLLIS HYMAN** takes the stage, with a voice that's been to disco and back. The **KLAUS SUONSAARI ALL-STARS** come through on May 1 and, starting May 2, guitarist **STANLEY JORDAN** hammers on and on. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great barn of a rock club, which, unlike many other such places, has (in addition to rock) tables, chairs (four hundred or so), good French fries, country music, folk music, music of a dubious nature, and miscellaneous theatrical entertainments. On April 28, those corny Village folkies the **WASHINGTON SQUARES** do their thing. The once and future First Lady of Country Music, **TAMMY WYNETTE,** performs on May 2, presumably to reclaim "Stand By Your Man" from that upstart Lyle Lovett. On May 3, **DOC WATSON** and Fred Koller do some thoughtful pickin'. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** an admirer of Art Tatum and Teddy Wilson and Nat Cole, likes *to answer the query "How are you doing?"* by saying, "The best I can with the tools I have." He's here with his first-rate tool kit through April 29. A trio made up of **DANNY MOORE** (trumpet), **JOHN HICKS** (piano), and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** (bass) takes over on April 30. Pianist **FREDDY COLE,** Nat's baby bro, leads a trio beginning May 1. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and, until April 29, **DIXIE CARTER,** star of TV's "Designing Women." Ms. Carter, who has a high-wattage smile, admirable cheekbones, and some serious Southern charm, applies her acting abilities to cabaret material. Singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT,** who played here in 1968, liked it, and decided to stay, settles in on May 2. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **RONNY WHYTE** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five April 25-29.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A pleasant hangout for white-collar trash where you'll find cold Dixie beer, collard greens, and plenty of men who know how to wear a leather vest. As if that weren't enough, the bar-and-restaurant also features a corrugated-tin ceiling and a truckload of sort-of-Southern items: a photobooth, a giant Amoco sign, an Evel Knievel lunchbox. Most nights, the buffet turns into a bandstand at nine with, for instance, gospel on Mondays and blues on Tuesdays. Sometimes, if you're lucky, you'll hear authentic country songs about Queens. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Indigo Blues, 221 W. 46th St. (221-0033)—A new jazz club, in the basement of the Hotel Edison. It's awash in blue neon, and has a fancy sound system and a shiny dance floor. Miles Davis, whose disdain for night clubs is well known ("plantation" was his term for one famous room) and who had managed to stay out of them since 1975, christened this place a few months ago. **PHYLICIA RASHĀD,** the Cosby mom who went into the woods and out again, will sing April 27-30. Mondays bop along quite nicely to pianist **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI** and her big band. Music after nine.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). Pianist (and 1989 Grammy nominee) **MIKE RENZI** leads his trio on April 26. Not to be outdone, **JOHN PIZZARELLI**—who is, of course, Bucky's kid and a fine jazz guitarist—fronts a trio of his own on the 27th. The New York Voices whoop it up on the 28th, and singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT** performs on May 2. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A room fit for a singer, an accompanist or two, and a party of forty-eight. **MICHELE BAUTIER,** a jazz and pop singer who sang a cappella at her New York début, a 1985 talent show at Freddy's Supper Club (the house accompanist had gone home), is here on April 26, with pianist and composer Phil Springer. Another vocal-piano team, **JUDY KRESTON** and **DAVID LAHM,** takes over on April 29. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. April 25-29, the pace will be set by the jazz and ragtime flourishes of pianist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** and alto saxophonist **MIKE HASHIM.** Starting May 2, **JOHN COLIANNI**—a wonder-kid pianist who broke in with Lionel Hampton—performs with bassist **DENNIS IRWIN.** Sundays are the property of singer-pianist-hot patootie **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE.** Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. The **JEMEEL MOONDOC** trio, an alto sax player and his fellow free-jazz men, take the stage on April 26. Keyboardist, composer, and downtown rave **WAYNE HORVITZ,** whose band the President has survived several administrations, steps in April 27-28. Music after nine.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—Now New York's lone Lone Star. There's no lizard nesting on the roof, but there's more legroom, better sight lines, and fancier grub here than there was at the old Fifth Avenue address. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician tools around in. The inside is upscale roadhouse; it has a couple of postage-stamp dance floors and some real pretty Gibson guitars decorating the walls. On April 26, you'll find a double-bill featuring pianist **PINETOP PERKINS** and guitarist **HUBERT SUMLIN.** April 27 belongs to **DELBERT MC CLINTON;** April 29 to the **SUN RHYTHM SECTION;** and the 28th and the 30th to the acoustic musings of **HOT TUNA.** Music after nine. Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the "Hoboken sound" and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory will give them a boost. The New Haven foursome **MIRACLE LEGION,** who recall Neil Young and psychedelia and whose themes of longing are enlivened by a solid beat, inhabit the back room on April 28, with Thin White Rope.

COOKIE MECCA

The Alliance Française recently put up an exhibit called "LU Visions: Art and Biscuits" (running until April 29th). Now that's art everyone can appreciate.

The show includes almost fifty paintings, drawings, photographs, and prints by European and American artists, all of which illustrate, in deliciously inventive ways, the effect of food on the imagination. On view is Firmin Bouisset's 1897 oil "The Little Schoolboy," depicting a boy dressed in a cape, a beret, and short black boots, holding a basket and munching on a Petit Beurre. The French cartoonist André François's witty contribution, "Ce Que J'ai LU de Meilleur" ("The Best Thing I've Ever Read," 1988), shows a Petit Beurre in the shape of a book. Marcel Marceau makes an appearance, as "the LU Cookie Lover" in Marc Riboud's 1988 series of photographs. And there is a seven-foot-tall cookie sculpture by Dorothée Selz standing near the exit. It was inspired by the Eiffel Tower, and is iced in unappetizing Day-Glo colors, with biscuits randomly stuck here and there. If you reach out gingerly to break off a piece of one of these biscuits, the security guard may direct you to the sign between the psychedelic tower and a bowl of Marie LUs: "Please do not eat the cookie tower," the sign says. "However, nibble on one of these cookies and enjoy 'LU Visions,' the ultimate in esthetic nourishment."

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and high-heeled foxes. It's not always easy to detect the music over the babble, but if you listen closely you should be able to hear **JULIE WILSON,** who's been known to tuck a white gardenia behind her ear, singing the night-and-daylights out of Cole Porter. She'll be performing with her deft accompanist and occasional singing partner **WILLIAM ROY,** April 25-29. Marilyn Michaels starts up on May 2. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

L'Omnibus de Maxim's, 680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988)—A don't-clap-just-rattle-your-jewelry kind of place where patrons eat pasta from deep dishes and, occasionally, dip French fries into silver gravy boats filled with ketchup. **STEVE ROSS** is currently offering what he refers to as "a low-impact, high-density performance," heavily spiked with the trans-atlantic chatter of Cole Porter and Noël

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Coward. Ross—who bounces around his Yamaha like a marionette—is a fine, nimble pianist, although after seeing the way he pounces on the pedals, one might hesitate to go driving with him. Shows Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A new, glossy, multilevel maroon-and-silver cabaret, seating about ninety, and located on the north side of the sixty-fifth floor in what used to be a cocktail lounge. The performers, working in a shallow well in the center of the room, do unwitting battle with the bejewelled backdrop of Central Park, Lenox Avenue, the G. W. Bridge, and points north. **LISA KIRK,** the Broadway singer who first asked the musical question "Why Can't You Behave?," will be romancing and reminiscing through April 29. On May 2, M-G-M songbird **GLORIA DE HAVEN** puts her best foot forward. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—This rock establishment, which recently moved from the East Village to the former temple of excess Studio 54, is still a place where the customer is not always right. The signature feature of its previous address, the giant Big Brother video screen, has been preserved intact. Upstairs in the balcony, there are designated seating areas for industry and non-industry people. On April 25, smoke will hang in the air, dreadlocks will sway, and reggae man **BURNING SPEAR** will sing about Marcus Garvey. Deep and dark British synth band Killing Joke headlines on April 29. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. The schedule: April 28, twelve muscular Haitians known as **TABOU COMBO;** April 29, cuatro player and Puerto Rican hillbilly **YOMO TORO;** and May 2-3, **CULTURE,** a three-man reggae outfit specializing in pop melodies and Biblical utterances. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Speakeasy, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffeehouse on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. April 28-29, folkie **DAVID MASSENGILL** performs. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte*, crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. Pianist **YOSUKE YAMASHITA** goes to the bench April 25-30, with able support from bassist **CECIL MC BEE** and drummer **PHEEROAN AKLAFF.** Fire-in-the-belly saxophonist and longtime Bird-watcher **PHIL WOODS** will be around May 2-7, with a quintet. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, Mondays after nine are set aside for Latin sounds. On April 24, white-haired timbale whiz **TITO PUENTE** leads a band, along with Cuban saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and a group headed by conga player Poncho Sanchez. **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON,** a Chicago-blues proponent who spent eight years with Muddy Waters, descends the stairs April 28-29. Sets at 9 and 11.... ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** goes to work with a bassist every night but Monday. They alternate sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** combo on Tuesdays. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." April 25-30 features the blues-laced guitar work of **JIM HALL** and his quartet. On May 2, saxophonist and Ornette Coleman alum **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** brings in his quintet for a week-long stint. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

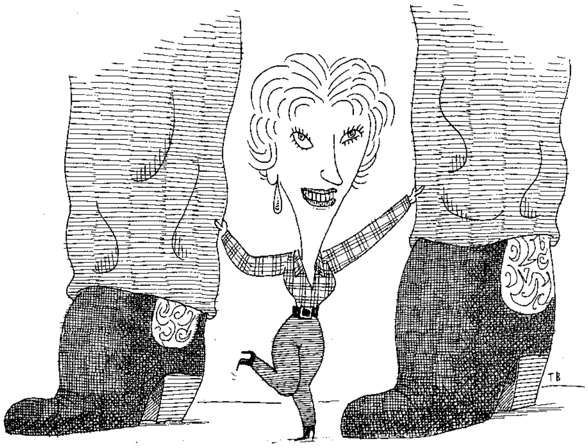
Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**—a duo that's been at it since the late seventies and tried everything from bop to classical—perform through April 29. On April 30, **MICHAEL MOORE** teams up with pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY.** Music from eight weeknights and Sundays from seven.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

Cafe Luxembourg is chicer, China Club harder to get into, but no West Side joint's more jumpin' than Gray's Papaya. They come for the hot dogs ("Tastier than filet mignon," says the sign above the register), they come for the juice ("A definite aid to digestion" is the medicinal claim on the papaya-juice cooler), they come because it's open all night.

The flow of people could not be more consistent if customers were scheduled by appointment. At 2 A.M., Gray's resembles a session of the U.N. Security Council with a relaxed dress code. The backs of four baseball-jacketed guys form an impromptu billboard that reads "Chicago, Los Angeles, Xavier High, Penn & Teller." Two Italians, debating over how to have their hot dogs, overhear a policewoman calling for "four with everything on it," and shout out "*Due* with everything on it. Very American." An Indian cabdriver begins to instruct a Chinese cabdriver on how to make a left turn from the far right lane. But a man by the condiments table takes the spotlight, even drowning out the reggae station, by launching into a filibuster against Gray's counter staff. "God bless America," he rails. "You don't belong here. They should send you all back to Africa, where they would eat you. This is my America. I belong here." Two of the countermen—one from Haiti, the other from Pakistan—laugh as if they were hearing Jay Leno. The sole worker from Africa yells out "*Malaka*" with glee. Amid high giggles, the Haitian says, "My friend, I take a foreigner like you on the boat with me," prompting the belligerent to explode with "I'm an American, born in the U.S. of A.—right here in Puerto Rico!," then slam the door open. "See you tomorrow," the Haitian cries out after him, and confides, "He comes here every night. He is our friend and entertainment." Then does "*malaka*" mean "friend"? "Not exactly," says the African. And then the countermen turn up the reggae and dance.

Dixie Carter at the Café Carlyle



Tammy Wynette at the Bottom Line

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Quasi-Kinetics"—The Otrabanda Company's latest work has performers moving and making noise on a constantly changing, multilayered, multicolored set. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. April 27-30 at 7:30. Through May 14.)

Susan Mogul—For her new piece, "The Sightseer," Ms. Mogul has re-created her own bedroom in L.A. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. April 28-29 at 8:30.)

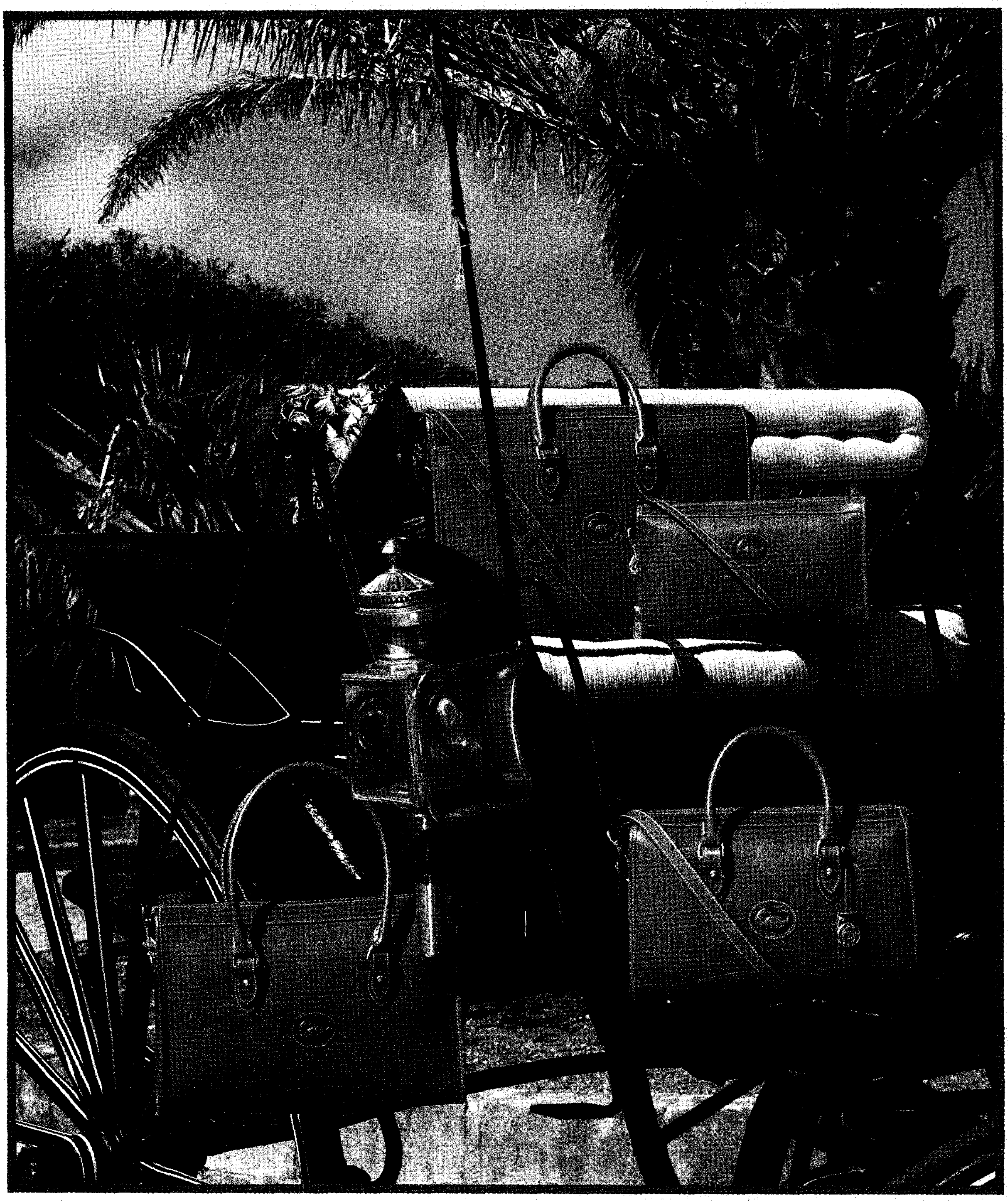
Linda Mussmann—In Part Six of her "Civil War Chronicles," Ms. Mussmann looks afresh at the years 1860-65. (Philip Morris Sculpture Court, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. May 3 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

P.S. 122—April 27-30 at 9:30: Holly Hughes in her monologue about sex and death.... ¶ April 28-30 at 9: The Mesopotamian Opera Company in "Jane Heir," in which Jane loses the fortune left to her by Mr. Rochester and has to fight to get it back. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

ART

Brett De Palma sometimes makes easy art. Over the years, he has put his name to a large and acquiescent body of offhand drawings, clever sculptural pastiches, and deftly altered objects that rely on calligraphic panache, an ingratiating talent for concocting something out of nothing, considerable mimetic skills, and a small but salient inner precinct of good taste. Then there are his paintings. Even during the early eighties, when an international profusion of generally chaotic figuration was taking gallery after gallery by storm, the mud-pie aesthetic of many of De Palma's canvases—furious scuffles of fomented paint spawning half-smothered epic-historical subject matter—was hard to take, or even to see.

De Palma's new paintings (at Fawbush, 568 Broadway; through May 6) still fly in the face of comely



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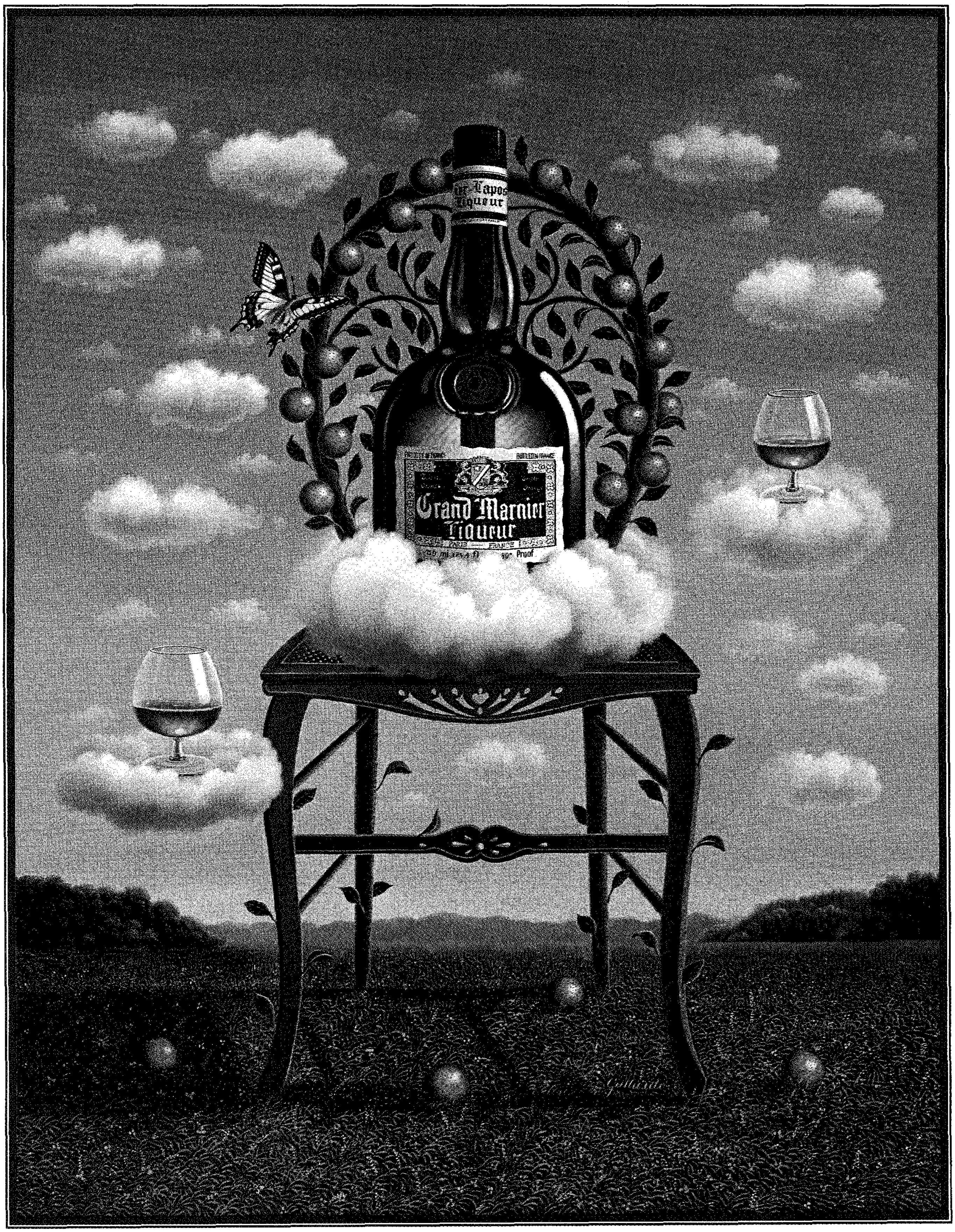
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

fashions but are relatively refined. Most of the obscuring, glutinous gestures, for instance, have been replaced by an intricate, fairly lucid collage-on-canvas technique. Like Nicolas Roeg's inspired shaggy-dog movies and Robert Arneson's intensely hieroglyphic commemorative sculptures, De Palma's paintings may offer cameo appearances by world figures, along with riffs on world events. "Einstein's Dilemma" includes looming portraits of the physicist and the Führer, along with the words, reminiscent of Fugs lyrics, "Hitler was in my face," and "Skullduggery"—a giant farmscape in which fresh earth is plowed over a multitude of poor Yoricks—is an allegory of the birth of modern art. De Palma, in short, follows in the wild-and-crazy, slightly paranoid, beatnik-pundit tradition: he paints, willy-nilly, what he thinks.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Porcelain: 1770-1920." Through June 25. . . . ¶ Musical instruments acquired over the past ten years, including two of Segovia's guitars and a set of Carleen M. Hutchins' contemporary violins. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Fifty Ming and Ch'ing dynasty (fifteenth through seventeenth century) paintings from the museum's collection. Through Aug. 27. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesdays evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Andy Warhol retrospective. Through May 2. . . . ¶ The sculptor Scott Burton's installation of Brancusis from the permanent collection. Through May 31. . . . ¶ "America Worked: The 1950's Photographs of Dan Weiner." Through July 11. . . . ¶ "Minor White: The Eye That Shapes." Starts April 27. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed until May 13.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Biennial. Works by half the artists on the curators' list are already on view; the rest of the exhibit can be seen starting Thursday, April 27. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Sculptures by four American post-minimalists: Joel Fisher, Mel Kendrick, Robert Lobe, and John Newman. Through May 15. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Jewelry, artifacts, fabrics, baskets, and some reconstructed dwellings from the often overlooked island of Madagascar. Through Aug. 27. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—Highlights of the Zurich banker Pierre Uldry's collection of Chinese cloisonné. Through May 14. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse—"Traditions and Transformations: Contemporary Afro-American Sculpture" attempts to demonstrate the vitality of black artists working within the mainstream. Martin Puryear is not shown to best advantage, but Maren Hassinger, Alison Saar, and Melvin Edwards are well represented. Through May 27. (Open weekdays, except Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 4:30.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Two hundred years' worth of French design, in honor of the bicentennial of the French Revolution. Through July 16. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A small sampling of views of Venice and Paris by Francesco Guardi (paintings), Charles Meryon (prints), and James A. M. Whistler (pastels and prints). Guardi may have looked closely at Venice's canals, but Whistler makes you want to travel down them. Through June 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century drawings from Haarlem's Teyler Museum focusses attention on the contrasting purposes of Northern and Southern European draftsmanship. Through April 30. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 2 Lincoln Square (entrance on Columbus Ave. between 65th and 66th Sts.)—Inaugurating the new exhibition space is a show of paintings, sculptures, furniture, and textile and decorative works from the permanent collection. Through July 16. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Calvert Vaux, Architect and Planner" salutes (with photographs and drawings) the nineteenth-century designer, whose career was distinguished by, among other things, his collaboration with Frederick Law Olmsted on Central Park and Prospect Park. Through Aug. 13. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Varujan Boghosian—Accomplished, sentimental constructions and collages. Through May 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Walter De Maria—Two shows. At Gagosian (980 Madison Ave.), "13, 14, 15 Sided Open Polygons" (1984), in stainless steel, each with a movable ball. Through May 27. . . . ¶ At 65 Thompson Street (a new exhibition space operated jointly by Gagosian and Castelli), "13, 14, 15 Meter Rows" (1985), also in stainless steel, composed of forty-two pieces, each a metre in length. These installations are impeccable, and De Maria's obsessive measuring prompts one, in one's mind's eye, to project the standard units out into left field, into orbit, or down to the core of the earth. Through May 13.

Gregory Gillespie—Paintings that are faithful to the laid-back and the far out, rendered in a dull, maniacally realistic style. Through May 6. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Grashow—Hilarious, literal-minded woodblocks. "FireFly" has a matchstick for a body, "SpanishFly" grits a rose between her teeth, and "Houseplants" has you-know-what for flowers. Through April 29. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—A respectable selection of watercolors and drawings, mostly from the twenties. Today's retro fashions and street conditions make some of these early works seem smoothly up-to-date. Through April 29. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Four decades of painting. Hartigan, who lives in Baltimore, is a rare bird—at once terrifically idiosyncratic and sensitive to many strong currents in the air. This surprising, magical show encompasses assured youthful work from the fifties; humorously brash Pop-abstract syncopations from the sixties; and, from the last fifteen years, some supremely fantasist subjects in fey, luminescent colors—anthropomorphic animal kingdoms, fairy-tale portraits, a poisonously green, expressionistic casino scene—in which the entire arsenal of formalist drips, blots, blurs, and splatters has been mobilized for a heavenly wacky style. Through May 6. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

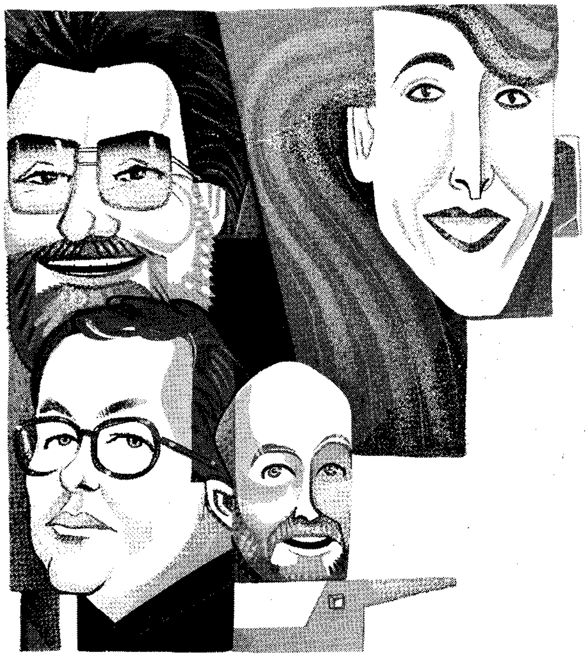
Barbara Zucker—The first show in four years by a fine sculptor whose work has great presence and its own unmistakable dignity and grace. Zucker's newest works repeat a horned shape in wood and plaster—singly and in grids, on tables and on small sets of stairs—and were inspired by Biblical descriptions of objects in the first tabernacle. Through April 29. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Short List—**giorgio cavallon,** McCoy, 19 E. 71st (through June 1); **henry moore,** Weintraub, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (through May 27); **robert motherwell,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through May 25).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Giovanni Anselmo—This new installation of work by perhaps the most sparely elegant and sphinx-like of the artists associated with the Arte Povera movement includes seven "paintings," each composed of a big, sumptuous, different-colored slab of granite winched onto a canvas support. Also, a slide projector that projects the word "*particolare*" ("detail") onto the viewer, in small letters, at roughly breast level. Through May 13. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles Biederman—Paintings and constructions, from the thirties and from the recent past. In the thirties paintings, he brought a bouncy directness to Tanguy's more sinister Surrealist ectomorphs. Lately, he has been making bright, geometric, high-tech aluminum reliefs out of Mondrian's more gnostic neoplastic style. Through April 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)



Whitney Biennial curators: Lisa Phillips, Richard Armstrong, Richard Marshall, and John G. Hanhardt

John Davies—Heads, heads, heads—in every size (from thimbles to colossus), staring blankly in every direction. Individually, they're merely competent; as an installation, they're great. Through April 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Brad Davis—The dry, buff colors of the American Southwest are combined in these recent paintings with a stylized cragginess particular to Chinese mountain landscapes. The artist's longtime interest in ceramics (he now makes them) can be sensed in the way paint is used to model shapes as well as to give pattern to them. Through April 29. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave, at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—While Jackson Pollock was busy liberating paint over here, Fontana was in Italy slashing his monochrome canvases. The results were often surprisingly poetic (and about as accidental as

Arp's "chance" compositions), and here are some exquisite examples, gathered under the auspices of the Peggy Guggenheim Collection, of Venice. Through June 16. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Bryan Hunt—For the better part of a decade, it has looked as if this highly accomplished sculptor were trading rigor for elegance, but these stunning works on paper—their vitality is like a studied version of Claes Oldenburg's—reveal a constant search for images and a delight in drawing. Through April 29. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Robert Jessup—"The Sea Trilogy" and other recent paintings by America's answer to Sandro Chia. The mythological subjects are both ambitious and fun, as are the post-Post-Impressionist colors, but they have been plotted within an inch of their lives and are just about suffocating with paint. Through May 3. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Keane / Carl Nicholas Titolo—Frantically brushy, expressionistic paintings of contemporary melodramatic scenes, by an English artist, ripe for a Python spoof, who comes up with dead-serious titles, like "Raising the Standard of Righteousness on the Moral High Ground." Through April 29. / "Jazbop: Visual Jazz" is one of those shows (Titolo's sixth here) full of all sorts of wonderful, ebullient, life-affirming artifacts that say only that the artist is one helluva creative, busy-busy guy. Through May 20. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—A lot of pale pencil drawings; a few major paintings, including several pointillistic park scenes; and some fascinating extras, like Klimt's caftan. Through June 10. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson (1900-88)—Larger than life, the late, great lady of American sculpture forged her own irrepressible style in arrangements, such as those on view here, of broken bannisters, chair spindles, type trays, and other orphan materials. Through April 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Breon O'Casey—This artist is also a jeweller (and the son of the playwright Sean), and many attractively plain metal and stone baubles with folkloric overtones, as well as small, happy-looking, clear abstract paintings, are in this show. Simple lines and material forthrightness are key qualities. Through April 29. (Drutt, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Ryan—New paintings. This classicist's still-lifes and architectural études come in mustard- and ketchup-toned monochromes, are very tightly rendered, and are academic in the extreme. Through May 17. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Hubert Scheibl—Forceful, even-keeled abstract paintings by a younger Austrian artist who studied with Arnulf Rainer. The colors here tend to be tonal—descriptive rather than expressive—but these new works are intensely textured, dramatic, and full of evocations of fireworks, astral phenomena, and satellite photographs of planets. Through May 6. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Short List—**Diane Arbus and Alice Neel**, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 20); **Friedel Dzubas**, Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 20); **Robert Hudson**, Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (through April 29); **Francis Picabia**, Kent, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 3); **Jean-Paul Riopelle**, Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. (through May 20); **Timothy Woodman**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., open Mondays (through April 29).

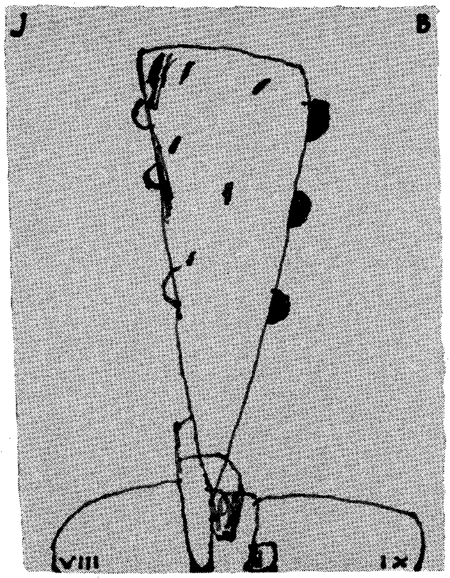
GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—It's often hard to see past the coolness of Andre's emphatic floor sculptures (there are two new, rich ones on view) to the artist's own personality, but his obsessiveness is given full vent in a fascinating series of sculptural poems from the sixties, in which typed words and the spaces between them form geometrical or zigzag patterns. Through April 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Domenico Bianchi—In some beautiful paintings in thick, fragrant beeswax, the artist has actually captured the fleeting sensations of light. Through April 29. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Louise Bourgeois—Painted wood sculptures from the early fifties. Through May 6. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St.)

James Brown—More or less recent paintings, including many abstractions in dispersion on copper, and several incorporating coral branches; also, one sculpture made of miscellaneous parts, including the bulk of a chair. A great deal of Brown's current work has to do with the Roman Catholic liturgy; it could be described as "Brideshead Revival," with further inspiration provided by Messrs. Beuys, Polke, Basquiat, and Schnabel. Through April 29. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)



Self-portrait by James Brown

Dan Flavin—Celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the French Revolution with red-white-and-blue fluorescent-light sculptures as triumphant as a military parade and as arousing as fireworks. Through April 29. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Gilbert & George—These postcard "sculptures"—small grids of tenuously linked old postcards—are amusing trifles, and the closest this British duo comes to drawing. Through April 27. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

Antony Gormley—A sculptural installation of life-size cast-iron wrestlers and a crowd of miniature terra-cotta figures arranged in a huge sunburst. In the psychological containment this British sculptor portrays, he invites comparison to Giacometti. Through May 31. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Mimi Gross—Whether it's in her energetic watercolors, her cartoonish crayon drawings, or her more studied painted constructions, Gross has a great touch, but whatever this show is trying to say gets drowned out by all the circus noise. Cutouts from historic paintings, like Poussin's "Rape of the Sabine Women," are everywhere. Through May 6. (Katzen-Brown, 475 Broome St.)

G-RATED

If you're convinced that your children have been rendered incapable of diversion by anything not on a Nintendo screen, turn off the machine. What everyone needs is a trip to the Central Park Zoo's Edge of the Icepack, better known as the penguin house.

At feeding time, some of the majestic birds go wild, diving into the water with astonishing speed, making hairpin turns that would leave Matt Biondi gasping in their wake, zooming out of the water and landing square on their feet, as if popped from a toaster. "Sit back here," squeals one little girl to her brother. "It's like a big movie!" Just as he does, a spirited gentoo penguin dashes out of the water in a magnificent arc, then plunges back into the depths, leaping up again at precisely the moment that a chinstrap penguin arcs in the opposite direction. "It's like 'Star Wars,'" gushes her brother. It's better.

Richard Hull—These new paintings, by an interesting artist from Chicago, suggest the architecture of elaborate stage sets, as well as an Arabian Nights-type weave of different realities and fictions. The backgrounds are painted a thin, schematic black, which sets off the stained-glass colors of Hull's mysteriously inviting central concoctions. Through May 3. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Richard Hunt—Very traditional bronze and steel sculptures of soaring forms by a major black artist, who has produced many public commissions. Through April 29. (Dorsky, 578 Broadway.)

Inigo Jones (1573-1652)—An impeccable scholarly display of lovely ink drawings by the great Palladio-influenced Elizabethan architect. Through July 22. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Anish Kapoor—This splendid, meticulous sculptor has distanced himself from the Hindu-inspired shapes and bright colors that were his virtual trademarks for about eight years. Natural stone and the picturesque illusion of majesty are the Romantic essences of three of these boldly ambitious new pieces, while the fourth, made of fibreglass and ultramarine pigment, unexpectedly echoes the perception-bending works of Larry Bell. Through April 29. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Komar & Melamid—Recently naturalized, this once Russian team now celebrates Bayonne, New Jersey, and its brass foundry, in paintings, drawings, and photographs; in sculptural arrangements of industrial garbage in terra-cotta planters; and in bottles of "Absinthial Vodka" made from "genuine Bayonne wormwood." Through April 29. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Gary Lang—Plaid paintings, reminiscent of systemic grid painting (popular in the early seventies) and pattern painting (popular in the late seventies). The only mildly engaging twist here is the emphasis on abstract painting: some of the stripes consist of a single transparent stroke. Through May 6. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Walter Martin—Grandfather thermometers, amusing and curmudgeonly, that measure personality flaws ("Mr. Sometimes," "Bullnecked"). The sculptural version of a mood ring. Through April 29. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

Dona Nelson / Archie Rand—Intensely lyrical, often luminous figurative paintings with a strong American flavor and a highly idiosyncratic poetic voice. / Energetic but heavy-handed, Rand's paintings create some interesting fantastical montage effects. Through April 29. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

Sigmar Polke—Wizard and prankster, maker of beautiful paintings and of parodies of beautiful paintings, Polke now demonstrates the two sides to every story with delightful transparent paintings on wooden stands. The sketchy and dotted images include baroque decorations, brains, and a hobo Gilles. The surfaces (resin on silk) are viscous, like glue, and as shiny as ice. Through April 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Josef Ramaseder—Abstract paintings in basic brown. Elegant and scatological—a combination unique to the late eighties. Through May 6. (Loughelton, 67 Prince St.)

Italo Scanga—Works in mixed-media, titled "Lamentations and Saints," from 1972 to 1976, by an always likable, often eccentric artist. Art-book reproductions, painted over and framed, are hung alongside glass vases and broomlike objects. Christian simplicity is the theme; Arte Povera devices are the appropriate means. Through May 3. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

David Shapiro—Segmented paintings in which different abstract compositions appear on a single canvas—something striped, say, with something spotted. They follow in an increasingly watered-down tradition of American organic abstraction. Through May 18. (Dolan Maxwell, 154 Wooster St.)

Group Show / Trevor Winkfield—"Around the House" is an engaging, clever theme show that puts tramp art and other well-chosen bits of American craft—for instance, a beautiful carved wooden birdcage (ca. 1890)—together with contemporary work (by such artists as Richard Artschwager, Robert Gober, and R. M. Fischer) that subverts our perceptions of furniture. Here the two categories seem quite kindred. / A one-man show of crazily patterned, precision paintings—in colors that suggest playing cards and board games—of a crazy-quilt universe peopled with queens, jokers, and knaves. One almost expects Robin Williams to crop up here, as King of the Moon. Through May 13. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Architecture—Drawings for architectural projects by some of the most interesting architects working today: Ricardo Bofill, Peter Eisenman, Zaha Hadid, Arata Isozaki, and Bernard Tschumi. The proposed projects include a sports complex for Abu Dhabi designed by an Iraqi living in London (Hadid) and a new airport for Osaka designed by a Swiss national residing in New York (Tschumi). Through May 20. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Short List—**CAROL ANTHONY,** Davidson, 415 West Broadway (through April 29); **SIAH ARMAJANI,** Protetch, 560 Broadway (through April 29); **SAINT CLAIR CEMIN,** Audiello, 142 Greene St. (through May 20); **VIOLA FREY,** Hoffman, 429 West Broadway (through May 31); **SONIA GECHTOFF,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through May 30); **JAN GROTH,** Brown, 560 Broadway (through April 29); **CHRISTOPHER LUCAS,** Good, 532 Broadway (through May 13); **PETER NADIN,** Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (through May 20); **SUSAN SMITH,** Roeder, 545 Broadway, closed Tuesdays (through April 29).

OTHER GALLERIES

Dennis Adams—*Illuminated* transparencies and a maquette for a new project by one of our more provocative public artists (Adams designs bus shelters, among other things). In a brutal attack on colonial arrogance, he would install in the pissoirs of Dijon floor-to-ceiling illuminated transparencies of the heads of French generals, recently detached from their statue-bodies, waiting to be evacuated from Algeria in 1962. (The proposal is still under consideration.) Through May 17. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

Anni Albers—A modest display of prints and three drawings by the master weaver, who has always known how to keep a geometric pattern simple and optically engaging. Through May 3. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Opens at noon.)

Jenny Holzer—A new installation of electronic message boards and inscribed stone slabs. As decadent as Beardsley and as tortured as Poe, this has to be the most brilliant incarnation of contemporary fin-de-siècle aestheticism yet to appear. Through June 18. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

Andy Warhol (1930-88)—"'Success is a job in New York . . .': The Early Art and Business of Andy Warhol" is full of magazine tear sheets, illustrated books, catalogue sketches, vermouth ads, Christmas-card and shoe designs, etc., as well as some revealing pre-New York sketches and paintings. Through April 29. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

"Document and Dream"—Four different hour-long programs of videotapes in various documentary styles, on the themes of voyeurism, racism, and alienation. Some worthwhile viewing, but be forewarned: there is no fast-forward button at hand. Through May 13. (Artists Space, 223 West Broadway.)

Short List—**DAVID BOWES,** Baghoomian, 611 Broadway (through May 20); **CHRISTIAN MARCLAY,** Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St. (through May 27); **FRANZ WEST,** P.S. 1, at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City, opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays (through June 12); **ROBIN WINTERS,** Klein, 611 Broadway (through May 20).

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE photographs of Diane Arbus and the paintings of Alice Neel will be shown together in an exhibition that opens this week at the Robert Miller Gallery, on 57th Street. Neither woman is known for prettying up her subjects, and both have been accused of meanness by their critics. They were world champions at noticing "flaws," as are their subjects in this show: children. It will definitely be worth a visit to see how two of the least sentimental artists of recent times portrayed individuals who are usually oversentimentalized in pictures.

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Children have been in our thoughts a lot as we've been going around to the galleries. Many current shows are by members of the baby-boom generation, who seem focussed, if not fixated, on images from childhood—not on the primal scene but on the primal screen: the TV screen. Right now at Lieberman & Saul, at 155 Spring St., Stephen Frailey has some Polaroid picture stories on view. Although overstimulated by references and influences, they have a funny, David Lynch-like kick: there's always something going on beneath the surface. Frailey is among the best at triggering the viewer's sixth sense. And his work offers a fresh twist on today's so-fashionable-it's-almost-unfashionable strategy of appropriation. Seeing it is like watching dream reruns: scenes from "The Fugitive," maybe an episode of Sherlock Holmes, a little Hitchcock, a little Disney—we wanted to turn out the lights, sit on the floor, and ask for a bucket of popcorn.

Sarah Charlesworth—East and West, ancient and contemporary, collective and personal: all this and more is to be found in these works, which go far back in history and deep down in feeling. Some pieces are so delicate they look as if they were printed on photosensitive skin. Through April 29. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Burr McIntosh (1862-1942)—A small, mildly interesting show titled "Polite Society 1900-1910." McIntosh was clearly an ingenious character who got around, and with and without his camera. His pictures of turn-of-the-century social life are more fun than they are revealing. Through June 10. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Michael Spano—Energetic compositions made up of eight different perspectives on the same few details. The work is mostly street views, and the Cubist approach Spano takes here seems just right for the non-static nature of his main subject, the city. Through May 20. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

"'Life': Through the Sixties"—Surely they had better pictures of hippies in the *Life* archives. This is a strong show despite the *organizers' unsuccessful* balancing act, which attempts to offset passages of tragedy with a bit of everything else, because it contains photographs—notably of civil-rights demonstrations, of Vietnam, and of the assassinations of the sixties—that are still piercing. Through May 21. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Short List—**GERTRUDE JEKYLL,** PaineWebber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. (through May 5); **SKEET MC AULEY,** Burden, 20 E. 23rd St., opens at noon (through April 29).

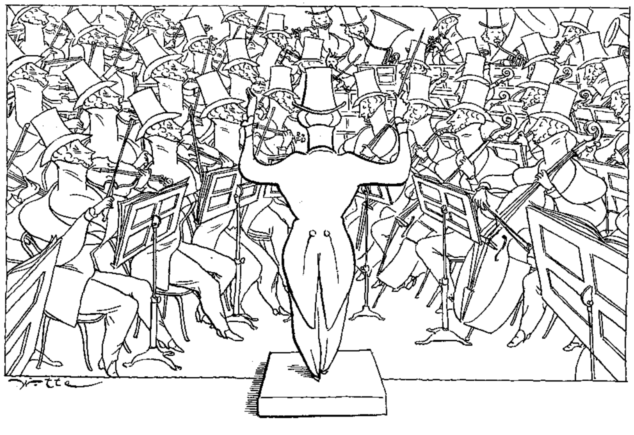
MUSIC

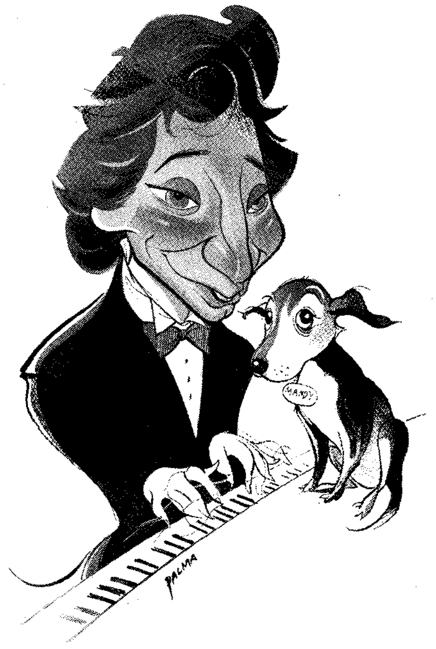
THIS season brings the Metropolitan Opera's first "Ring" cycle in many years, and this week marks the first time since the 1939 World's Fair that the cycle will be given within a week, as Wagner envisioned it. As the component operas have come forth over the past three seasons, the production—to the apparent disappointment of those who wished the Met would go in for a trendy visual "statement" about the "Ring"—has emerged as a relative success. Even people who had critical things to say about parts of it have found that they are truly looking forward to the cycle, perhaps alone among the house's offerings this year. The four operas have been broadcast on successive Saturdays; now the one-week-in-the-theatre cycle will test the cohesiveness of James Levine's musical interpretation and Otto Schenk's nonspectacular, unstartling production. If they succeed, the Met will have made an important point: that it is still possible to approach a great work in a received style and give seriously studied, seriously prepared performances that communicate something worthwhile to sensitive people.

This is what used, in opera, to be called tradition. It has been largely displaced by innovation, which has proved occasionally stimulating, sometimes destructive, often trivial, but not at all sustaining, since it must constantly be effaced by more innovation. Sustenance being as important as renewal in the arts, the outcome of the "Ring" week is to be watched closely.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**DAS RHEINGOLD,** with Mari-Anne Häggander, Helga Dernesch, Birgitta Svendén, Siegfried Jerusalem, and James Morris; conducted by James Levine. (April 24 at 8.) . . . With Mari-Anne Häggander, Helga Dernesch, Gweneth Bean, Graham Clark, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. (May 1 at 8.) . . . **DIE WALKÜRE,** with Hildegard Behrens, Ellen Shade, Helga Dernesch, Robert Schunk, and James Morris; James Levine. (April 25 at 6.) . . . With Gwyneth Jones, Mechthild Gessendorf, Helga Dernesch, Robert Schunk, and Hans Sotin; James Levine. (May 2 at 6.) . . . **L'ELISIR D'AMORE,** with Kathleen Battle, Luciano Pavarotti, Leo Nucci, and Paul Plishka; Marcello Panni. (April 26 at 8.) . . . With Kathleen Battle, Luciano Pavarotti, Gino Quilico, and Paul Plishka; Marcello Panni. (April 29 at 12:30 and May 3 at 8.) . . . **SIEGFRIED,** with Hildegard Behrens, Toni Krämer, Graham Clark, and James





Barry Manilow at the Gershwin

Morris; James Levine. (April 27 at 6.) . . . **GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG,** with Hildegard Behrens, Kathryn Harries, Helga Dernesch, Toni Krämer, and Anthony Raffell; James Levine. (April 29 at 6.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through May 6.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. April 28-29 at 7:30, and April 30 at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. April 25 at 7:30: Gunther Herbig conducting music by Lutoslawski, Édouard Lalo, and Beethoven. With Lorne Munroe, cello. . . . ¶ April 27-29 at 8, and May 2 at 7:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting works by Brahms and Ginastera as well as the world première of Joseph Turrin's trumpet concerto. Philip Smith will be the soloist.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting works by Daniel Druckman, Vincent Persichetti, and Brahms. With Jessye Norman, soprano, and the Men of the Choral Arts Society of Philadelphia. (Carnegie Hall. April 25 at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Vladimir Ashkenazy conducting. At Avery Fisher Hall, April 26 at 8: A Liszt-Haydn-Rachmaninoff program. . . . ¶ At Carnegie Hall, April 28 at 8: A Mendelssohn-Mozart-Strauss program. Mr. Ashkenazy will play the piano.

St. Louis Symphony—Leonard Slatkin conducting. At Carnegie Hall, April 26 at 8: The première of Steven Stucky's "Dreamwaltzes," as well as works by Édouard Lalo and Shostakovich. With Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . April 27 at 8: The New York première of Alberto Ginastera's "Popol Vuh, Op. 44," an unfinished work. Also, works by Saint-Saëns—with Yefim Bronfman, piano—and Copland. . . . ¶ At Avery Fisher Hall, April 30 at 3: The New York première of Ingram Marshall's Sinfonia "Dolce Far Niente." Also, works by Prokofiev—with Barry Douglas, piano—and Tchaikovsky.

Manhattan Philharmonia—David Gilbert conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. April 28 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—*Performing* works by Brahms and Kodály. With David Randolph, director, and vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. April 29 at 8.)

"Israel in Egypt"—Handel's oratorio, performed by the Amor Artis Chamber Choir and Baroque Orchestra and the Hampshire College Chorus. Johannes Somary will direct. (St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. April 28 at 8. For information about tickets, call 772-9408.)

Oratorio Society of New York—With the Tudor Singers, a group from Montreal, in an AIDS benefit. Lyndon Woodside directing, with *Brenda Harris, soprano, and Ben Holt*, bass. (Carnegie Hall. May 2 at 8.)

RECITALS

Michiko Akao—Playing contemporary works for the *yokobue*, and the world première of a work by Toshi Ichiyanagi, who will accompany Ms. Akao on the piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. April 25 at 8.)

Composers' Forum—Presenting Marlow Fisher, viola, in works by contemporary composers. (Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. 431-9232. April 25 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Playing works by Shostakovich, Paganini, and Brahms. With David Starobin, classical guitarist, and William Doppmann, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. April 26 at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—With Isidore Cohen and Leslie Shank, violin; Ah Ling Neu, viola; Julia Lichten, cello; Stewart Rose, horn; and others. (Metropolitan Museum. April 27 at 8.)

American String Quartet—In works by Beethoven. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. April 27 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

"Music of Chou Wen-Chung"—The composer will present several of his chamber works and the world première of his "Percussion Quartet." Performed by the New Music Consort. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. April 27 at 8.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—With guest artist David Krakauer, clarinet. (Weill Recital Hall. April 28 at 8.)

Russell Sherman—Piano, in works by Liszt and Beethoven. (Metropolitan Museum. April 28 at 8.)

Paula Robison—Flute, in works by Vivaldi, Bach, and Couperin. With Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Metropolitan Museum. April 29 at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—With Morris dancers, the Bouwerie Boys. (Alice Tully Hall. April 29 at 8.)

Amara Ensemble—With guest artist, Mia Wu, violin, in premières by Marilyn Bliss, Bun-Ching Lam, and Stephen Fullenwieder. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. April 29 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Shura Cherkassy—Piano. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. April 29 at 8.)

Takacs String Quartet—Playing, among other works, the New York première of Zsolt Durko's Quartet No. 2. (Alice Tully Hall. April 30 at 3.)

Canadian Brass—With members from the Boston Symphony and New York Philharmonic brass sections; conducted by Georg Tintner. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. April 30 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Mannes Baroque Ensemble—Performing works by Couperin, Leclair, Handel, and Bach. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 580-0210. May 1 at 8.)

New York Consort of Viols and the New York Cornet & Sacbut Ensemble—Playing early German baroque music, with guest artists Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; David Shapero, bass; and Gwendolyn Toth, organ. (Weill Recital Hall. May 2 at 8.)

Apple Hill Chamber Players—Performing works by Beethoven, Puccini, Dohnányi, and Jon Deak. (Merkin Concert Hall. May 2 at 8.)

Vienna Chamber Ensemble—With James Levine, piano, in music by Mozart and Beethoven. (Carnegie Hall. May 3 at 8.)

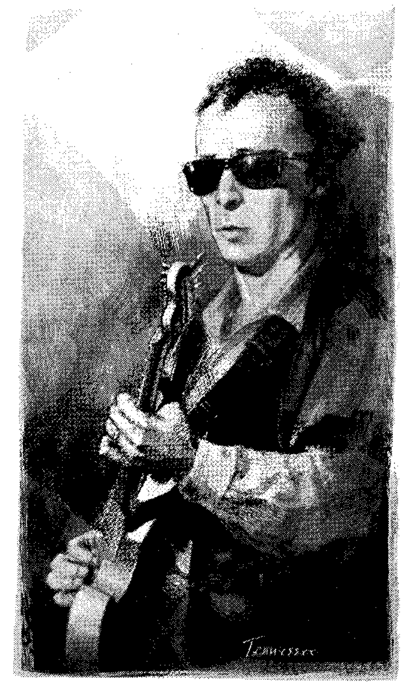
Pro Arte String Quartet—Playing contemporary works. (Weill Recital Hall. May 3 at 8.)

Andrew Rangell—In the last of seven concerts of all the Beethoven piano sonatas. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. May 3 at 8.)

JAZZ / ROCK / POP / PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Barry Manilow—His luxurious orchestrations, coupled with his dramatic tendencies as a performer, add up to a night that could send a listener into sugar shock. But to anyone whose taste in music runs to the bombastic and sentimental it sounds nice and sweet. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through May 14.)

Baba Olatunji and His Drums of Passion—Forget about electric guitars and backup girls. Olatunji's drums are powerful, primal, and pulsing; they'll hit you right in the gut. Before the evening's over, you'll be shimmying in your seat and screaming like a jungle bird. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. April 26 at 8.)



Graham Parker at Town Hall

Graham Parker—Since 1976, Graham Parker has been snarling angry rock-and-roll songs that lacerate himself and society. By 1980, he had released three classic albums ("Howlin' Wind," "Heat Treatment," and "Squeezing Out Sparks"), yet his career stalled in the eighties with overproduced, unfocussed records. In 1988, he went back to basics and recorded "The Mona Lisa's Sister," his best album in almost a decade. Now he's touring with just his guitar, and his songs have the raw freshness and excitement of his early work. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. April 27 at 8.)

Duke Ellington Tribute—With Mercer and Mercedes Ellington, Ruth Ellington Boatwright, and the Duke Ellington Orchestra, Kenny Burrell, the Copasetics, and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. April 28 at 8:30.)

Oldies Concert—With the Jesters, the Paragons, the Harptones, the Chantels, the Dubs, and the Creations. (Beacon Theatre. April 29 at 8.)

Cinderella—With Winger and the BulletBoys. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 587-9222. April 29 at 7:30.)

Maureen McGovern—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. May 1 at 8.

SPORTS

DURING the quarter-finals of the Golden Gloves boxing tournament at the Felt Forum, a fighter we had been following, Raynard Edwards, got booed at the bell after turning in three brilliant rounds. A lot of the crowd felt he'd danced too much, and some even cried foul when he shoved his opponent away, openhanded, to avoid being held in a clinch.

We first encountered Ray Edwards at the Times Square Boxing Club, a dingy third-floor walkup on West 42nd Street. April is the busiest month in the city's boxing gyms, and walking into this one—above a tuxedo shop above a deli—we were as much impressed by the hundreds of fight posters, the smell of sweat and rubbing alcohol, and the drama of trainers barking orders as we were assaulted by the heat, the noise, and the bells and buzzers that go off every three minutes. We noticed Ray, and watched him go through his regimen in front of the mirror: skipping rope, shadowboxing, and snarling at himself; then pounding the heavy bag for four rounds. One of the trainers, Harold Weston, Jr., told us he'd laughed when Ray first strutted into the gym three years ago, a tough, lanky nineteen-year-old from South Carolina, then wasting his time fighting in Brooklyn's playgrounds. "He was gangly, wild," Harold said. "But he's still here, and after three years he knows how to fight!"

Watching Ray that night at the Felt Forum, we were struck by how much his hard-won command in the ring still looked like natural flair. He'd learned punches and boxing savvy in the gym; but he won, we thought, by outhustling his man like a street fighter, just too cool to get bruised.

The finals of the Golden Gloves take place this week.

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the Atlanta Braves April 25-26 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Cincinnati Reds, May 3 at 7:35.

Yankees—Vs. the Chicago White Sox, April 28-29 at 7:30, and April 30 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Kansas City Royals, May 1-2 at 7:30.

(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. . . . ¶ Trotting at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

In the Park—The Spring Couples Challenge, in which one member of the love- or sibling-unit runs two and a half miles while the other bikes twelve miles. Then, together, they row across the Lake and back. The race starts at 8 at the Loeb Boathouse on April 29.

CHAMPIONSHIPS—BASKETBALL, TENNIS, & BOXING

N.B.A. Playoffs—The Atlantic Division Champs, the New York Knicks, meet the Philadelphia 76ers for the first two games in a best-of-five series. Go Knicks! (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Beginning on either April 27 or April 28.)

Eagle Tournament of Champions—Lendl, Agassi, Noah, and Wilander, among others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 1-718 268-2300. May 1-7.)

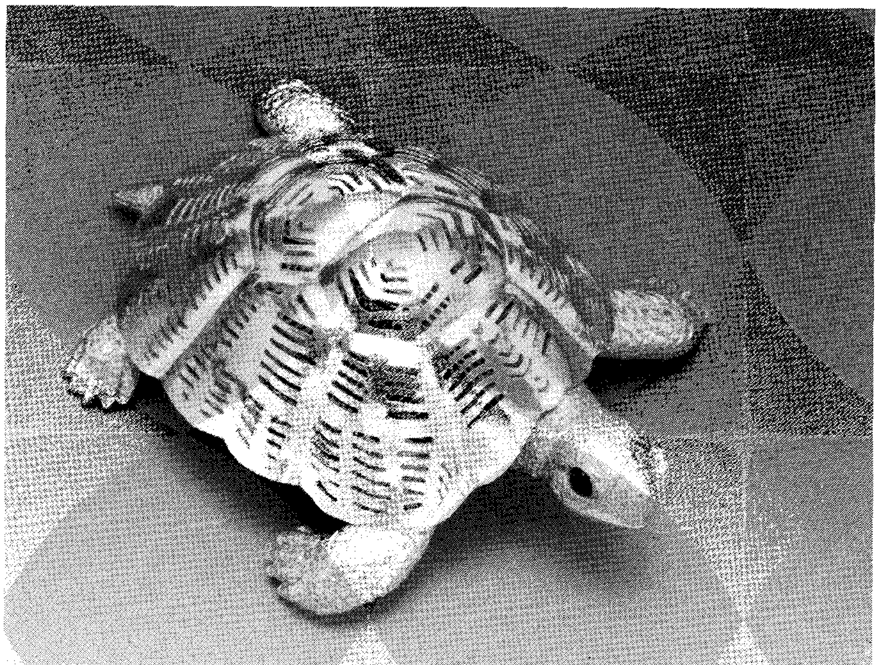
Golden Gloves Finals—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. April 27-28 at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Great American Quilt Festival—More than a hundred and forty exhibitors will blanket Pier 92 with a display that includes prize-winning crib quilts, antique Double Wedding Ring quilts, and Japanese quilts. The five-day event (April 26-30) will also feature lectures and awards presentations. (Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. 977-7170.)

"MissTranslation of America Award"—What is it? "It is *not* a prize for translations great and straight," say the organizers. "It is *not* a tongue-in-cheek prize for a botched job." Whatever it is, the winner will receive a Claes Oldenburg sculpture. (Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. 477-2714. April 29 at 11 P.M.)

Reading—James Kaplan reads from his new novel, "Pearl's Progress." (Shakespeare & Company, 716 Broadway, at Washington Pl. April 25 at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Garrison Keillor reads from his new book. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. April 28 at 8.) . . . ¶ Günter Grass reads from a new memoir. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. May 1 at 8:30.)



Turtle from the Silverlace Collection, $80.

Pavillon
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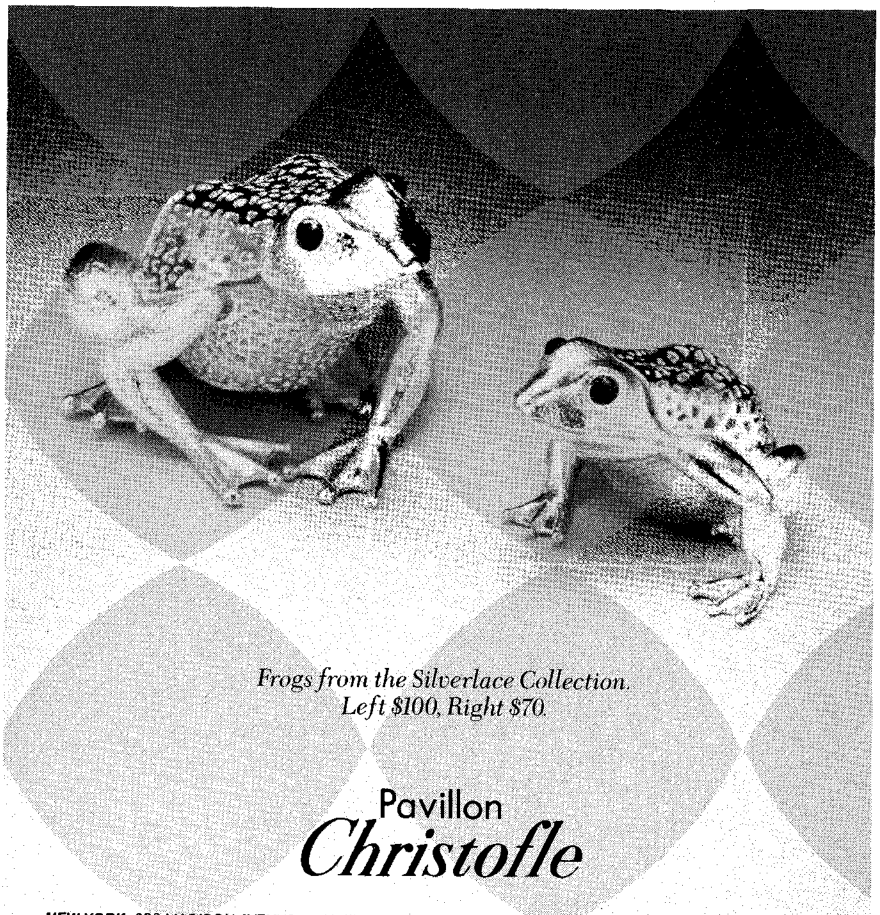
CHICAGO, 900 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE • **DALLAS, AT LORETTA BLUM** 4268 OAK LAWN AVENUE



Frogs from the Silverlace Collection.
Left $100, Right $70.

Pavillon
Christofle

NEW YORK, 680 MADISON AVENUE AT 62ND STREET • **BEVERLY HILLS,** 9515 BRIGHTON WAY AT RODEO DRIVE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)

April 25-27: "Brightness" (1987, directed by Souleymane Cissé; a Malian film, in Bambara).

April 28: The 15th Annual Global Village Documentary Festival, featuring twenty-eight film, video, and made-for-television documentaries.

April 29: "Brightness."

April 30 and May 2-3: The 15th Annual Global Village Documentary Festival, featuring twenty-eight film, video, and made-for-television documentaries.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Theatre 2: "Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

Theatre 3: "See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"New York Stories" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"The Dream Team" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)

"Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

Theatre 2: "Heathers" (†).

Theatre 3: "Rain Man" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through April 27: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

From April 28: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through April 27: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen, Rubén Blades, Fred Gwynne, Lou Diamond Phillips, William Russ, Ed O'Neill, and Daniel Roebuck.

From April 28: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Winter People" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

Theatre 2: Through April 27: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza. From April 28: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

59th Street East Cinema, (formerly D. W. Griffith), 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Theatre temporarily closed.

Theatre 2: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

Theatre 1: Through April 27: "Checking Out" (David Leland), with Jeff Daniels. From April 28: "Scandal" (Michael Caton-Jones), with John Hurt, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, and Bridget Fonda.

Theatre 2: "New York Stories" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Accidental Tourist" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through April 27: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill. From April 28: "Loverboy" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Patrick Dempsey, Kate Jackson, and Carrie Fisher.

Theatre 2: "See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Dream Team" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Speed Zone" (Jim Drake).

Theatre 2: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"La Lectrice" (Michel Deville; in French), with Miou-Miou.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through April 27: "Rain Man" (†).

From April 28: "Miss Firecracker" (Thomas Schlamme), with Holly Hunter, Mary Steenburgen, Tim Robbins, Scott Glenn, and Alfre Woodard.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through April 27: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

From April 28: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

Theatre 2: Through April 27: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen. From April 28: "The Horror Show" (James Isaac), with Lance Henriksen, Brion James, and Rita Taggart.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Theatre 1: Through April 27: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen, Rubén Blades, Fred Gwynne, Lou Diamond Phillips, William Russ, Ed O'Neill, and Daniel Roebuck. From April 28: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Theatre 2: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590)

Theatre 1: Through May 2: "Avanti Popolo" (1986; directed by Rafi Bukaee; in Arabic, Hebrew, and English). From May 3: A retrospective of eight short animated films by Jan Švankmajer.

Theatre 2: "Let's Get Lost" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (Wim Wenders; in German), with Bruno Ganz, Otto Sander, and Solveig Dommartin.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Dream Team" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 27: "Working Girl" (†). From April 28: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)

Through April 27: "Slaves of New York" (James Ivory), with Bernadette Peters and Chris Sarandon.

From April 28: "Loverboy" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Patrick Dempsey, Kate Jackson, and Carrie Fisher.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (†).

Theatre 2: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Dark Habits" (†).

Theatre 2: Through April 27: "Wuthering Heights" (†). From April 28: "Wonderland" (Philip Saville).

Theatre 3: Through April 27: "Mississippi Burning" (†). From April 28: "Stealing Heaven" (Clive Donner), with Denholm Elliott, Derek de Lint, and Kim Thomson.

Theatre 4: "Pelle the Conqueror" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker.

Theatre 2: "Speed Zone" (Jim Drake).

Theatre 3: Through April 27: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza. From April 28: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"New York Stories" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Lawrence of Arabia" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"Dangerous Liaisons" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Winter People" (Ted Kotcheff), with Kelly McGillis and Kurt Russell.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Mississippi Burning" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Few Days with Me" (Claude Sautet; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Working Girl" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Rain Man" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280).

Theatre 1: "Little Vera" (Vasily Pichul; in Russian), with Natalya Negoda.

Theatre 2: "High Hopes" (†).

Theatre 3: "Murmur of the Heart" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).

Theatre 2: "Chocolat" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Field of Dreams" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

Theatre 2: "Heathers" (†).

Theatre 3: Through April 27: "Speed Zone" (Jim Drake). From April 28: "Scandal" (Michael Caton-Jones), with John Hurt, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, and Bridget Fonda.

Theatre 4: "See You in the Morning" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jeff Bridges, Alice Krige, and Farrah Fawcett.

Theatre 5: "Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

Theatre 6: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen, Rubén Blades, Fred Gwynne, Lou Diamond Phillips, William Russ, Ed O'Neill, and Daniel Roebuck.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through April 27: "Jacknife" (David Jones), with Robert De Niro, Ed Harris, and Kathy Baker. From April 28: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

Theatre 2: Through April 27: "The Dream Team" (†). From April 28: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Theatre 2: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Dead-Bang" (directed by John Frankenheimer), with Don Johnson.

Theatre 2: "Red Scorpion" (Joe Zito), with Dolph Lundgren.

Theatre 3: Through April 27: "Edge of Sanity" (Gerard Kikoine), with Anthony Perkins. From April 28: "Loverboy" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Patrick Dempsey, Kate Jackson, and Carrie Fisher.

Theatre 4: "Speed Zone" (Jim Drake).

Theatre 5: "976-Evil" (Robert Englund).

Theatre 6: "Cyborg" (Albert Pyun), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

Through April 27: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen, Rubén Blades, Fred Gwynne, Lou Diamond Phillips, William Russ, Ed O'Neill, and Daniel Roebuck.

From April 28: "The Horror Show" (James Isaac), with Lance Henriksen, Brion James, and Rita Taggart.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Major League" (David S. Ward), with Tom Berenger, Charlie Sheen, and Corbin Bernsen.

Theatre 3: Through April 27: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster. From April 28: "Disorganized Crime" (Jim Kouf), with Corbin Bernsen, Rubén Blades, Fred Gwynne, Lou Diamond Phillips, William Russ, Ed O'Neill, and Daniel Roebuck.

Theatre 4: "The Mighty Quinn" (Carl Schenkel), with Denzel Washington and Robert Townsend.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Pet Sematary" (Mary Lambert).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through April 27: "The Dream Team" (†). From April 28: "K-9" (Rod Daniel), with James Belushi and Mel Harris.

Theatre 2: "Say Anything" (Cameron Crowe), with John Cusack, Ione Skye, and John Mahoney.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

Through April 27: "She's Out of Control" (Stan Dragoti), with Tony Danza.

From April 28: "The Dream Team" (†).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: Through April 27: "Lean on Me" (John G. Avildsen), with Morgan Freeman. From April 28: "Criminal Law" (Martin Campbell), with Gary Oldman and Kevin Bacon.

Theatre 2: "Dead Calm" (Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through April 25: "Come and Get It" (1936, directed by Howard Hawks and William Wyler), with Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, and Frances Farmer; and "The Little Foxes" (1941, Wyler), with Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall.

April 26-27: "The Kid from Spain" (1932, Leo McCarey), with Eddie Cantor and Robert Young; and "The Goldwyn Follies" (1938, George Marshall), with Zorina and Adolphe Menjou.

April 28-29: "21 Days Together" (1937, Basil Dean), with Vivien Leigh, Leslie Banks, and Laurence Olivier; and "That Hamilton Woman!" (1941, Alexander Korda), with Leigh and Olivier.

April 30-May 1: "Dodsworth" (1936, William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor; and "The Bishop's Wife" (1947, Henry Koster), with Loretta Young, Cary Grant, and David Niven.

May 2: "Dance with a Stranger" (1985, Mike Newell), with Rupert Everett, Ian Holm, and Miranda Richardson; and "Prick Up Your Ears" (†).

From May 3: "Clouds Over Europe" (†); and "Lydia" (1941, Julien Duvivier), with Merle Oberon and Joseph Cotten.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

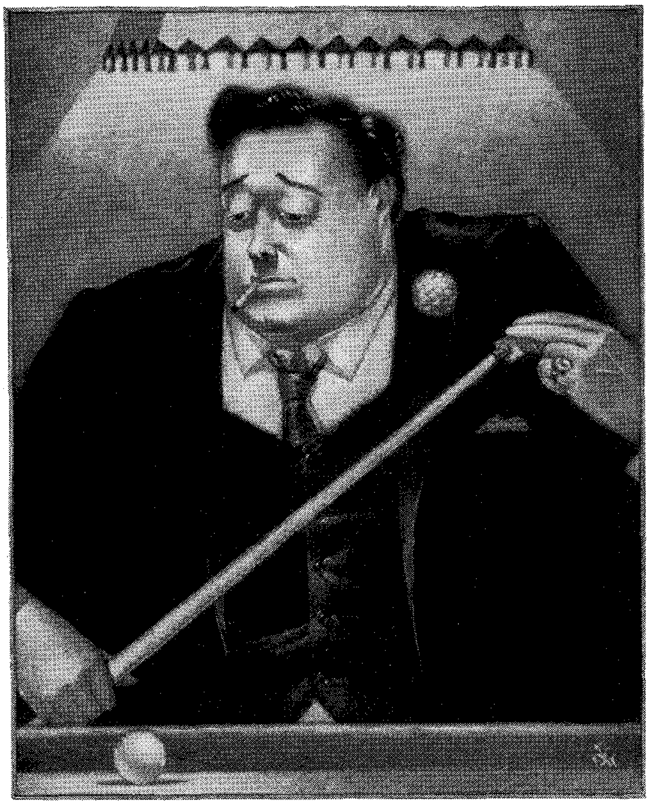
Through April 25: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962, John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, Angela Lansbury, and James Gregory; and "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955, Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker.

April 26-27: "Fellini's Casanova" (1976, Federico Fellini), with Donald Sutherland; and "Ginger and Fred" (1986, Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina.

April 28-29: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942, Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart; and "Ninotchka" (1939, Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann.

April 30: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975, Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "Travelling North" (1988, Carl Schultz), with Leo McKern and Julia Blake.

May 1-2: "The Fastest Guitar Alive" (1968, Michael Moore), with Roy Orbison; and "Ned Kelly" (1970, Tony Richardson), with Mick Jagger and Allen Bickford.



Jackie Gleason in "The Hustler"

From May 3: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977, Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980, Oshima; in Japanese).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

April 24: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and an interview with Miss Crawford filmed in 1966.

April 25: "Last Summer" (1969, Frank Perry), with Barbara Hershey, Cathy Burns, Richard Thomas, and Bruce Davison; and "The Swimmer" (1968, Perry), with Burt Lancaster.

April 26: "Platinum Blonde" (1931, Frank Capra), with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes; and "Forbidden" (1932, Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and Ralph Bellamy.

April 27: "Day of Wrath" (1940, Carl Dreyer; in Danish); and "Vampyr" (†).

April 28-29: "The Last Detail" (1974, Hal Ashby), with Jack Nicholson, Otis Young, and Randy Quaid; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

April 30: "The Rules of the Game" (1939, Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Liebelei" (1932, Max Ophuls; in German).

May 1: "Teresa Venerdi" (1951, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Anna Magnani and De Sica; and "Notes for an African Orestes" (1970, Pier Paolo Pasolini).

May 2: "A Summer to Remember" (1961, Georgi Daneliya; in Russian), with Sergei Bondarchuk; and "The Night Is My Kingdom" (1951, Georges Lacombe; in French), with Jean Gabin.

May 3: "It Happened One Night" (†); and "American Madness" (1932, Frank Capra), with Walter Huston.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 24: "Vampyr" (†); and "Day of Wrath" (1940, Carl Dreyer; in Danish).

April 25: "O. Henry's Full House" (1952), five stories by five different directors; and "Tales of Manhattan" (1942), five stories, all directed by Julien Duvivier.

April 26: "Conquest" (1937, Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer; and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931, Robert Z. Leonard), with Garbo, Clark Gable, and Alan Hale.

April 27: "King Solomon's Mines" (1950, Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton), with Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson; and "Mogambo" (1953, John Ford), with Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, and Grace Kelly.

April 28-29: "The Hustler" (†); and "Cool Hand Luke" (1967, Stuart Rosenberg), with Paul Newman.

April 30: "Jezebel" (1938, William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (†).

May 1: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; and "The Silence" (1964, Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.

May 2: "Libeled Lady" (†); and "Love Crazy" (1941, Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

May 3: "Salome, Where She Danced" (1945, Charles Lamont), with Yvonne De Carlo, Rod Cameron, Albert Dekker, and Walter Slezak; and "Bird of Paradise" (1932, King Vidor), with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

Theatre 1: April 24 at 2:30: "Limelight" (1952, directed by Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin, Claire Bloom, Buster Keaton, and Sydney Chaplin. . . . ¶ April 24 at 6 and April 25 at 2:30: "A King in New York" (1957, Chaplin), with Chaplin, Michael Chaplin, Oliver Johnston, and Dawn Addams. . . . ¶ April 25 at 6 and April 27 at 2:30: "A Countess from Hong Kong" (1967, Chaplin), with Marlon Brando, Sophia Loren, Sydney Chaplin, and Tippi Hedren. . . . ¶ April 27 at 6: "Limelight." . . . ¶ April 28 at 2:30: "The Harshness of Fate" (1985, Gerardo Vallejo; an Argentine film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ April 28 at 6: "A King and His Movie" (1985, Carlos Sorin; an Argentine film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ April 29 at 2: "Poor Butterfly" (1986, Raul de la Torre; an Argentine film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ April 29 at 5: "Made in Argentina" (1986, Juan Jose Jusid; an Argentine film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ April 30 at 2: "A King and His Movie." . . . ¶ April 30 at 5: "The Harshness of Fate." . . . ¶ May 1 at 2:30: "The Lost Republic I" (1983, Miguel Perez; an Argentine film, in Spanish). . . . ¶ May 1 at 6: "Poor Butterfly." . . . ¶ May 2 at 2:30: "Made in Argentina." . . . ¶ May 2 at 6: "The Lost Republic II" (1986, Miguel Perez; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

Theatre 2: April 27 at 3 and 6: "Long Shadows" (1987, Ross Spears), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 1-2 at 6:30: Two different programs of new works by George Kuchar, who will be present.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th. Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Movie serials (single episodes, feature-length versions, marathon showings of all chapters), mostly from the thirties and forties. April 26 at 1:10: The feature-length version of "The Tiger Woman" (1944, Spencer Bennet and Wallace Grissell), with Allan Lane and Linda Stirling. . . . ¶ April 26 at 3: Selected episodes from "Haunted Harbor" (1944), "The Painted Stallion" (1937), and "S.O.S. Coast Guard" (1937). . . . ¶ April 27 at 1:10: The feature-length version of "Undersea Kingdom," called "Sharad of Atlantis" (1936, B. Reeves Eason and Joseph Kane), with Ray (Crash) Corrigan, Monte Blue, and Lois Wilde. . . . ¶ April 27 at 3: Selected episodes from "Secret Agent X-9" (1937), "The Three Musketeers" (1933), and "The New Adventures of Tarzan" (1935). . . . ¶ April 28 at 2:30: Selected episodes from five silent serials, "Fantômas" (1913), "Homunculus" (1916), "The Perils of Pauline" (1914), "The Exploits of Elaine" (1914), and "The Iron Claw" (1916). . . . ¶ April 28 at 7:30: Chapters 1-9 of "The Perils of Nyoka" (1942, William Witney), with Kay Aldridge and Clayton Moore. . . . ¶ April 29 at 1: Chapters 10-15 of "The Perils of Nyoka"; and Chapter 1 of "The Green Hornet Strikes Again" (1940). . . . ¶ April 29 at 4: Chapters 1-9 of "Daredevils of the Red Circle" (1939, Witney and John English), with Charles Quigley, Bruce Bennett, and Carole Landis. . . . ¶ April 29 at 7:30: Chapters 1-9 of "The Return of Chandu" (1934, Ray Taylor), with Bela Lugosi and Maria Alba. . . . ¶ April 30 at noon: Chapters 10-12 of "Daredevils of the Red Circle." . . . ¶ April 30 at 1:15: Chapters 10-12 of "The Return of Chandu." . . . ¶ April 30 at 2:30: The feature-length version of "Spy Smasher" (1942, Witney), with Kane Richmond and Marguerite Chapman; and Chapters 1-4 of "Daredevils of the West" (1943, English), with Kay Aldridge and Allen Lane. . . . ¶ May 3 at 1:10: Chapters 1-7 of "Drums of Fu Manchu" (1940, Witney and English), with Henry Brandon. . . . ¶ May 3 at 3:15: Chapters 1-6 of "Zorro's Fighting Legion" (1939, Witney and English), with Reed Hadley and Sheila Darcy.

Anthology Film Archives, *32-34 Second Ave., at Second St.* (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. April 25 at 8: "Progressive Slidings Into Pleasure" (1974, Alain Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 25 at 10: "N Took the Dice" (1971-75, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 26 at 8: "Playing with Fire" (1975, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 26 at 10: "Progressive Slidings Into Pleasure." . . . ¶ April 27 at 8: "Diaries, Notes & Sketches: Walden" (1969, Jonas Mekas). . . . ¶ April 28 at 8: "La Belle Captive" (1983, Robbe-Grillet; in French). . . . ¶ April 28 at 10: Nine short films by Marie Menken. . . . ¶ April 29 at 7:30: "Haiti Footage" (1947-54, Maya Deren). . . . ¶ April 29 at 8: "Playing with Fire." . . . ¶ April 30 at 6: Another nine short films by Marie Menken. . . . ¶ April 30 at 8: "La Belle Captive."

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—April 24 at 8: "The Set Up" (1949, Robert Wise), with Robert Ryan and Audrey Totter. . . . ¶ April 25 at 8: "Life Is a Dream" (Raul Ruiz). . . . ¶ April 26 at 8: "The Wind" (Souleymane Cissé). . . . ¶ April 27 at 8: "Traffic in Souls" (1913, George Loane Tucker; silent); and "The Sinister Urge" (1959, Edward D. Wood, Jr.). . . . ¶ April 27 at 10:30: "Springtime for the Wolf" (1963, Suzuki Seijun; in Japanese). . . . ¶ April 28 at 8: "Insanitorium," "Summer of No Return," and "La Verboten Voyage," all by George Kuchar, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 28 at 11: "Alice" (†). . . . ¶ April 29 at 8: "Binghamton, My India," by Ken Jacobs, who will be present. . . . ¶ April 29 at 11: "Alice" (†). . . . ¶ April 30 at 3: "Wet Desires" (1972, Kumashiro Tatsumi; in Japanese) and "The Inflatable Sex Doll of the Wastelands" (1967, Yamatoya Jin; in Japanese). . . . ¶ April 30 at 6, 8, and 10: "The World of Tomorrow," by Tom Johnson and Lance Bird, uses newsreels, promotional films, and home movies to celebrate the anniversary of the opening day of the 1939 World's Fair in New York. . . . ¶ May 1 at 8: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955, Robert Aldrich), with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker. . . . ¶ May 2 at 8: "India Cabaret" (Mira Nair) and "Ika Hands" (Robert Gardner). . . . ¶ May 3 at 8: An appearance by the German filmmaker-performers known as Schmelzadahin—Jochen Lampert, Juergen Reble, and Jochen Mueller.

Ernie Kovacs: Museum of Broadcasting

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Films, videotapes, and performances by thirty-four artists as part of the 1989 Biennial Exhibition. April 27-May 3: "Relatives"—live solo performance by Constance DeJong with a videotape by Tony Oursler. Showings Tuesdays at 1:15 and 6:30, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 1:15.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—MB Playhouse, spanning over thirty years of television dramas. April 25-29: Harold Pinter's "No Man's Land" (1980, Granada Television), with John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson. . . . Starting May 2: Samuel Beckett's "Happy Days" (1980, PBS), with Irene Worth. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ Comedy specials and episodes from regular series comedies. April 25-29: A chapter each from "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis" (1959), with Dwayne Hickman and Bob Denver; and "The Patty Duke Show" (1965). . . . Starting May 2: Two programs of "The Comedians" (1972), hosted by Carl Reiner; and "The Lively Arts: Ernie Kovacs" (1961), a Canadian interview with Kovacs. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—April 27 at 6:30: "Japan's Longest Day" (1967, Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese). . . . ¶ April 28 at 6 and 8:20: "The Vacuum Zone" (1952, Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese); based on a novel by Hiroshi Noma.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—Films from Vietnam. April 28 at 3: "Brothers and Relations" (Tran Vu and Nguyen Huu Luyen). . . . ¶ April 28 at 7: "Fairy Tale for 17-Year-Olds" (Nguyen Xuan Son).

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—April 26 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "L'Argent" (1983, Robert Bresson; in French), with Christian Patey, Sylvie van den Elsen, and Michel Briguet. . . . ¶ May 3 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Au Revoir les Enfants" (1987, Louis Malle; in French).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

The Accidental Tourist—It begins with the numb grief of a punctilious Baltimore travel writer, Macon Leary (William Hurt), whose twelve-year-old son was senselessly shot. Macon has become such a depressed loner that his wife (Kathleen Turner) leaves him. The movie, directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the screenplay with Frank Galati, closely follows the 1985 Anne Tyler novel, and it's about Macon's coming to life. A fiercely eager oddball (Geena Davis) who pulls him into her bed turns out to be his salvation. The plot construction is that of a screwball comedy of the thirties: poor working girl has the life force that upper-class prig needs. But people talk a formal, affected English that sounds counterfeit and everyone seems catatonic. With Amy Wright, Ed Begley, Jr., and David Ogden Stiers.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/23/89.) (Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen—The Baron, who lived from 1720 to 1797, was a fibber of genius—a fabulist. Terry Gilliam, who directed this special-effects extravaganza, sees his theme as the liar as artist; his Munchausen (John Neville) is a poet, a man of imagination. He's pitted against the practical men who believe in facts and compromise and conformity (i.e., the men who finance movies). The elements are here for a fantasy on the order of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Pinocchio" and the 1940 "Thief of Bagdad," yet the picture is dry and choppy and remote. The design (by Dante Ferretti) and the cinematography (by Giuseppe Rotunno) are sometimes magnificent, and there are scenes that are near-inspired. Something is missing, though: a bit of conviction—of ardor and awe. The picture is almost devoid of emotional shadings. With Sarah Polley, Oliver Reed, who's a great rampaging Vulcan, Robin Williams (uncredited) as the King of the Moon, Uma Thurman as Venus, and Eric Idle, Jonathan Pryce, and Charles McKeown, who co-wrote the script with Gilliam.—P.K. (4/3/89) (Coronet, and Art Greenwich Twin.)

Alice—The Czech animator Jan Švankmajer plays with objects the way Lewis Carroll played with words. He animates household items and worn-looking dolls, makes nonsense physical, palpable, and thus gives Alice's adventures in illogic an undertone of menace. The director—a self-described "militant Surrealist," who has been making short films since 1964—brings a pessimistic, absurdist, Eastern European sensibility to bear on Carroll's material, and his approach sometimes seems overly formal, a little rigid. But this is an extraordinary piece of work. There are sequences that are small miracles of stop-motion animation: the White Rabbit has a pocket watch sewn into his tatty fur, so whenever he checks the time sawdust spills out of him and he has to close himself up with a safety pin; the Caterpillar, a woollen sock with a pair of glass eyes and a set of chattering false teeth, delivers his message to Alice and then, alarmingly, darns over his own eyes as he settles down to sleep. "Alice" is a brilliant demonstration of the connection between a child's imagination and the lonely, obsessive craftsmanship of a great animator. Alice is played by a big-eyed little girl named Kristýna Kohoutová; she's the only human being in the movie.—T.R. (8/8/88) (Collective for Living Cinema; April 28-29 at 11 P.M.)

Chocolat—Whatever Claire Denis's first feature is supposed to be about, it proves, at least, that the English don't have a monopoly on swanky colonial torpor. The movie is constructed as an extended flashback: a young Frenchwoman (named France) travelling in Africa remembers her fifties girlhood in a remote outpost of Cameroon, where her father was a district officer. Most of this story consists of smoldering looks exchanged by the girl's beautiful mother (Giulia Boschi) and the family's handsome African "boy," Protée (Isaach de Bankolé). When Maman feels herself becoming too hot and bothered at the sight of the noble black man, she brusquely orders him to fetch something; Protée deals with his frustration by taking a lot of showers. Nothing actually happens. In denying him any kind of release for his pent-up desire, Denis encourages us to think she's making a political point. What she's really doing is dehumanizing him—treating him as a gleaming hunk whose anger and wounded reserve just make him more exotically alluring. "Chocolat" looks pretty good, but it's merde in a fancy wrapper. In French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

Clouds Over Europe (1939)—A likable, nonsensical British spy thriller about secret rays, mysterious enemies, and dastardly plots against Britain's aircraft. It's charmingly light in tone. Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson play in just the right spirit, and Valerie Hobson shows her gift for looking beautiful in a distinguished way. Tim Whelan directed this Alexander Korda production. —P.K. (Biograph Cinema; starting May 3.)

Dangerous Liaisons—One of the least static costume films ever made, and what costumes! The women—Glenn Close, Michelle Pfeiffer, Uma Thurman, Swoosie Kurtz, Mildred Natwick—look as if they'd been dressed by Gainsborough. (Actually, it was James Acheson, who also dressed "The Last Emperor.") Principally about the erotic power games played by the Marquise de Merteuil (Glenn Close) and the Vicomte de Valmont (John Malkovich), who were once lovers but are now allies and co-conspirators, this first-rate piece of work by the daring and agile director Stephen Frears is alive in a way that movies of classics rarely are. The paradisially beautiful Pfeiffer is wonderfully affecting as the pawn of the debauchers' final game. The screenwriter, Christopher Hampton, reworked his 1985 theatrical version of the 1782 novel by Choderlos de Laclos; cinematography by Philippe Rousselot.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Festival.)

Dark Habits (1983; "Entre Tinieblas")—This amusingly erratic convent farce by the Spanish writer-director Pedro Almodóvar shows us his naughty-Catholic-schoolboy side. (Here, and in his later movies, he uses Catholic fetishism as camp.) Cristina S. Pascual plays Yolanda, a Madrid night-club singer, who hides out from the police in a convent that specializes in the salvation of murderesses, prostitutes, and junkies. The Mother Superior (Julieta Serrano) is so avid to recruit sinners that she'll shoot them up with heroin and supply anything else they want. (She's a junkie herself.) The jokes are sometimes labored; still, Almodóvar already had the disreputable sensuality that links him to early De Palma. And he catches something very appealing in the musical numbers, especially at the convent party where three singing nuns (including Carmen Maura on the bongos) serve as backup singers for Yolanda. In Spanish.—P.K. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

The Dream Team—As a wisecracking, intermittently violent lunatic, Michael Keaton electrifies this quirky farce; in a restaurant scene, he's like a James Cagney character—doing something he knows he shouldn't while his face tells us how thoroughly he's enjoying it. Keaton, Peter Boyle (he has some of his best moments since "Young Frankenstein"), Christopher Lloyd, and Stephen Furst are patients in a mental hospital who are taken on an excursion and then stranded in an unstructured loony bin, New York City. Directed by the (erratic) slapstick specialist Howard Zieff, from a script by Jon Connolly and David Loucka, the film isn't the knockout it might have been if it had a few big wild routines. And, yes, it's sentimental. But the sentimentality isn't overplayed, and Keaton's fast rap cauterizes much of it. He's a cross between a mouth and a moonbeam. With Dennis Boutsikaris, Lorraine Bracco, and Jack Duffy as the shopkeeper in the Army-Navy store.—P.K. (4/17/89) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema, and National Twin; through April 27. . . . ¶ Warner; starting April 28.)

Field of Dreams—With Kevin Costner, directed by Phil Alden Robinson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (59th Street East Cinema, and Regency.)

Heathers—Westerburg High's three rich beauties who make life hell for those less gilded are all named Heather. Their reluctant associate, Veronica (Winona Ryder), confides in her diary that she dreams of "a world without Heather," and a psychotically fearless juvenile delinquent, J.D. (Christian Slater), materializes, and goads her to become his accomplice in making her dream come true. The script, by Daniel Waters, has a lot of prankish, spiky dialogue and some good rowdy slapstick nastiness, such as Veronica and J.D.'s killing two football heroes and arranging their deaths to suggest that they were lovers in a suicide pact; the script promises that the picture will lift off into the junior division of Blue Velvetland. But layers of didacticism weigh it down, and the young, inexperienced director, Michael Lehmann (who uses hyper-bright colors for a facetious artificial effect), doesn't find the right moods for the gags. About a half hour from the end, Waters and Lehmann pull back from their sadistic gaudiness. Veronica represents their we-don't-really-mean-it side—we don't want to hurt anybody's feelings. Where's the sting? With Kim Walker as tall, blond Heather Chandler.—P.K. (4/17/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

High Hopes—Mike Leigh's wacked-out comedy-drama about life in Thatcherland features three couples: the rich twits (David Bamber and Lesley Manville as a young champagne dealer and his cool socialite wife); the pushy yups (Philip Jackson and Heather Tobias as a boorish car salesman and his shrill, social-climber wife); the working poor (bearded Philip Davis and dark-eyed Ruth Sheen as a pot-smoking Marxist who scrapes by as a motorcycle messenger and his companion of ten years, who likes to grow things). This may sound like a liberal-left horror, but the English delight in extreme, preposterous silliness hasn't died even among the serious left: the characters keep turning into absurdist cartoons. It's an exuberantly likable movie—not always satisfying but never drab, never ordinary.—P.K. (2/20/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Hustler (1961)—The test of what a man has inside him—the basic Hemingway-style masculine story that's frequently set in the bullring or, in this country, in the world of sports, especially among prizefighters—is set here in the world of pool sharks. Paul Newman is the young contender, Fast Eddie Felson, and Jackie Gleason is the old champ, Minnesota Fats. The director, Robert Rossen, and his co-writer, Sidney Carroll, surround the test with an extra forty minutes or so of flabby "poetry." And there's a tortured, crippled girl (Piper Laurie) who speaks the truth: she's a female practitioner of the Socratic method who is continually drinking her hemlock. The picture is swollen with windy thoughts and murky notions of perversions, and as Eddie's manager the magnetic young George C. Scott seems to be a Satan figure, but it has strength and conviction, and Newman gives a fine, emotional performance. You can see all the picture's faults and still love it. It's the most vital and appealing of Rossen's movies.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 28-29.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—No one has ever fully explained what gives this basically slight romantic comedy its particular—and enormous—charm. It's no more than the story of a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a fired newspaperman (Clark Gable) who meet on a long-distance night bus and fall in love. Yet the film (which neither of its stars wanted to appear in) caught on with the public and made audiences happy in a way that only a few films in each era do; in the mid-thirties, the Colbert and the Gable of this film became Americans' idealized view of themselves—breezy, likable, sexy, gallant, and maybe just a little harebrained. It was the "Annie Hall" of its day—before the invention of anxiety. Frank Capra directed, from Robert Riskin's script, based on Samuel Hopkins Adams' short story "Night Bus." Five Academy Awards: Picture, Director, Actor, Actress, Script.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; May 3.)

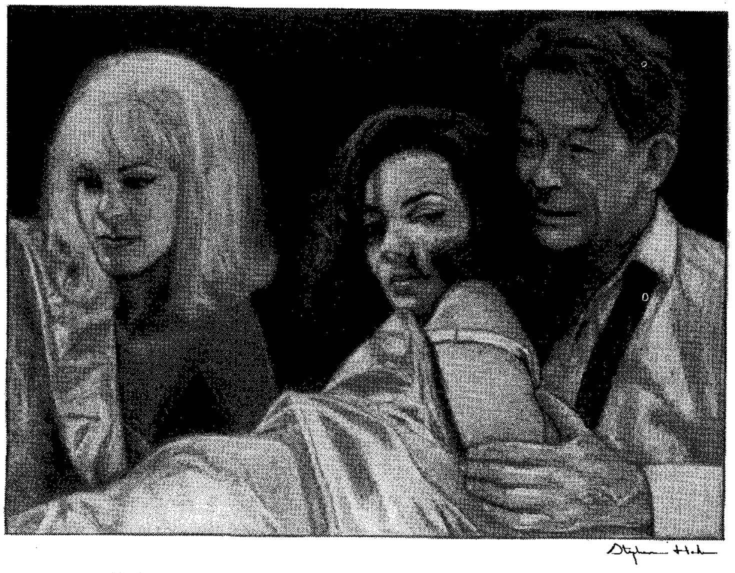
Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing "Lord Jim"—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheikh with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. As it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was, Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (The film, substantially cut after its first release, has been restored to a more or less definitive version, running 217 minutes.)—P.K. (Ziegfeld.)

Let's Get Lost—A documentary about Chet Baker, directed by Bruce Weber. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Film Forum 2.)

The Letter (1940)—Bette Davis's forty-third movie; it marked her tenth year in films, and it is one of her few good vehicles. The central figure of Somerset Maugham's melodrama is the wife of a rubber-plantation owner—a woman of such unimpeachable respectability that she can empty a gun into her lover and get away with it (in the courts, at least, because in Singapore the white ruling class must stick together). Davis gives what is very likely the best study of female sexual hypocrisy in film history. She is helped by an excellent script (by Howard Koch) and by two unusually charged performances—James Stephenson as her lawyer and Herbert Marshall as her husband. The cast also includes two formidable women—Frieda Inescort, who seems ineffably absurd as the lawyer's wife, and Gale Sondergaard, whose performance as the Eurasian woman was actually taken very seriously by many people. The insistent music is pure, adulterated Max Steiner. It demeans William Wyler's clear, taut direction and the erotic awareness he brings to the material.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 30.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—A wisecracking newspaper comedy, from M-G-M, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel, Jean Harlow as his fiancée, Myrna Loy as the maligned heiress who is suing, and William Powell as the man Tracy hires to put Loy in a compromising position, so she'll drop the suit. And, in order to give Powell the married status necessary for the plan, he asks Harlow to marry Powell—just for a few weeks. That's only the beginning of the complications. The director, Jack Conway, keeps up the fast pace by a lot of shouting and busywork—people are always rushing in and out, and practically every line is meant to be funny. Some of them are, and the others are, at least, perky. The picture isn't bad—it's enjoyable, but it's rather charmless. The stars (and the supporting players, too) do their patented characters—the ones they'd invented some years earlier. Loy is assured and levelheaded; Harlow is a tough cookie—loud and shrill but sentimental at heart; Tracy is a solid man's man; Powell is a suave ladies' man. With Charley Grapewin as the owner of the paper (he gives perhaps the best performance, but there isn't enough of it). Written by Maurine Watkins, Howard Emmett Rogers, and George Oppenheimer.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 2.)

Mississippi Burning—Set in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, it opens with a fictionalized re-creation of the murder of the three civil-rights workers—James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner—but it isn't really about the



Bridget Fonda, Joanne Whalley-Kilmer, and John Hurt in "Scandal"

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

civil-rights movement. The director, Alan Parker, treats Southerners the way he treated the Turks ten years ago in "Midnight Express." And he twists facts here as he did there, with the same apparent objective: to come up with garish forms of violence. Two F.B.I. men (Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe) arrive to find out what happened to the three activists, and a huge manhunt is initiated. The movie hinges on the ploy that the F.B.I. men can't stop the K.K.K. from its terrorism against blacks until they swing over to vigilante tactics. And we're put in the position of applauding the F.B.I.'s dirtiest forms of intimidation. Hackman is superb, and there's impressive work by Frances McDormand, Brad Dourif, Park Overall, Stephen Tobolowsky, and others. But the film is morally repugnant. The script is credited to Chris Gerolmo (Parker says he rewrote it).—P.K. (12/26/88) (Carnegie Screening Room. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through April 27.)

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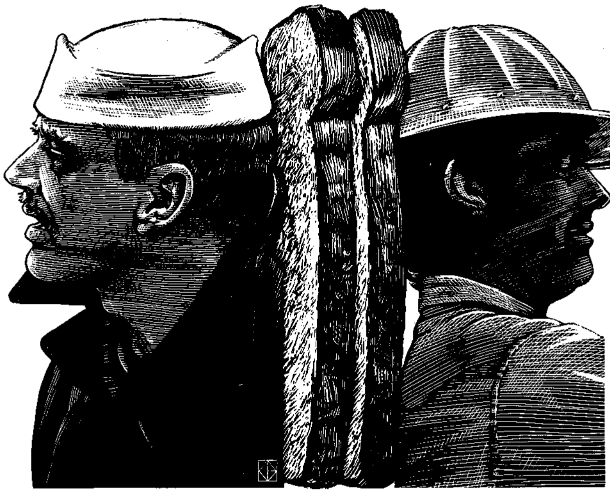
Through the wild highs and dispiriting lows of the past two decades of American movies, no actor has been more fun to watch than Jack Nicholson. Since his breakthrough appearance in "Easy Rider" in 1969, Nicholson has proved himself a superbly inventive actor, a magnetic star personality, and an exuberant ham—at his best, he's all three things at once. In the early seventies, he specialized in playing charismatic losers, and two of his hits from that period are showing on April 28-29 at the Thalia SoHo. Bob Rafelson's "Five Easy Pieces" is rather arty—in love with its own alienated sensibility—but Nicholson energizes it. He plays a pianist who ran away from his talent, and he manages to make underachieving look good. "The Last Detail," which has a lively, profane script by Robert Towne, is far more entertaining: Nicholson's performance as a loud-mouthed career sailor is sensational. And now that the N.B.A. playoffs are getting under way, we'll surely be seeing a lot of him in one of his most familiar recent roles, as Jack the Laker Fan, rooting for the explosive team whose leader, Magic Johnson, is clearly a kindred spirit: a virtuoso who really looks like he's enjoying his work.



Murmur of the Heart (1971)—Louis Malle's exhilarating high comedy about French bourgeois life. He looks into his own back yard—the film is set in Dijon in 1954, at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and it's about the sex education of the fourteen-year-old Laurent (Benoit Ferreux), the youngest, brightest son of a successful gynecologist (Daniel Gélin) and his Italian-born wife (Léa Massari). Malle sees not only the prudent, punctilious surface but the volatile and slovenly life underneath. His bourgeois bestiary is funny and appalling and also—surprisingly—hardy and happy. This is perhaps the first time on film that anyone has shown us the bourgeoisie enjoying its privileges. Massari is superb as Clara, the carelessly sensual mother who is loved by her sons because of her indifference to the bourgeois forms, which they nevertheless accept—on the surface, that is. With Michel Lonsdale as Father Henri. The script is by Malle. In French.—P.K. (Lincoln Plaza.)

New York Stories—A three-part anthology film, with sections by Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola, and Woody Allen. Scorsese's intensely enjoyable "Life Lessons" features a masterly performance by Nick Nolte as an Action painter who needs tumult in his life. (Richard Price wrote the script.) Coppola's "Life Without Zoe" is a forgettable attempt to use New York as a city out of the Arabian Nights. Woody Allen's "Oedipus Wrecks" is a Freudian vaudeville about a Jewish lawyer (played by Allen) who feels that if he marries a Gentile (Mia Farrow) he'll escape his mother (Mae Questel). (He doesn't stand a chance.) Allen's short-story comedy is a bit too long and schematic, but it has some genuine laughs, and a lovely performance by Julie Kavner as a hopeless involuntary comic. All told, the movie is a two-base hit.—P.K. (3/20/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, and Guild.)

Pelle the Conqueror—An aging, weak-willed Swedish widower (Max von Sydow) and his young son (Pelle Hvenegaard) emigrate to Denmark and find work on a large estate, where they're exploited and abused. The boy, more spirited than his father, ultimately escapes. The movie, written and directed by Bille August from a novel by Martin Andersen Nexo, isn't as dreary as it sounds. August directs with great skill and feeling, and the cinematography, by Jorgen Persson, is sensational. The images are never simply beautiful—they always carry a strong emotional and dramatic charge. Yet there's a basic dullness in Nexo's material which August can't transcend. For most of the picture's two and a half hours, we're moved and bored simultaneously. In Danish and Swedish.—T.R. (Eastside Cinema, and Quad Cinema.)

Prick Up Your Ears (1987)—Joe Orton wrote some of the most highly regarded farces of the English-speaking theatre in this century, but you could come out of this movie about him without any sense of their vengeful, bawdy originality. Directed by Stephen Frears from a screenplay by Alan Bennett, based on the literary biography of the same name by John Lahr, the film is honest and watchable. But, unlike Orton, it takes no real delight in misbehaving. And though the moviemakers don't try to conceal the facts of the sixteen years that Orton (Gary Oldman) spent with Kenneth Halliwell (Alfred Molina), who bludgeoned him to death and then killed himself, the relationship between the two hasn't been made convincing. What you come out with is some modern-style psychosexual moralizing about how Orton's pansexuality liberated his talent whereas the inhibited Halliwell was driven to murder. You don't feel Orton's pulse, but Vanessa Redgrave, who plays his smart, ribald agent, has never been sexier or more spontaneous. With Wallace Shawn as Lahr.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; May 2.)

Rain Man—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L.A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson, stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people are crying at it. Of course they're crying at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. With Valeria Golino.—P.K. (2/6/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through April 27.)

Vampyr (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears. Dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. Death hovers over everyone. The cast is headed by Julian West (the movie name of Nicolas de Gunzburg), with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 24. . . . ¶ Thalia SoHo; April 27.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish.—P.K. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

Working Girl—Mike Nichols made this yuppie Cinderella romance, with Melanie Griffith as Tess McGill, a poor but enterprising girl from Staten Island who fights off the sleazoid bosses and struggles to break through the educational-background barriers and climb from Wall Street secretary to executive. We're supposed to be cheered by watching Tess become part of the establishment. Griffith is very appealing, and she carries what there is of the picture, but this is the kind of star performance in which the heroine's misty eyes and soft-focus smiles (which suggest bleariness) are supposed to turn our brains to jelly. After a bouncy, promising opening, the staging becomes so broad you can't tell whether satire is intended or just dumb jokes. With Sigourney Weaver, Harrison Ford, Joan Cusack, Alec Baldwin, and Olympia Dukakis. The script is credited to Kevin Wade.—P.K. (1/9/89) (Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Waverly; through April 27.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that as Heathcliff he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Hecht and MacArthur did the script; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer; Alfred Newman did the music. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, Leo G. Carroll, Miles Mander, Cecil Kellaway, and Alice Ehlers at the harpsichord. The Ventura area (about forty miles north of Los Angeles) was used for the Yorkshire moors.—P.K. (Quad Cinema; through April 27.)

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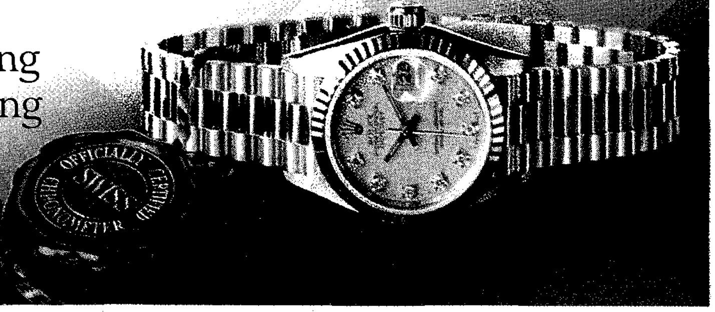

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

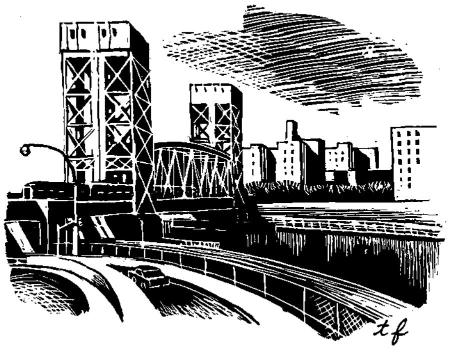
A FRIEND in his thirties writes:

When Michael and Elliot's little advertising business went bankrupt on the television series "thirtysomething" a few weeks ago, it shook up a lot of people I know—shook them up the way nineteenth-century people are supposed to have been shaken up by the deaths and marriages in Dickens. The bankruptcy took up two episodes; by the end of the second, as Elliot and Michael sat in the ruins of their business, among the glass bricks and Scandinavian furniture and crated I.B.M. clones, my wife and I were actually close to tears, and apparently we were not alone. According to the Nielsen ratings, the first bankruptcy episode was one of the most popular "thirtysomething"s ever: it was watched by some twenty-one million viewers. A good sociological-minded student of popular culture could probably come up with six theories in six seconds to account for this, and some of them might be true. He might point out that Carly Simon happened to make a well-publicized cameo appearance that week. Or he might suggest that the general prosperity of the last six years has covered up a lot of middle-class slippage, and the "thirtysomething" bankruptcy moved a great many people because a great many people, for all their defiant consumerism, are essentially bankrupt. But I don't think the "thirtysomething" phenomenon is so simple, and I don't think sociological speculations can explain why my wife and my friends and I are so drawn to the show.

For the benefit of anyone who is never home on Tuesday nights, it should be said that "thirtysomething" is a television program about a bunch of old friends, now in their thirties, who live in Philadelphia—yuppies, if anybody still uses that word. They are meant to exemplify the pains and sorrows of a generation, but at the same time, because they're characters in a continuing series, they can't change very much. On the show, people date, break up, play with children, worry, talk a little bit, make love, quarrel, argue about old records, and remember old flames. There is an almost dreamy absence of action.

People who despise "thirtysomething" think that the discrepancy between the slightness of the show and its powerful emotional appeal simply demonstrates that those of us who watch it are so self-absorbed that we can find significance in anything even vaguely resembling our own lives. The admirers of the program, on the other hand—and they include the authors of a number of recent cover stories and Sunday-supplement pieces—think that "thirtysomething" is important because it is real: because it says something about the lives of men and women of a certain generation.

I admire the skill and intelligence of the people who make "thirtysomething," but the more I think about the show the more it seems to me as far removed from real life as "Knight Rider" or "Moonlighting." To the familiar fantasy conventions of life-as-it-is-lived-on-television, "thirtysomething" has added a whole new set of conventions, which involve the depiction of friendship—of extended family. There is the Timely Drop-In, for instance. One week, Hope had her head down on the table in her living room—worrying—and one of the minor characters approached and touched her on the shoulder. Hope didn't jolt up or say "Jesus!" or anything; she and the friend simply began talking about their feelings. It turned out that the friend had *just dropped in*—people do this all the time on "thirtysomething." And there is the Rueful Admission. On "thirtysomething," someone will often make a remark that is frank or damaging—even a little stinging—to someone else. The person so addressed doesn't look pained or startled or hurt; he doesn't say that he would just as soon not talk about it; he doesn't use the occasion to bring up an old grudge; he doesn't even fall silent. He pauses, sighs, and then *ruefully admits* the truth of what has been said. (The chances that this could happen between me and any friend of mine are about as good as the chances of my owning a car that talks or of my running a detective agency with Cybill Shepherd.)



And yet some echo of real life must penetrate these stylizations. One evening recently, a friend of ours launched into a bitter attack on the character and the personal habits of Elliot, who is depicted on the program as a somewhat feckless father and husband. When my wife pointed out that our friend was attacking a made-up character, and not merely a made-up character but a made-up character on a weekly television show, he blushed. On another evening, another friend spoke at length and with real emotion (and with the same disproportion between the importance of the object and the depth of her feeling about it) of how Michael, though he seems to be encouraging Hope's ambition to continue with a career of her own (they have one child, and for most of the season Hope has been pregnant with another), subtly discourages and demoralizes her at every turn. And not long after the bankruptcy episodes my wife told me that she had just seen Timothy Busfield, the actor who plays Elliot, appearing in a commercial. She said, "For a moment, I thought, Oh, my God, poor, deluded Elliot—he's failed in advertising, and now he's convinced himself that he can make it as an *actor*."

A strange fact about television—it may be the strangest I have ever come across—is that although the size of the audience for a program varies hardly at all from week to week, the *composition* of the audience changes drastically. In other words, every time several million Americans decide not to watch a program, almost precisely the same number of Americans sense that they are needed to make up the required number. This is startling and encouraging. It suggests that we are not simply a nation of benumbed and passive spectators but a family, who, however little time we may actually spend with each other, remain so delicately attuned to each other's whims that we intuitively know just when we are needed.

Television is our medium of exchange. It is what we drop in on, and what drops in on us. And perhaps the ultimate rueful admission that this is so lies in a deep, unacknowledged taboo that the makers of "thirtysomething" adhere to religiously: the one thing that Elliot and Nancy, and Gary and Susannah, and Michael and Hope never, never, *never* do is get into bed at night and watch television.

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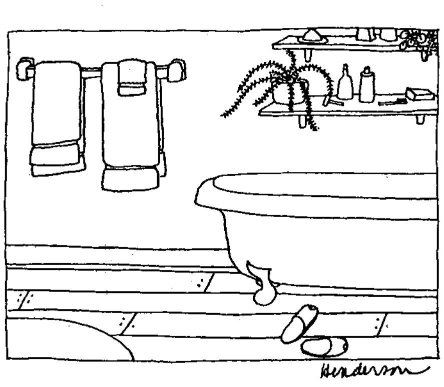
ABBIE HOFFMAN led three lives. He was the Herbert A. Philbrick of the left: social activist, yippie anarchist, and white-collar impostor. His final incarnation, as a lecturer, after he resurfaced in 1980, seemed uncharacteristically solemn and almost gratuitous—what had happened to his sense of fun?

Flower parents now occupied with mid-life crises instead of political ones may be tempted to romanticize Hoffman, but if so it will be no thanks to the wire-service coverage of his death, a couple of weeks ago, at the age of fifty-two. The Associated Press, for instance, omitted mention of his six years underground but did not fail to inform us that he was "fully dressed" when he died. The media seemed almost disappointed by the absence of sordid details to report until five days later, when a coroner ruled that Hoffman's death was a suicide. People often take the aging process and, ultimately, death itself to be a kind of comeuppance for ex-radicals, and Hoffman, the chief architect of the hippie movement and its opposition to the Vietnam War, may have been thought to deserve comeuppance more than most.

During his life, of course, Hoffman both provoked and manipulated the media, which never fully grasped the put-on nature of his outrageousness and so obliged him with maximum international publicity during some forty arrests—most notably the arrest for flag desecration when he wore a stars-and-stripes shirt to a House Un-American Activities Committee hearing. Clearly, many in the media never quite believed Hoffman when he called himself a cultural, as opposed to a political, revolutionary. "I want to be tried not because I support the National Liberation Front—which I do—but because I have long hair," he said once. "Not because I support the Black Liberation Movement but because I smoke dope. . . . I want to be tried for having a good time and not for being serious."

Among the more colorful of Hoffman's escapades was the surreal 1968 Halloween rally of the "New Coalition for Humphrey-Muskie," at Manhattan Center, on West Thirty-fourth Street—an eleventh-hour attempt by the Democratic regulars to win back the disillusioned supporters of Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy. The unlikely mistress of ceremonies was Shelley Winters, and just after she introduced the main speaker, John Kenneth Galbraith, up jumped a dozen yippies in long raincoats, shouting "Humbug! Humbug!" and "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh!" One of them dumped a pig's head on Galbraith's lectern, and then—nude beneath their macs—they flashed the audience and ran off. Winters became hysterical. Galbraith never moved a muscle; he waited for the commotion to die down, then went on endorsing Humphrey as if nothing had happened.



Hoffman viewed such consciousness-raising antics as dialectically necessary—an exposé of "Law and Odor" at home and in Vietnam. "I'm one of those people who *does* free speech instead of just 'believing' in it," he said, but the polarization he preached was bitter. In that time and place, he either "spoke" to you or threatened everything you stood for. Hoffman and the Chicago radicals achieved folk-hero status among some, but their real work was the creation of folk *villains*—Lyndon Johnson, Richard Nixon, Richard Daley, and Judge Julius Hoffman, to name a few.

Friends have said that in his last days Hoffman was depressed, and perhaps the recent mayoral victory in Chicago of Richard Daley, Jr., contributed to that. Certainly it galled Hoffman that in recent years people have been patronizing the social and political upheaval of the sixties, and the idealism, however naïve, on which it was based. He understood the pitfalls of being the most visible and provocative spokesman of "the Movement." He liked to quote Twain: "The only people that should use the word 'we' are editors, kings, and persons with tapeworms." But if ever there was a cohesive "we" it was Hoffman and the people he represented. Their spirit of irreverence is captured in his writings—especially in "Revolution for the Hell of It" and "Steal This Book"—and in his legacy as a rare contradiction in terms: a polemicist with a sense of humor.

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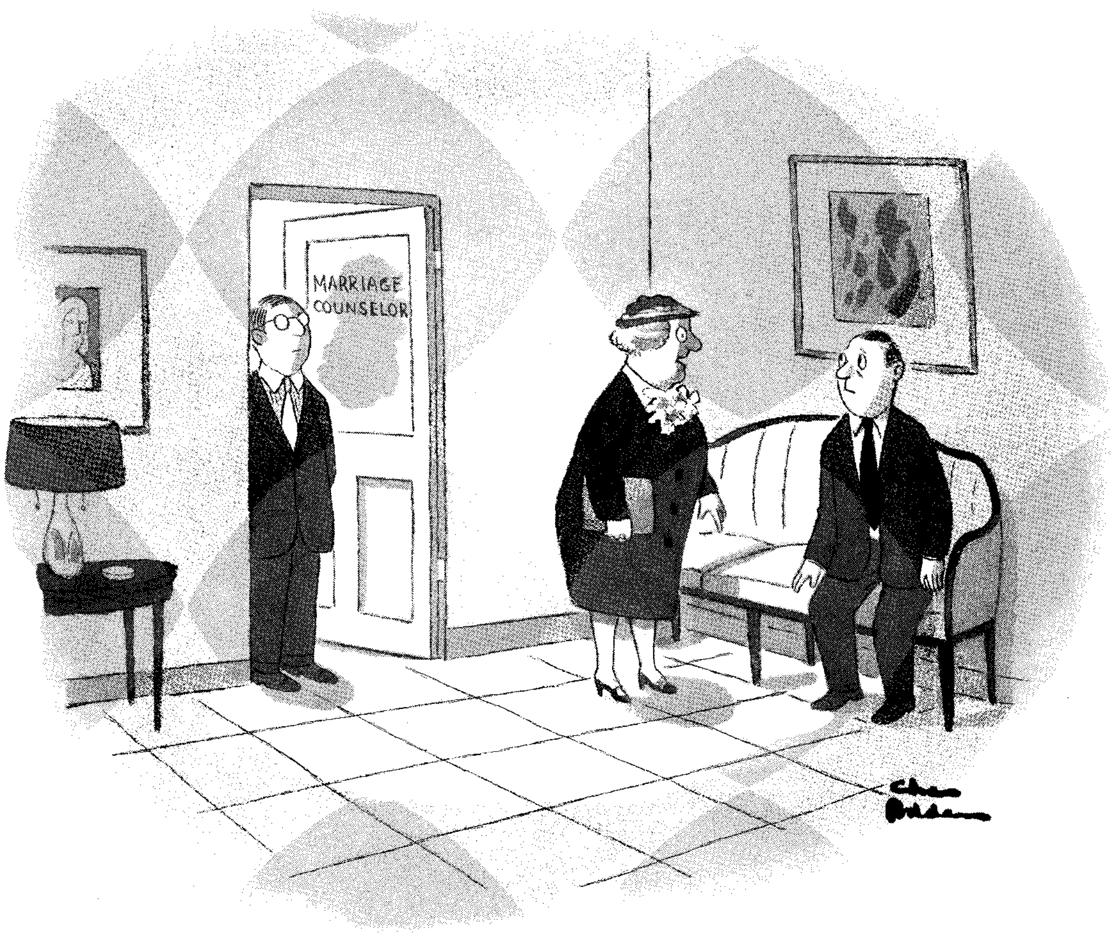
Hubcap City

VERY few people turn up at Hubcap City through any fault of their own. What matters is that when they finally do arrive it's because they have decided to cut the losses and alleviate the damage. Hubcap City is a family operation with two active principals, one passive partner, and two locations. For seven years, Louis Nieves, Sr., was the sole proprietor of an establishment on Boston Road and 177th Street called the New York Furniture Exchange—a place where you'd go looking for a not-necessarily-heirloom-quality dinette set. One day about five years ago, by which point Mr. Nieves's sons, Orlando and Louis, Jr., had joined him in the business, someone who owed them three hundred dollars settled the debt with a token cash payment and three hundred and fifty hubcaps. "Pretty soon, we started doing better with the hubcaps than with the furniture," Orlando said recently. In time, the Nieveses renamed the entire enterprise Hubcap City, moved it to Bruckner Boulevard near Alexander Avenue, and opened another store—at 149th and Third Avenue, the epicenter of the South Bronx—which Louis, Jr., now manages. (Louis, Sr., meanwhile, has semi-retired to Florida.) Last year, as the lease on Bruckner Boulevard was about to run out, Orlando discovered a new location, on Leland Avenue, in the Soundview section of the Bronx.



"You wait here. I'll talk to him."

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Even more than the South Bronx storefront, Leland Avenue has the look and feel of a Hubcap City—a thirty-six-by-one-hundred-foot lot surrounded by a twelve-foot chain-link fence to which hundreds of hubcaps have been wired. A plywood sign suspended from the fence says:

HUBCAP CITY
TAIL LIGHTS
OVER 75,000 PARTS IN STOCK
GRILLS FOR MOST CARS

Two fifty-foot-long cargo trailers are filled with headlight and tail-light housings, radiator grilles, wheels, tires, shock absorbers, and, of course, hubcaps. As soon as the inventory was in place, last fall, Orlando installed a security system that consisted of three padlocks on the fence gates, a red-nosed pit bullterrier named Artie, and a spaniel pit bull named Benjy. Inevitably, some trespassers who apparently felt like getting their hands on a few thousand free hubcaps bent back a section of the fence. Artie and Benjy interpreted this as a signal to get to work. After the intruders fled and before the fence could be restored to its original condition, Benjy perforated an innocent bystander—an expression of overenthusiasm that landed him in the custody of the A.S.P.C.A.

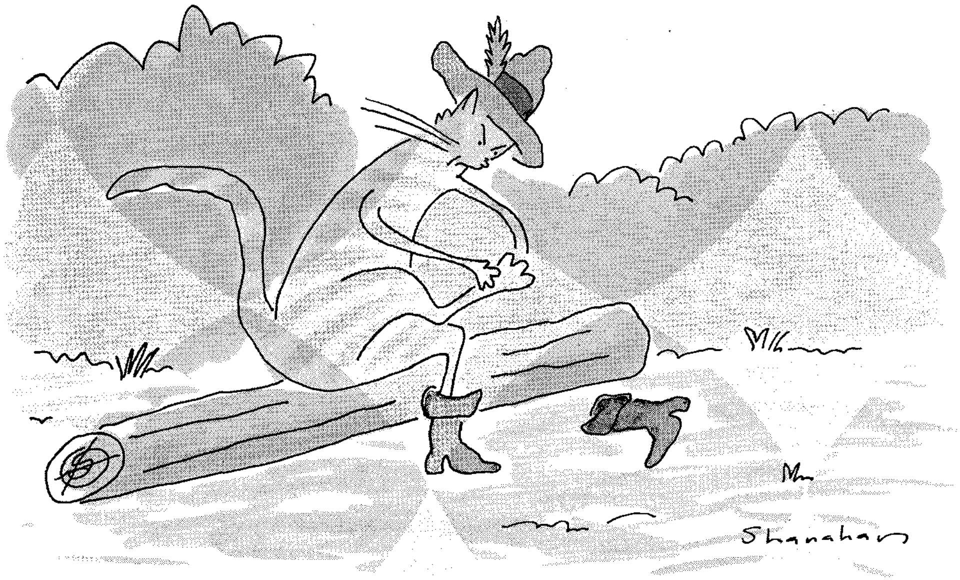
Along one stretch of fence, Orlando has set out in comprehensible stacks hundreds of Cadillac hubcaps ('75 through '79). Otherwise, none of the merchandise is organized in any particular fashion. "I never really stopped to think how things are arranged in here," Orlando said as he stood inside one of the trailers, looking for four hubcaps that would fit an '88 Subaru wagon. "Once you're in here all the time, it's like being in a hardware store. You know where you put stuff, you reach for what you want, and there it is."

The only structure on the premises besides the trailers is a squat, flat-roofed wooden shed, which Orlando uses as an office. It contains a blond desk, two chairs, and a weight-lifting bench and barbells. The walls are covered with brown Masonite and the floor with brown vinyl. An economy-size bag of dog food sits in one corner. When Orlando shows a visitor his office and explains that "it's not really fixed up yet," he is not guilty of false modesty.

Hubcap City stocks factory-fresh hubcaps from Detroit; less-than-premium-grade, theoretically durable-plastic Taiwanese imports; pre-driven stuff from Hunt's Point Auto Wreckers; and whatever the truck from Dumbrowsky Scrap Metal brings around. About once a month, Orlando buys fifty or sixty sets of hubcaps from an outfit in Queens that has a sideline in removing the small center caps from Taiwanese hubcaps—the crests whose purpose seems to be to create the impression that the driver of this Chrysler LeBaron is descended from the Duke of Mamaroneck—and replacing them with plastic center caps that have been embossed with the logo "L/E," which stands for "limited edition" and is intended to lend an even more profoundly irresistible cachet. Orlando, who is twenty-five years old, broad-shouldered, and muscular, and has green eyes, curly hair, and a blondish mustache and goatee, does not subscribe to a rigid hubcap philosophy. Although he wouldn't necessarily care to equip his Buick Regal with plastic limited editions, he will gladly accommodate anyone who wants to pay for a set of four.

It is Orlando's habit to be neither ruthless nor a pushover. The other morning, a sunny Saturday, a trim black man driving a white '83 Grand Prix dropped by to do some trading. He needed a 48-slot-with-bow-tie-inset metal hubcap—a twenty-five-dollar item—in exchange for which he was offering a 44-slot-with-lace-design hubcap. Inspecting the trade-in merchandise, Orlando said, "I'll give you half-price off on the replacement."

"How much does that come to?"



PUSS IN FACTORY SECONDS

"I'll give it to you for twelve-fifty," Orlando said.

Tapping the 44-slot hubcap against an open palm, the Grand Prix driver said, "Last time I came by here, you told me you'd give me eighteen dollars for one of these."

"Eighteen? No, I don't use weird numbers like that," Orlando said. "Ten, twenty, half-price—those are my numbers."

With a well-I-tried shrug, the customer settled for twelve-fifty. As he drove away, Orlando said, "Eighteen? That's foreign to my dictionary."

A red Toyota wagon with Connecticut tags and a missing left front hubcap pulled up. The driver, who introduced himself as Mike, told Orlando what he wanted and, as Orlando disappeared into one of the trailers, said, "I don't like to give the dealer a hundred dollars. I'd rather go this route—pay this man thirty-five dollars. He's an entrepreneur, I'm a good citizen. I'd rather do business with him."

A couple of minutes later, Orlando returned with a hubcap.

"The last extreme was doing it for myself—a little midnight shopping, you know," Mike said. "I'm an electrician, so I carry screwdrivers with me all the time, but I'd feel so primitive doing that."

"You mean playing moonlight mechanic," said Orlando.

"Right—that business of you have, I want, I take. It's the continual effect in our society."

"Right."

Mike handed Orlando forty dollars and said, "Keep the change."

"Stay out of trouble," said Orlando.

Without dwelling on the dismaying implications of what it means to build up a loyal clientele, Orlando is proud that certain customers come back again and again. For instance, there's Larry, the owner of Lamar Dry Cleaners, a quarter mile south of Hubcap City. "Larry lives in Yonkers and is always getting hit in the malls there," Orlando said. "I'd like you to meet him. I figured he'd be by today."

Instead of Larry, the next arrival was a dark-bearded man who seemed to have not yet settled on a career. He was driving a child's orange bicycle and pulling a shopping cart lined with a black plastic garbage bag. Inside the bag were some hubcaps he wanted to sell, but Orlando wasn't interested—for the same reason he's never interested when someone he has never seen before offers to sell him a set of four matching hubcaps received as a birthday gift or found on the subway or won in a church raffle. "Because that'll just bring me headaches," Orlando said. "Look at this place. I already got too much stuff. I'm trying to keep it moving. What do I need with a headache?"

Salon

JACONDA WHITE, a student at Gloucester County Vocational Technical School, in Sewell, New Jersey, made a "Hawaiian Wedding Bouquet" out of edible gum paste as her entry in the Second Annual Garden State Culinary Salon. She worked on it for weeks, between classes and in her spare time, sculpturing each tiny, colorful orchid. Like fourteen other students, who also made fancy foods for the show, she barely slept all weekend as she put the finishing touches on her project, and on Monday she arrived at 5 A.M. at the Asbury Park Convention Hall, where the salon was held, and arranged the bouquet on a mirror-and-velvet base provided by her school.

Stephen DePasquale and Pam LeFebore, Miss White's teachers, had chosen the theme for the school's entries—"Across America"—and had supervised such projects as Philadelphia's Independence Hall carved in spiced animal fat, a marzipan bust of Benjamin Franklin, and the Declaration of Independence in pastillage (a mixture of sugar, water, and gelatine). These fantastic things were the Vo-Tech students' excursion into the rarefied world of presentation food. Most of their class time as cooking students is spent making lunch for faculty, staff, and classmates, but competing in the salon can help them get a job—in a linen-tablecloth restaurant, maybe, or possibly in the kitchen of an Atlantic City casino. If you have been to a fancy wedding or Bar Mitzvah or have sailed on a cruise ship, you have probably seen presentation food: swans carved from ice, busts of famous people made of cookie dough or chopped liver, bright-red lobsters draped with more fruits than Carmen Miranda. Although the rules of a culinary salon state that all displays must be edible, no one would think of eating any of these things. Presentation food is made only to inspire gasps of admiration.

new dawn
summer experience

"And how many campers to a yurt?"

The entries were judged by four master chefs: Richard Schneider and Heiko Bendixen, who supervise kitchens at Atlantic City hotels; Manfred Bast, a pastry chef from Philadelphia; and Fritz Sonnenschmidt, of the Culinary Institute of America, in Hyde Park. They entered the display hall at nine o'clock Monday morning, after all the contestants had been cleared out. They complained about the room's chill, rubbed their hands together, and called for hot coffee. (The chill was necessary to prevent the tallow and the aspic from melting and the fish from spoiling.)

They judged the food by looking at it, smelling it, and touching it—sometimes poking it. "I taste with my eyes," Mr. Sonnenschmidt said, in a rolling German accent. He is a short, round man with a graying crewcut, and he was wearing a spotless white lab coat and a length of ribbon knotted like a bow tie. To explain what he meant, he picked a serving of brains off a plate and squeezed it. "Aha!" he said, throwing the brains back, his suspicion confirmed: they were underdone. Although the point of presentation food is for it to look gorgeous, the judges' job includes making sure that everything is also perfectly cooked. The quartet of chefs are veterans of culinary salons themselves, and they are intimate with American Culinary Federation rules that specifically condemn such blunders as "birds in plumage touching food," "cloudy aspic," and "decorating with parsley, watercress."

They ganged up on a loin of veal enchanté, clucking like grumpy hens over the limp vegetables by its side. They dismissed a spray of almond-paste roses as resembling a bushel of pink cabbages, and they exposed a delicious-looking pâté en croûte as having an air space between the meat and the pastry crust. When they had doubts about a cake, they pierced it with a thin metal shiv to make sure both that it was cooked through and that it wasn't propped up by an inedible (and therefore illegal) armature. These were tough judges, awarding only six gold, five silver, and three bronze medals among fifty-nine entries.

The table they liked best featured a "Kentucky Rose" hors-d'oeuvre platter of smoked-salmon-and-filo-dough torte, stuffed pork tenderloin, mini pâté en croûte, swordfish galantine, chicken terrine, and Southern bean salad laid out on a glass-smooth amber field of aspic poured into a silver tray the size of a bicycle wheel. Rising over the display was a staggering pulled-sugar centerpiece that depicted the Battle of Monmouth, with Molly Pitcher filling in as cannoneer for her heat-stricken husband as George Washington arrives on horseback to rally the troops.

When the judges finished their rounds, they handed in their scorecards and left. Anxious chefs were readmitted to the display area to wait for the results, but Jaconda White was not among them. Exhausted from her efforts, she was still sleeping in her hotel, across the street, and it was after noon when she found out that her "Hawaiian Wedding Bouquet" had won a gold medal. Meanwhile, a life-size ice-sculpture Indian had begun to drip, and the tallow head of a roasted wild boar was going soft. But a Wyoming beef filet—filled, jelly-roll style, with flounder and protected by a coating of rubbery aspic—looked eternal.

WINGS AHOY!

THE French are commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the flying boat with a new five-franc stamp. They reproduced it on the philately page of last Sunday's paper: a big tri-motor Blois-Canard B-3 in Air Eau markings, flying from a tiny "1914" to a huge "1989." I cut it out and saved it for sentimental reasons. I remember so well flying Air Eau B-3s back in the twenties. What I remember best is that they had a harpist on the Marseilles-to-Morocco flights back then. The cabin of a B-3 was no bigger inside than a Citroën, but somehow they scrunched her in up front against the cockpit bulkhead. Of course, you never heard a note of harp music. The sound of three Gnome-Rhône engines would have drowned out the Battle of Verdun. But it was so soothing, so almost hypnotic, just to watch that dreamy motion of the hands caressing the harp strings. Until the harpist got airsick. The harpist inevitably got violently airsick. So then—well, you just found something else to look at.

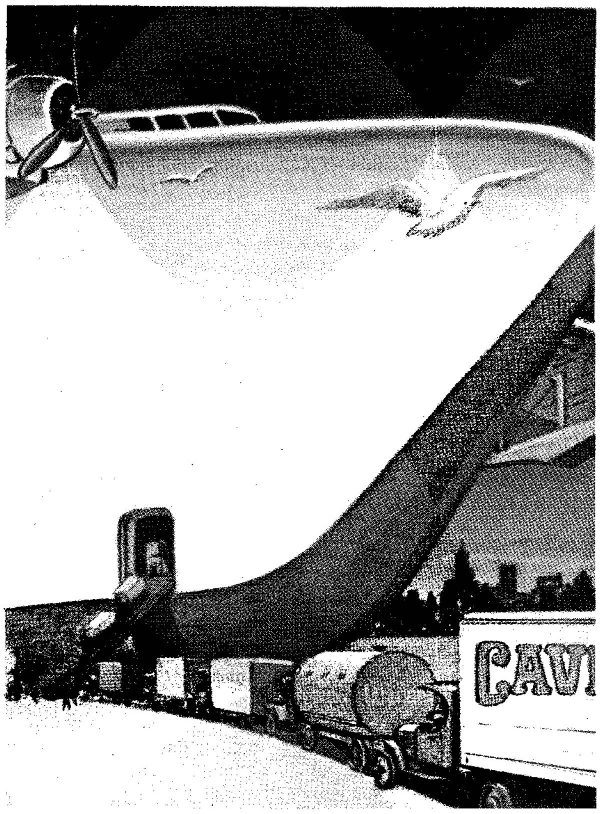
—Vernon Runciman.

You know why they're making such a big deal about 1989 being the seventy-fifth anniversary of the flying boat. Part of the coverup. To divert attention from the fact that it was exactly fifty years ago when the big international asphalt cartel ganged up on Roosevelt and the British and scuttled the whole idea of waterborne civil air transport, just as it was getting off the ground, so to speak. You know why. The big international asphalt cartel couldn't make a nickel from planes taking off and landing on water. They had to stop it. They wanted the profits from building airport runways. You know how much. A hundred thousand dollars a foot in profits. And that was in 1939 dollars. If all this isn't true, how come fifty-seven different publishers in the past thirty years have turned my manuscript down flat? I know why. You know why.

—Fred Croucher.

I timed the takeoff from North Beach. This was October of '38, flying New York to Lisbon on the Trans-Pan AirBoat. From the time the pilot first gunned the motors until you felt the AirBoat lurch up and out of the water: twenty-nine minutes. I remember writing a note to Madge—my wife, who was across the aisle knitting—saying, "Gee, this is taking as long as a whole Jack Benny program!" We sent in that fact to "Ripley's Believe It or Not" later. They must have checked it with Trans-Pan, because we got a letter from them, chewing us out something terrible.

—Lex Derwent, Jr.



LOADING TIME!

Provisioning the cloudbound Leviathan begins in the chill hours ere dawn. Lest a stray piercing note shatter a single goblet in the galley's priceless crystalware hoard, ramp gangs are forbidden to whistle while they work.

You checked in for the San Francisco-to-Manila flight at the Mark Hopkins, and they drove you out to the Aeroquay, as they called it, in a big Packard. Our driver one time was Jock Guff. Jock's parents were showing their salukis at Westminster when we were showing our salukis at Westminster. Isn't that amazing?

—Kay Kratz.

The Germans flew that big eighteen-engine Goblin back in the late twenties, Frankfurt to Rio, the route the Graf Zeppelin and then the Hindenburg ran later. What a piece of engineering that Goblin was! Real tile floors, perfect little potted palms, wickerwork settees and chairs. The German flying boats were technically steamships, you know, and run by the steamship companies. So there was a steamship ambience, a steamship style. Gracious, high quality, all very shipshape. But maybe they overdid it a bit. I remember being shaken awake once in the middle of the night. It's the steward. "*Bitte*," he says. "Lifeboat drill!"

—Walter Brevoort.

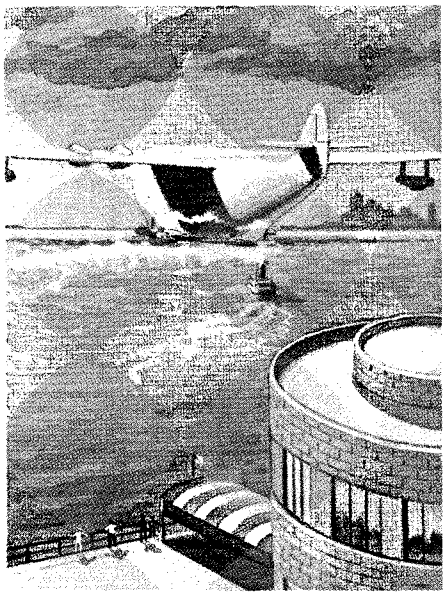
Amelia Earhart knew too much—it was as simple as that. And Marshal Balbo, of Italy—remember when he flew his whole flying-boat squadron over to the Chicago World's Fair in '33? You know why. To collect his payoff. That's how far the cartel reached. And Judge Crater. Well, if you haven't figured that one out, you either didn't finish reading my manuscript or you don't *want* to figure that one out.

—Fred Croucher.

Sandwiches was the food. Your china dishes and utensils and such would have added too much weight. Every type sandwich, though. Like your stew sandwich. Your kind of apple-brown-Betty sandwich—very crumbly. You couldn't get it from the galley back to the passenger area in one piece. There was your breakfast-cereal sandwich. If they wanted cream or milk on it—oh, goodness, you had just a Grade A mess on your hands.

—Frank DeCiccio.

They kept quality people in service, because they were fighting a prestige battle with the steamship lines, you see. Our steward on the flight to Manila in April of 1938 was none other than the Baron de Corvo. His people invented the cellulose covering on playing cards.



Boarding time!

Tanks filled with fuel sufficient to power the entire thirty-three-car Indianapolis "500" field thrice around the equator non-stop, the AirBoat receives her guests. Stewards with photographic memories are already asking after passengers' pets by name.

Then, on the trip home, the purser spoke French with a curious singsong sort of accent that seemed hauntingly familiar. It wasn't until we got to San Francisco that I realized the accent was Rumanian and the purser was none other than little Iti Coescesca, the pianist, whom we'd known rather well in Paris a few years earlier, because Iti was Josephine Baker's arranger, before he ran off and joined the Foreign Legion. And now here was Iti Coescesca arranging people's hotel reservations. Well, we would have loved having Iti for cocktails and catching up and so forth, but you don't go asking pursers to cocktails, now, do you?

—*Bebe Cadwallader.*

I know for a fact that the French government had a special clinic in the countryside near Marseilles for people who weren't recovered from the noise trauma after those long, long flights on the Indo-China service. Noise trauma was technically vibration trauma, a buzzing so strong it actually undid those tiny chains of bones in the ears. The insidious thing was that you became a *part* of the vibration after a while, without really noticing, so you weren't really aware of how much the ship was shaking and buzzing, because you were shaking and buzzing right along with it, in harmony with it. Until you landed. And then it hit you. You were a human tuning fork for days. We landed in Marseilles and went straight to our hotel, and—this was hours later, mind you—something over in the clothes closet caught my eye. It was the dress Mildred had been wearing, and it was still moving!

—*Roy Melon.*

People just love to shop when they travel. Why is this? Well, we obliged them. Every Trans-Pan AirBoat had a sort of tunnel running above the cabins. The Cloud Promenade. Some promenade! Zero headroom—you had to walk on your knees like Toulouse-Lautrec. The shops were what we called "shopettes," which was another word for vending machines. It was a tug-of-war trying to get anything out of them. Brenda Frazier once almost lost an arm trying to extract a frock. But what killed off the shopettes was that they only took quarters, and you'd need tons of quarters just to buy a little Hermès scarf. One time the plane just wouldn't take off. Too many people carrying too many bags of quarters. True.

—*Renée Tremayne.*

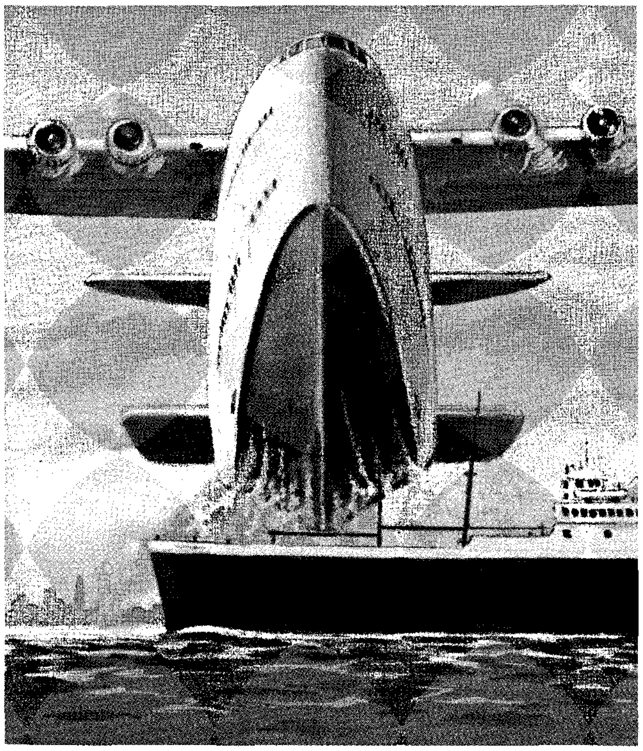
Twenty tons? Twenty-five tons? Something on that order. Our British flying boats were heavy. But see here—if you took a book down from the portside shelf of the little library, you had to also take one from the starboard shelf. Because all that weight was so very delicately balanced, you see. And if the manifest showed an odd number of passengers, we'd rush over a prisoner from the Navy brig along the Solent there, to even up the load on the port and starboard sides. Terrible travelling companions, prisoners. Surly. Foulmouthed. The romance of travel utterly escaped them. But the balance. They did maintain that delicate, delicate balance.

—*Foster MacDuff.*

They'd dip the plane down low over the Pacific and let out a long cable with a big hook bolted on the end, and the pilot slowed down the motors, and everybody sat waiting for the jerk that indicated a bite. A fish. Sky Fishing, it was called. To pass the time, because Manila was still a lifetime of flying away. They'd have a pool among the passengers to guess how long before there'd be a bite. The winner won the fish. Nobody ever won anything on any flight I was ever on. Nothing ever got caught. Walter Winchell reported on the radio once that they'd snagged a little sampan somewhere in the China Sea. We always wondered if it was true or if it was just Winchell.

—*Grace Derwent.*

You know why Howard Hughes went crazy. It was what they did to him with the Spruce Goose. They get him to build the biggest flying boat in world history; they say that's really great, Howard, just a few more tests, Howard, now give her a few feet more wingspan, Howard, couldn't you make



Takeoff time!

Terra firma recedes as the AirBoat takes wing—and, with a gyroscopic dance floor and the world's first airborne saltwater swimming hole, so does care. Meanwhile, dat ol' debbil airsickness is banished on demand by the registered on-board hypnotist.

her a little bit heavier, Howard. And then they squash it like a bug.

—Fred Croucher.

I'd been an air rigger, but my supervisor tells me one day, "Kelso, you're now a watchmaker first class." Sticks me down in a corner of the aft baggage compartment with a table I have to balance on my knees. I sit there all the way from Frisco to Manila, sometimes New York to Lisbon, cleaning the passengers' watches. Did a terrible job, frankly. No light, the plane bouncing all over the sky. The deck around me at the end of a flight was crunchy with little leftover parts. Trans-Pan didn't care. They just wanted to get the watches away from the passengers during the flight, and free checkups was the lure. Because the worst thing you can do when time's dragging is look at your watch. It drags it out even more. And out over the ocean there you'd get this feeling of being just in a kind of limbo, hour after hour. Some folks just snapped. Which in that confined space set off a chain-reaction thing. A mutiny, frankly. But I didn't have to watchmake long. Trans-Pan finally figured it all out. Fake clocks on the bulkheads. Speeded-up hands. One hour Trans-Pan time, fifteen minutes anyplace else. Of course, it drove people's body clocks haywire for weeks after. But nobody ever snapped on a Trans-Pan flight again.

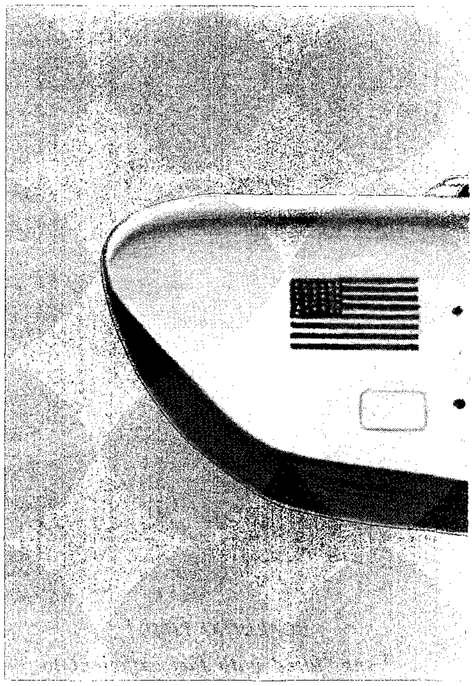
—Kelso Farquhar.

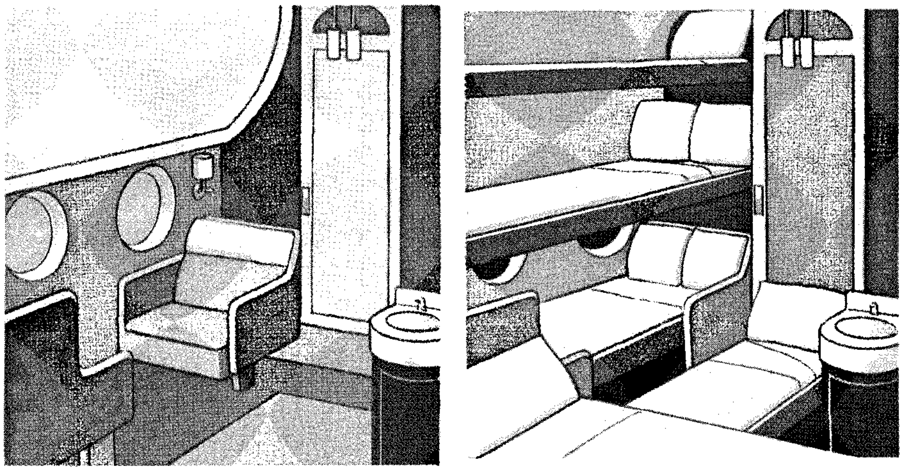
Leslie Howard of "Gone with the Wind" fame? He was flying home to England from Lisbon in 1943 in a Short flying boat when they jumped her. Shot her down into the Atlantic. "They" were the Germans, of course. Or that was the official line, and it's been repeated and repeated ever since. But wait just a darn minute. (A) Leslie Howard wasn't even in the military, so where's the motive? (B) Who else might profit from another flying boat dropping out of the sky? And (C) if I told you the Duke and Duchess of Windsor—the great pals of certain international industrialists; I've seen the files—just happened to be in Lisbon around that same time frame, and that she went on another jewel shopping spree right after Leslie Howard went down, even though her husband didn't even have a job, what would you say? What *could* you say?

—Fred Croucher.

I got the steward to let me come up and look over the flight deck this one time. The pilot and I started jawing, and it turned out he was a real buff about flying boats—the history, the pioneers. Very proud of his knowledge. Said he had a whole library of lore at home. That's what he called it—lore. So I let it drop that my granddad knew Tom Benoist, and he says, "Oh, that's the fellow who designed the Benoist XV that flew the very first flying-boat runs down in St. Pete around World War One." "Wrong," I says. "It was the XIV. There's a hole in your 'lore.'" He gets sulky and makes a crack to the co-pilot about know-it-alls. "Better a know-it-all than a know-nothing," I say. That gets him out of his seat and coming at me, and the co-pilot's trying to break it up, and now the whole plane's rolling over to port and somebody—the flight engineer, probably—grabs me from behind, and they get the plane straightened out again just in time. I mean, *just* in time. So that's how yours truly earned a place in flying-boat history. The last passenger that ever visited a flight deck.

—George Witburn, Jr.





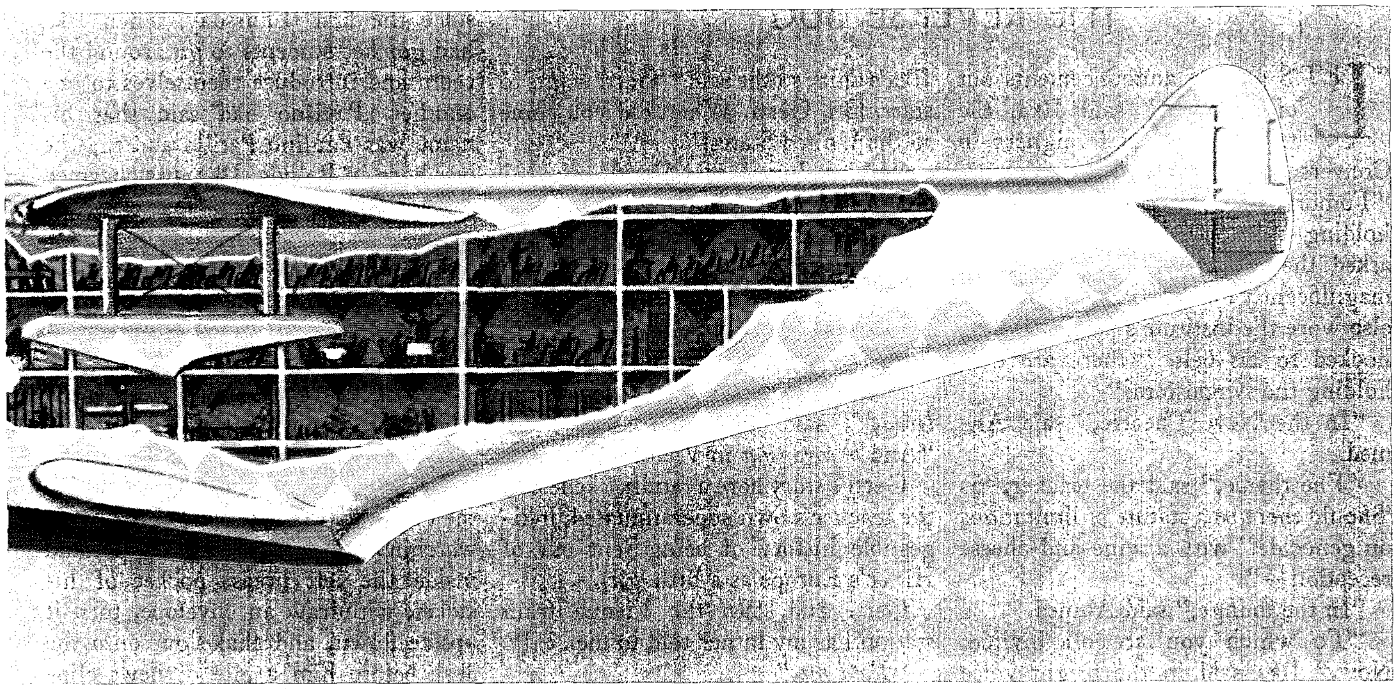
SEATS TWO! *SLEEPS SEVEN!*

Stateroom amenities include a Turkish carpet that doubles as a down comforter at bedtime, a sleep-in steward, a waterless shower, and cribbage boards built into chair arms. The AirBoat's "flying laundry" washes, dries, irons, folds, and monograms over five hundred linen items per hour.

If anybody knew what the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were up to, who their friends were, it was the Duke of Kent. Member of the Royal Family, blood relation, insider. Well, if the Duke of Kent had been a little more ignorant he might still be alive today. Because guess who goes up in a flying boat around the same time Leslie Howard goes up in a flying boat? And guess what happens next? No survivors, of course. "They" made good and sure of that.

—Fred Croucher.

Club Empyrean was *the* swank place to be on the Trans-Pan flights to Manila. Really just a tiny little cubicle of a space, squeezed back up under the tail of the ship somewhere, but fumed-oak panelling, working fireplace, even an Irish setter all curled up on the hearth. Stuffed, of course—the prohibition against pets on board was absolute. Such a cozy little nook it was. You got up there and the company was congenial and one highball followed another

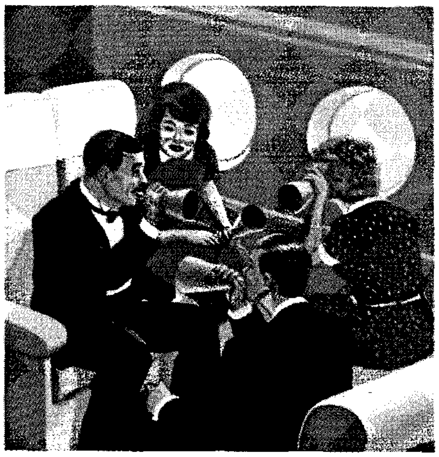


INSIDE TRANS-PAN'S *CITY ON WINGS*, "*THE TOWN THAT FLOATS!*"

So big that the U.S. flag painted on her side needs extra stripes, Trans-Pan's mighty AirBoat is seen teeming with midair life in this breathtaking cutaway view. Note the soundproof rehearsal hall with grand piano in the forward section of B Deck, and the Kiddie Zoo, saltwater swimming hole, and bowling arcade on D Deck, directly below. Not shown: specially fabricated anti-St. Elmo's fire slippers worn at all times by the pilot, co-pilot, and every member of the crew.

until—well, in the case I'm thinking of, until the Japanese busted down the door of Club Empyrean and captured us all. Because nobody in there had even noticed the AirBoat landing at Wake Island to refuel, or the Imperial Japanese Navy landing at Wake at almost exactly the same time, or everybody debarking in one hell of a panic. We were stuck way back up there under the tail of the plane, as I've said. So I take it back. Club Empyrean was *not* such a swank place to be on December 8, 1941. But any other time, virtually any other time, it was.

—*Leo Holloway.*



"*I SAID I CAN HEAR YOU DANDY!*"

No electricity needed! Portable and reversible Vox-O-Fones, operating on dual-megaphone and ear-trumpet principles, make even intimate in-flight conversation sparkle amid ambient cabin-noise levels once likened to Niagara's awesome and comfortingly eternal roar.

You never heard thirty-eight people cheer louder than the passengers on Flight 119 did when we felt the bumpety-bump as the hull hit the water and the AirBoat was taxiing in. Now all everybody wanted was to get the hell out of there, and that made the taxiing seem endless. And that made people irritable. Frantic. Panicky. The rush to the door when we were finally stopped was pandemonium. All that pent-up tension erupting all over. I couldn't budge, because the nice elderly missionary right in front of me was blocking the aisle, punching away at his wife for trying to worm her way ahead of him in line. I'm sorry to say I gave her a cuff myself. The mob mentality. But then the door didn't open and didn't open. And then the loudspeaker sputters and squeaks and squawks and the pilot is saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen, there's been a slight navigational error due to unfavorable weather conditions and we've landed in Peking, not Manila. So if you'll please all take your seats we'll be airborne again in a few minutes." Well, you never heard thirty-eight people groan louder than we did when we heard that!

—*Gladys Huntoon.*

Dropped by the Marine Air Terminal at LaGuardia some time ago. That's where you checked in for the Lisbon flights. A lot of it's still there, fifty years later: the big mural circling around overhead with Icarus and all that history-of-flight stuff, the check-in counters still trimmed in green marble like a bank, even those big wooden benches with the little silver propeller ornaments at each end. But you only get a hint of what it was like. Now there's a junky newsstand here, a fast-food eatery there, that messy, hurry-up atmosphere of an airport. *Then* you had stewards roller-skating around serving free hot chocolate or lime rickeys. Singing arrival and departure bulletins, by an Andrews Sisters sort of girl trio. Trilingual, by the way. Nowadays, you go to J.F.K. to take the Concorde to Paris or London and you depart from just another airport-terminal departure lounge. They give you a free flight bag. A free flight bag! And you're supposed to feel like a plutocrat.

—*Deirdre De Vaux.*

—BRUCE MCCALL

THE REVERSE BUG

"LET'S get the announcements out of the way," said Ilka, the teacher, to her foreigners in Conversational English for Adults. "Tomorrow evening the institute is holding a symposium. Ahmed," she asked the Turkish student with the magnificently drooping mustache, who also wore the institute's janitorial keys hooked to his belt, "where are they holding the symposium?"

"In the New Theatre," said Ahmed.

"The theme," said the teacher, "is 'Should there be a statute of limitations on genocide?' with a wine-and-cheese reception—"

"In the lounge," said Ahmed.

"To which you are all invited. Now," Ilka said in the bright voice of a hostess trying to make a sluggish dinner party go, "what shall we talk about? Doesn't do me a bit of good, I know, to ask you all to come forward and sit in a nice cozy clump. Who would like to start us off? Tell us a story, somebody. We love stories. Tell the class how you came to America."

The teacher looked determinedly past the hand, the arm, with which Gerti Gruner stirred the air—death, taxes, and Thursdays, Gerti Gruner in the front row center. Ilka's eye passed over Paulino, who sat in the last row, with his back to the wall. Matsue, a pleasant, older Japanese from the university's engineering department, smiled at Ilka and shook his head, meaning "Please, not me!" Matsue was sitting in his usual place by the window, but Ilka had to orient herself as to the whereabouts of Izmira, the Cypriot doctor, who always left two empty rows between herself and Ahmed, the Turk. Today it was Juan, the Basque, who sat in the rightmost corner, and Eduardo, the Spaniard from Madrid, in the leftmost.

Ilka looked around for someone too shy to self-start who might enjoy talking if called upon, but Gerti's hand stabbed the air immediately underneath Ilka's chin, so she said, "Gerti wants to start. Go, Gerti. When did you come to the United States?"

"In last June," said Gerti.

Ilka corrected her, and said, "Tell the class where you came from, and, everybody, please speak in whole sentences."

Gerti said, "I have lived before in Uruguay."

"We would say, '*Before that I lived*,'" said Ilka, and Gerti said, "And *before that* in Vienna."

Gerti's story bore a family likeness to the teacher's own superannuated, indigestible history of being sent out of Hitler's Europe as a little girl.

Gerti said, "In the Vienna train station has my father told to me . . ."

"*Told me.*"

"*Told me* that so soon as I am coming to Montevideo . . ."

Ilka said, "*As* soon as I *come*, or more colloquially, *get* to Montevideo . . ."

Gerti said, "*Get* to Montevideo, I should tell to all the people . . ."

Ilka corrected her. Gerti said, "*Tell* all the people to bring my father out from Vienna before come the Nazis and put him in concentration camp."

Ilka said, "In 'the' or 'a' concentration camp."

"Also my mother," said Gerti, "and my Opa, and my Oma, and my Onkel Peter, and the twins, Hedi and Albert. My father has told, 'Tell to the foster mother, "Go, please, with me, to the American Consulate."' "

"*My* father went to the American Consulate," said Paulino, and everybody turned and looked at him. Paulino's voice had not been heard in class since the first Thursday, when Ilka had got her students to go around the room and introduce themselves to one another. Paulino had said that his name was Paulino Patillo and that he was born in Bolivia. Ilka was charmed to realize it was Danny Kaye of whom Paulino reminded her—fair, curly, middle-aged, smiling. He came punctually every Thursday. Was he a very sweet or a very simple man?

Ilka said, "Paulino will tell us his story after Gerti has finished. How old were you when you left Europe?" Ilka asked, to reactivate Gerti, who said, "Eight years," but she and the rest of the class, and the teacher herself, were watching Paulino put his right hand inside the left breast pocket of his jacket, withdraw an envelope, turn it upside down, and shake out onto the desk before him a pile of news clippings. Some looked sharp and new, some frayed and yellow; some seemed to be single paragraphs, others the length of several columns.

"You got to Montevideo . . ." Ilka prompted Gerti.

"And my foster mother has fetched me from the ship. I said, 'Hello, and will you please bring out from Vienna my father before come the Nazis and put him in—*a* concentration camp!' " Gerti said triumphantly.

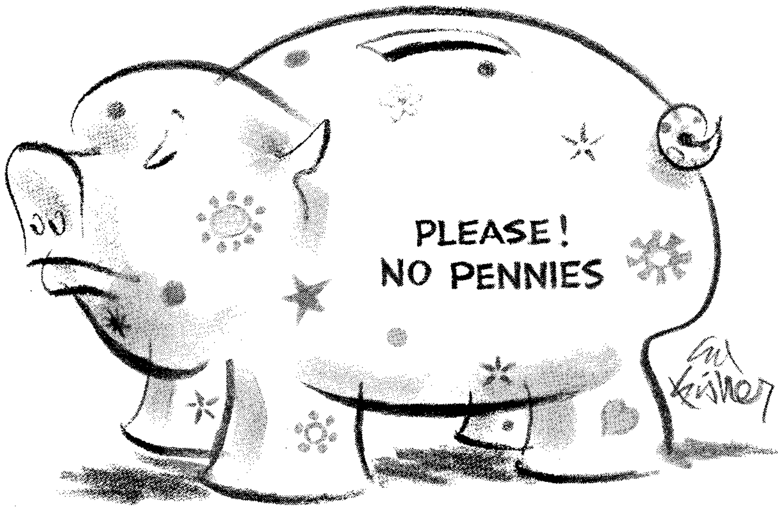
Paulino had brought the envelope close to his eyes and was looking inside. He inserted a forefinger, loosened something that was stuck, and shook out a last clipping. It broke at the fold when Paulino flattened it onto the desk top. Paulino brushed away the several paper crumbs before beginning to read: "La Paz, September 19."

"Paulino," said Ilka, "you must wait till Gerti is finished."

But Paulino read, "Señora Pilar Patillo has reported the disappearance of her husband, Claudio Patillo, after a visit to the American Consulate in La Paz on September 15."

"Gerti, go on," said Ilka.

"The foster mother has said, 'When comes home the Uncle from the office, we will ask.'



"I'll say this, Sherrida—you really know how to sit."

I said, 'And bring out, please, also my mother, my Opa, my Oma, my Onkel Peter. . .' "

Paulino read, "A spokesman for the American Consulate contacted in La Paz states categorically that no record exists of a visit from Señor Patillo within the last two months. . . ."

"Paulino, you really *have* to wait your turn," Ilka said.

Gerti said, " 'Also the twins.' The foster mother has made such a desperate face with her lips."

Paulino read, "Nor does the consular calendar for September show any appointment made with Señor Patillo. Inquiries are said to be under way with the Consulate at Sucre." And Paulino folded his column of newsprint and returned it to the envelope.

"O.K., thank you, Paulino," Ilka said.

Gerti said, "When the foster father has come home, he said, 'We will see, tomorrow,' and I said, 'And will you go, please, with me, to the American Consulate?' and the foster father has made a face."

Paulino was flattening the second column of newsprint on his desk. He read, "New York, December 12 . . ."

"*Paulino*," said Ilka, and caught Matsue's eye. He was looking expressly at her. He shook his head ever so slightly and with his right hand, palm down, he patted the air three times. In the intelligible language of charade with which humankind frustrated God at Babel, Matsue was saying, "Calm down, Ilka. Let Paulino finish. Nothing you can do will stop him." Ilka was grateful to Matsue.

"A spokesman for the Israeli Mission to the United Nations," read Paulino, "denies a report that Claudio Patillo, missing after a visit to the American Consulate in La Paz since September 15, is en route to Israel. . . ." Paulino finished reading this column also, folded it into the envelope, and unfolded the next column. "U.P.I., January 30. The car of Pilar Patillo, wife of Claudio Patillo, who was reported missing from La Paz last September, has been found at the bottom of a ravine in the eastern Andes. It is not known whether any bodies were found inside the wreck," Paulino read with the blind forward motion of a tank that receives no message from any sound or movement in the world outside. The students had stopped looking at Paulino; they were not looking at the teacher. They looked into their laps. Paulino read one column after the other, returning each to his envelope before he took the next, and when he had read and returned the last, and returned the envelope to his breast pocket, he leaned his back against the wall and turned to the teacher his sweet, habitual smile of expectant participation.

Gerti said, "In that same night have I woken up . . ."

"That night I *woke* up," the teacher helplessly said.

"*Woke* up," Gerti Gruner said, "and I have thought, What if it is even now, this exact minute, that one Nazi is knocking at the door, and I am here lying not telling to anybody anything, and I have stood up and gone into the bedroom where were sleeping the foster mother and father. Next morning has the foster mother gone with me to the refugee committee, and they found for me a different foster family."

"Your turn, Matsue," Ilka said. "How, when, and why did you come to the States? We're all here to help you!" Matsue's written English was flawless, but he spoke with an accent that was almost impenetrable. His contribution to class conversation always involved a communal interpretative act.

"Aisutudieddu attoza unibashite innu munhen," Matsue said.

A couple of stabs and Eduardo, the madrileño, got it: "You studied at the university in Munich!"

"You studied acoustics?" ventured Izmira, the Cypriot doctor.

"The war trapped you in Germany?" proposed Ahmed, the Turk.

"You have been working in the ovens," suggested Gerti, the Viennese.

"Acoustic ovens?" marvelled Ilka. "Do you mean stoves? Ranges?"

No, what Matsue meant was that he had got his first job with a Munich firm employed in soundproofing the Dachau ovens so that what went on inside could not be heard on the outside. "I made the tapes," said Matsue. "Tapes?" they asked him. They figured out that Matsue had returned to Japan in 1946. He had collected Hiroshima "tapes." He had been brought to Washington as an acoustical consultant to the Kennedy Center, and had come to Connecticut to design the sound system of the New Theatre at Concordance University, where he subsequently accepted a research appointment in the department of engineering. He was now returning home, having finished his work—Ilka thought he said—on the reverse bug.

Ilka said, "I thought, ha ha, you said 'the reverse bug'! "

"The reverse bug" was what everybody understood Matsue to say that he had said. With his right hand he performed a row of air loops, and, pointing at the wall behind the teacher's desk, asked for, and received, her O.K. to explain himself in writing on the blackboard.

Chalk in hand, he was eloquent on the subject of the regular bug, which can be introduced into a room to relay to those outside what those inside want them not to hear. A sophisticated modern bug, explained Matsue, was impossible to locate and deactivate. Buildings had had to be taken apart in order to rid them of alien listening devices. The reverse bug, equally impossible to locate and deactivate, was a device whereby those outside were able to relay *into* a room what those inside would prefer not to have to hear.

"And how would such a device be used?" Ilka asked him.

Matsue was understood to say that it could be useful in certain situations to certain consulates, and Paulino said, "My father went to the American Consulate," and put his hand into his breast pocket. Here Ilka stood up, and, though there was still a good fifteen minutes of class time, said, "So! I will see you all next Thursday. Everybody—be thinking of subjects you would like to talk about. Don't forget the symposium tomorrow evening!" She walked quickly out the door.

PEDESTRIAN, WALK!

The wind tunnels
around City Hall
catch the day's news
in a fluster of
ornamental pear;
the light changes
and a year is up.
Was it here
a wind similar
rocking the barricades
around a city park
a sign of some kind
deflected Kadmon's
peripatetic course? It
must have been near.

What is that
caught in the tree?
A fleet docks
on the opposite shore,
late April winds
through an idle port,
sailors pass
in twos and threes
in white hats
and polished shoes.

The cribrilations
of Kadmon's memory
reminded him of Swiss
cheese, he said. No,
I don't recall
our walking there.
Nor would he have, perhaps,
his punctuation of a sign
with three marks invisible
at two paces, or its sudden
reassembly into a single
comic imperative:
  Pedestrian,
    Walk!
that reappears with all
the brief illumination
of a dream and the
attendant laughter: Yes,
the key! the key!
the day's news caught
in the tree!

What exhortation now
echoes most succinctly
on a day sprung
from its associations,
the years falling
indistinct
into the harbor—
a line repeated
for its timbre
and its urgency
to a child: *Vivamus,*
mea Lesbia, let us live
in frequent appraisal
atque amemus, and
let us love where even
love disputes its place
among renamed streets
and redirected signs—
  perhaps he was not there,
  perhaps she did not see—
where the street turns
and the street light flares.

—REVAN SCHENDLER

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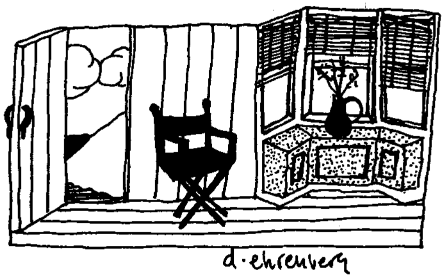
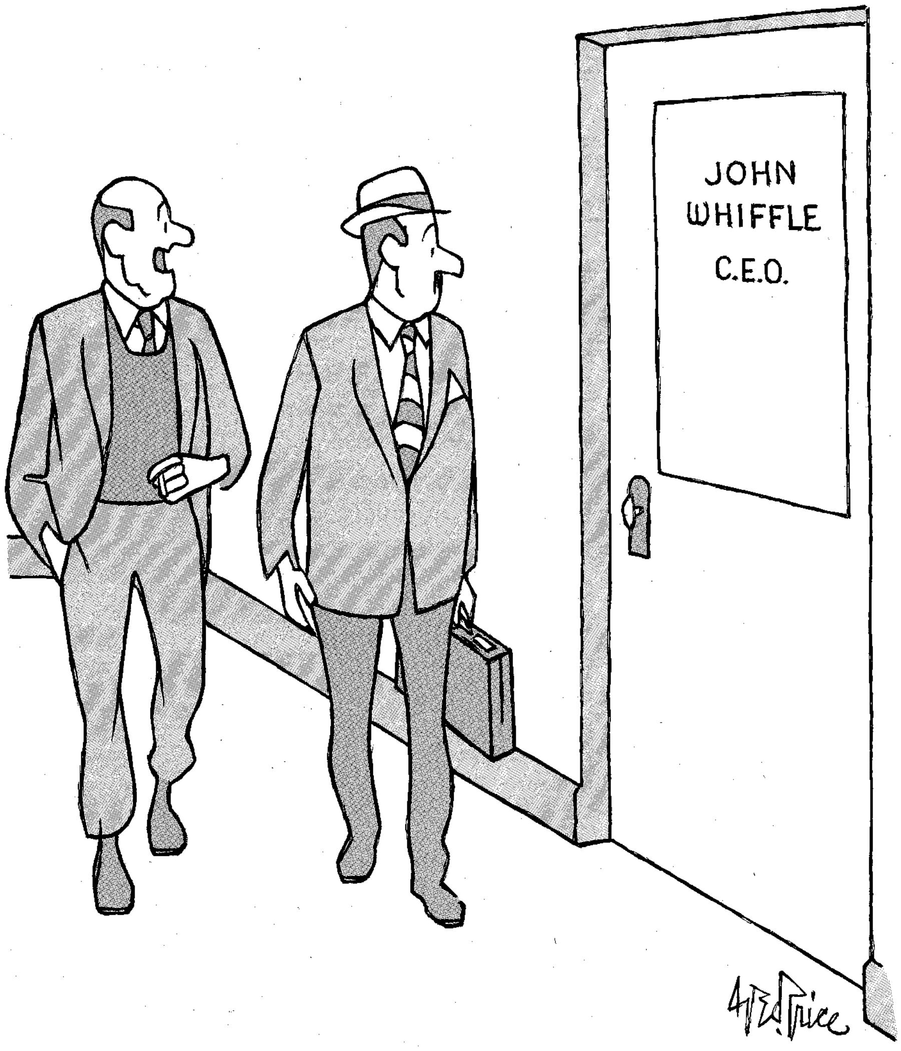
ILKA entered the New Theatre late and was glad to see Matsue sitting on the aisle in the second row from the back with an empty seat beside him. The platform people were already settling into their places. On the right, an exquisite golden-skinned Latin man was talking, in a way people talk to people they have known a long time, with a heavy, rumpled man, whom Ilka pegged as Israeli. "Look at the thin man on the left," Ilka said to Matsue. "He has to be from Washington. Only a Washingtonian's hair gets to be that particular white color." Matsue laughed. Ilka asked him if he knew who the woman with the oversized glasses and the white hair straight to the shoulders might be, and Matsue said something that Ilka did not understand. The rest of the panelists were institute people, Ilka's colleagues—little Joe Bernstine from philosophy, Yvette Gordot, a mathematician, and Leslie Shakespere, an Englishman, the institute's new director, who sat in the moderator's chair.

Leslie Shakespere had the soft weight of a man who likes to eat and the fine head of a man who thinks. It had not as yet occurred to Ilka that she was in love with Leslie. She watched him fussing with the microphone. "Why do we need this?" she could read Leslie's lips saying. "Since when do we use microphones in the New Theatre?" Now he quieted the hall with a grateful welcome for this fine attendance at a discussion of one of our generation's unmanageable questions—the application of justice in an era of genocides.



Here Rabbi Shlomo Grossman rose from the floor and wished to take exception to the plural formulation: "All killings are not murders; all murders are not 'genocides.' "

Leslie said, "Shlomo, could you hold your remarks until question time?"



"Listen to the wail of that kazoo, then tell me it isn't lonely at the top."

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Rabbi Grossman said, "Remarks? Is that what I'm making? Remarks! The death of six million—is it in the realm of a question?"

Leslie said, "I give you my word that there will be room for the full expression of what you want to say when we open the discussion to the floor." Rabbi Grossman acceded to the evident desire of the friends sitting near him that he should sit down.

Director Leslie Shakespere gave the briefest of accounts of the combined federal and private funding that had enabled the Concordance Institute to invite these very distinguished panelists to take part in the institute's Genocide Project. "The institute, as you know, has a long-standing tradition of 'debriefings,' in which the participants in a project that is winding down sum up their thinking for the members of the institute, the university, and the public. But this evening's panel has agreed, by way of an experiment, to talk in an informal way of our notions, of the history of the interest each of us brings to this question—problem—at the point of entry. I want us to interest ourselves in the *nature of inquiry:* Will we come out of this project with our original notions reinforced? Modified? Made over?

"I imagine that this inquiry will range somewhere between the legal concept of a statute of limitations that specifies the time within which human law must respond to a specific crime, and the Biblical concept of the visitation of punishment of the sins of the fathers upon the children. One famous version plays itself out in the 'Oresteia,' where a crime is punished by an act that is itself a crime and punishable, and so on, down the generations. Enough. Let me introduce our panel, whom it will be our very great pleasure to have among us in the coming months."

The white-haired man turned out to be the West German ex-mayor of Obernpest, Dieter Dobelmann. Ilka felt the prompt conviction that she had known all along—that one could tell from a mile—that that mouth, that jaw, had to be German. Leslie dwelled on Dobelmann's persuasive anti-Nazi credentials. The woman with the glasses was on loan to the institute from Georgetown University. ("The white hair! You see!" Ilka whispered to Matsue, who laughed.) She was Jerusalem-born Shulamit Gershon, professor of international law, and longtime adviser to Israel's ongoing project to identify Nazi war criminals and bring them to trial. The rumpled man was the English theologian William B. Thayer. The Latin really was a Latin—Sebastian Maderiaga, who was taking time off from his consulate in New York. Leslie squeezed his eyes to see past the stage lights into the well of the New Theatre. There was a rustle of people turning to locate the voice that had said, "My father went to the American Consulate," but it said nothing further and the audience settled back. Leslie introduced Yvette and Joe, the institute's own fellows assigned to Genocide.

Ilka and Matsue leaned forward, watching Paulino across the aisle. Paulino was withdrawing the envelope from his breast pocket. "Without a desk?" whispered Ilka anxiously. Paulino upturned the envelope onto the slope of his lap. The young student sitting beside him got on his knees to retrieve the sliding batch of newsprint and held onto it while Paulino arranged his coat across his thighs to create a surface.

"My own puzzle," said Leslie, "with which I would like to puzzle our panel, is this: Where do I, where do we all, get these feelings of moral malaise when wrong goes unpunished and right goes unrewarded?"

Paulino had brought his first newspaper column up to his eyes and read, "La Paz, September 19. Señora Pilar Patillo has reported the disappearance of her husband, Claudio Patillo . . ."

"Where," Leslie was saying, "does

the human mind derive its expectation of a set of consequences for which it finds no evidence whatsoever in nature or in history, or in looking around its own autobiography? . . . Could I *please* ask for quiet from the floor until we open the discussion?" Leslie was once again peering out into the hall.

The audience turned and looked at Paulino reading, "Nor does the consular calendar for September show any appointment . . ." Shulamit Gershon leaned toward Leslie and spoke to him for several moments while Paulino read, "A spokesman for the Israeli Mission to the United Nations denies a report . . ."

It was after several attempts to persuade him to stop that Leslie said, "Ahmed? Is Ahmed in the hall? Ahmed, would you be good enough to remove the unquiet gentleman as gently as necessary force will allow. Take him to my office, please, and I will meet with him after the symposium."

Everybody watched Ahmed walk up the aisle with a large and sheepish-looking student. The two lifted the unresisting Paulino out of his seat by the armpits. They carried him reading, "The car of Pilar Patillo, wife of Claudio Patillo . . ."—backward, out the door.

The action had something about it of the classic comedy routine. There was a cackling, then the relief of general laughter. Leslie relaxed and sat back, understanding that it would require some moments to get the evening back on track, but the cackling did not stop. Leslie said, "Please." He waited. He cocked his head and listened: it was more like a hiccupping that straightened and elongated into a sound drawn on a single breath. Leslie looked at the panel. The panel looked. The audience looked all around. Leslie bent his ear down to the microphone. It did him no good to turn the button off and on, to put his hand over the mouthpiece, to bend down as if to look it in the eye. "Anybody know—is the sound here centrally controlled?" he asked. The noise was growing incrementally. Members of the audience drew their heads back and down into their shoulders. It came to them—it became impossible to not know—that it was not laughter to which they were listening but somebody yelling. Somewhere there was a person, and the person was screaming.

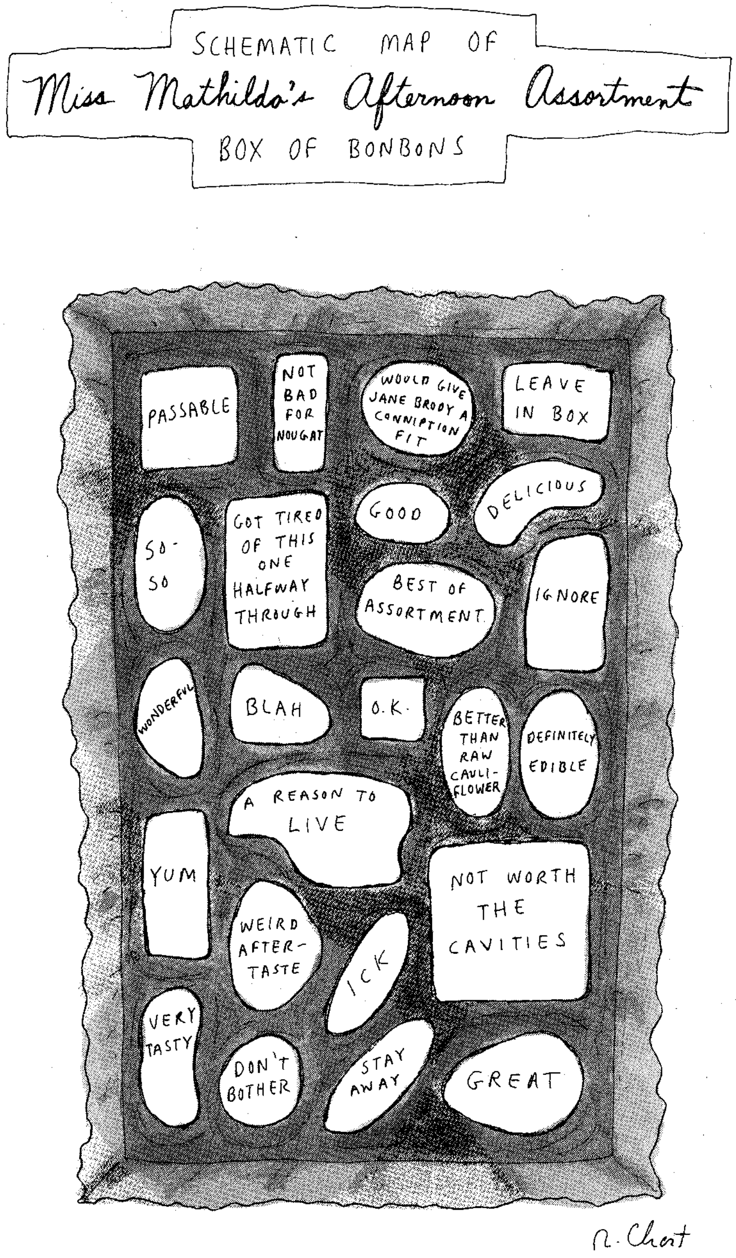
Ilka looked at Matsue, whose eyes were closed. He looked an old man.

The screaming stopped. The relief was spectacular, but lasted only for that same unnaturally long moment in which a howling child, having finally exhausted its strength, is fetching up new breath from some deepest source for a new onslaught. The howl resumed at a volume that was too great for the small theatre; the human ear could not accommodate it. People experienced a physical distress. They put their hands over their ears.

Leslie had risen. He said, "I'm going to suggest an alteration in the order of this evening's proceedings. Why don't we clear the hall—everybody, please, move into the lounge, have some wine, have some cheese while we locate the source of the trouble."

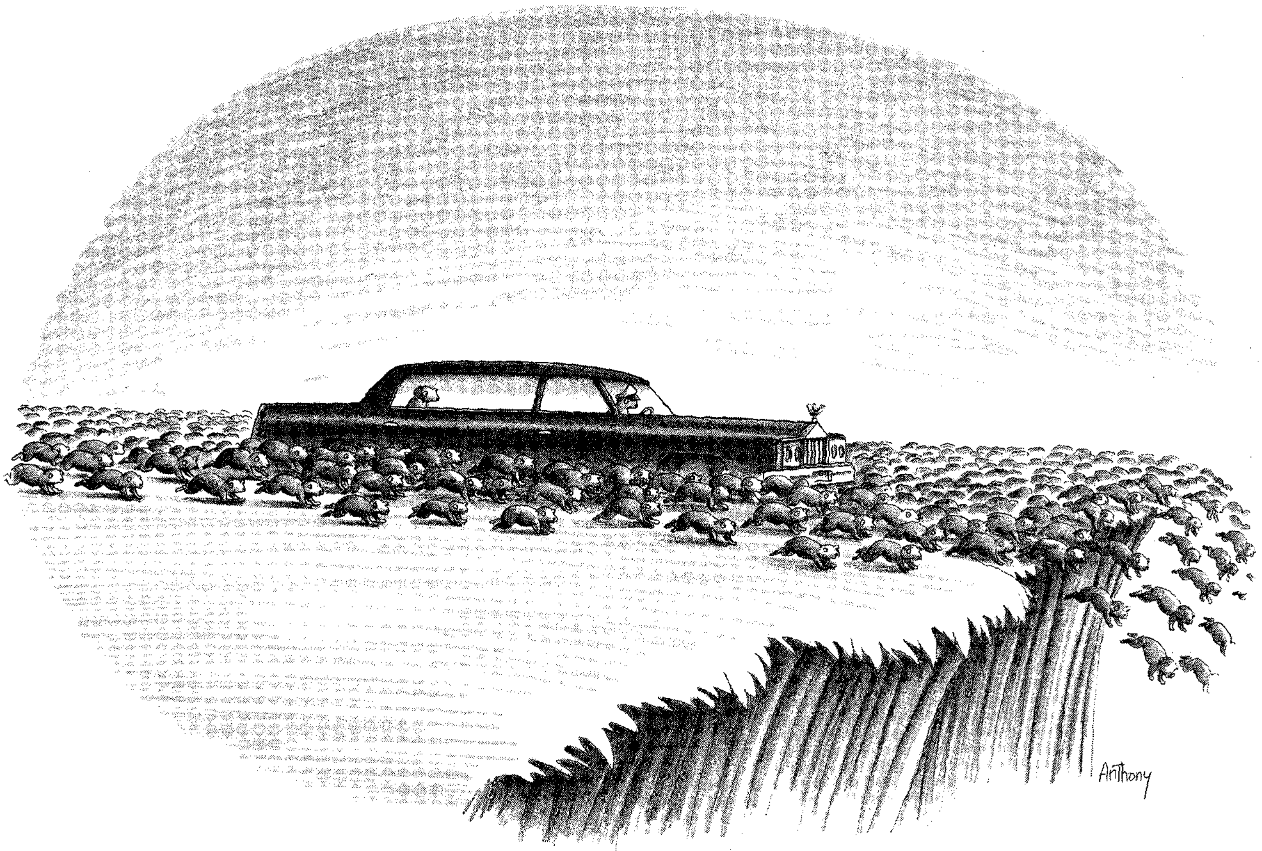
Quickly, while people were moving along their rows, Ilka popped out into the aisle and collected the trail of Paulino's news clippings. The young student who had sat next to Paulino found and handed her the envelope.

Ilka walked down the hall in the direction of Leslie Shakespere's office, diagnosing in herself an inappropriate excitement at having it in her power to throw light.



ILKA looked into Leslie's office. Paulino sat on a hard chair with his back to the door, shaking his head violently from side to side. Leslie stood facing him. He and Ahmed and all the panelists, who had disposed themselves about Leslie's office, were screwing their eyes up as if wanting very badly to close every bodily opening through which unwanted information is able to enter. The intervening wall had somewhat modified the volume, but not the variety—length, pitch, and pattern—of the sounds that continually altered as in response to a new and continually changing cause.

Leslie said, "We know



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this stuff goes on whether we are hearing it or not, but this . . ." He saw Ilka at the door and said, "Mr. Patillo is your student, no? He refuses to tell us how to locate the screaming unless they release his father."

Ilka said, "*Paulino*? Does Paulino *say* he 'refuses'?"

Leslie said to Paulino, "Will you please tell us how to find the source of this noise so we can shut it off?"

Paulino shook his head and said, "It is my father screaming."

Ilka followed the direction of Leslie's eye. Maderiaga was perched with a helpless elegance on the corner of Leslie's desk, speaking Spanish into the telephone. Through the open door that led into a little outer office, Ilka saw Shulamit Gershon hang up the phone. She came back in and said, "Patillo is the name this young man's father adopted from his Bolivian wife. He's Klaus Herrmann, who headed the German Census Bureau. After the Anschluss they sent him to Vienna to put together the registry of Jewish names and addresses. Then on to Budapest, and so on. After the war we traced him to La Paz. I think he got into trouble with some mines or weapons deals. We put him on the back burner when it turned out the Bolivians were after him as well."

Now Maderiaga hung up and said, "Hasn't he been the busy little man! My office is going to check if it's the Gonzales people who got him for expropriating somebody's tin mine, or the R.R.N. If they suspect Patillo of connection with the helicopter crash that killed President Barrientos, they'll have more or less killed him."

"It is my father screaming," said Paulino.

"It's got nothing to do with his father," said Ilka. While Matsue was explaining the reverse bug on the blackboard the previous evening, Ilka had grasped the principle. It disintegrated as she was explaining it to Leslie. She was distracted, moreover, by a retrospective image: Last night, hurrying down the corridor, Ilka had turned her head and must have seen, since she was now able to recollect, young Ahmed and Matsue moving away together down the hall. If Ilka had thought them a curious couple, the thought, having nothing to feed on, had died before her lively wish to maneuver Gerti and Paulino into one elevator just as the doors were closing, so she could come down in the other.

Now Ilka asked Ahmed, "Where did you and Matsue go after class last *night?*"

Ahmed said, "He wanted to come into the New Theatre."

Leslie said, "Ahmed, forgive me for ordering you around all evening, but will you go and find me Matsue and bring him here to my office?"

"He has gone," said Ahmed. "I saw him leave by the front door with a suitcase on wheels."

"He is going home," said Ilka. "Matsue has finished his job."

Paulino said, "It is my father screaming."

"No, it's not, Paulino," said Ilka. "Those screams are from Dachau and they are from Hiroshima."

"It is my father," said Paulino, "and my mother."

LESLIE asked Ilka to come with him to the airport. They caught up with Matsue queuing, with only five passengers ahead of him, to enter the gangway to his plane.

Ilka said, "Matsue, you're not going

away without telling us how to shut the thing off!"

Matsue said, "Itto dozunotto shattoffu."

Ilka and Leslie said, "Excuse me?"

With the hand that was not holding his boarding pass, Matsue performed a charade of turning a faucet and he shook his head. Ilka and Leslie understood him to be saying, "It does not shut off." Matsue stepped out of the line, kissed Ilka on the cheek, stepped back, and passed through the door.

WHEN Concordance Institute takes hold of a situation, it deals humanely with it. Leslie found funds to pay a private sanitarium to evaluate Paulino. Back at the New Theatre, the police, a bomb squad, and a private acoustics company from Washington set themselves to locate the source of the screaming.

Leslie looked haggard. His colleagues worried when their director, a sensible man, continued to blame the microphone after the microphone had been removed and the screaming continued. The sound seemed not to be going to loop back to any familiar beginning, so that the hearers might have become familiar—might, in a manner of speaking, have made friends—with one particular roar or screech, but to be going on to perpetually new and fresh howls of pain.

Neither the Japanese Embassy in Washington nor the American Embassy in Tokyo had got anywhere with the tracers sent out to locate Matsue. Leslie called in a technician. "Look into the wiring!" he said, and saw in the man's eyes that look experts wear when they have explained something and the layman says what he said in the beginning all over again. The expert had another go. He talked to Leslie about the nature of the sound wave; he talked about cross-Atlantic phone calls and about the electric guitar. Leslie said, "Could you look *inside* the wiring?"

Leslie fired the first team of acoustical experts, found another company, and asked them to check inside the wiring. The new man reported back to Leslie: He thought they might start by taking down the stage portion of the theatre. If the sound people worked closely with the demolition people, they might be able to avoid having to mess with the body of the hall.

THE phone call that Maderiaga had made on the night of the symposium had, in the meantime, set in motion a series of official acts that were bringing to America—to Concordance—Paulino Patillo's father, Claudio/Klaus Patillo/Herrmann. The old man was eighty-nine, missing an eye by an act of man and a lung by an act of God. On the plane he suffered a collapse and was rushed from the airport straight to Concordance University's Medical Center.

RABBI GROSSMAN walked into Leslie's office and said, "Am I hearing things? You've approved a house, on this campus, for the accomplice of the genocide of Austrian and Hungarian Jewry?"

"And a private nurse!" said Leslie.

"Are you out of your mind?" asked Rabbi Grossman.

"Practically. Yes," said Leslie.

"You look terrible," said Shlomo Grossman, and sat down.

"What," Leslie said, "am I the hell to do with an old Nazi who is postoperative, whose son is in the sanitarium, who doesn't know a soul, doesn't have a dime, doesn't have a roof over his head?"

"Send him home to Germany," shouted Shlomo.

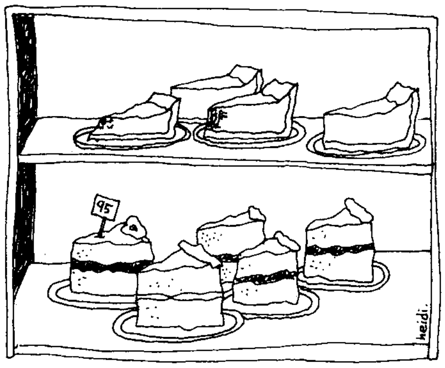
"I tried. Dobelmann says they won't recognize Claudio Patillo as one of their nationals."

"So send him to his comeuppance in Israel!"

"Shulamit says they're no longer interested, Shlomo! They have other things on hand!"

"Put him back on the plane and turn it around."

"For another round of screaming? Shlomo!" cried Leslie, and put his hands over his ears against the noise that, issuing out of the dismembered building materials piled in back of the institute, blanketed the countryside for miles around, made its way down every street of the small university town, into every back yard, and filtered in through Leslie's closed and shuttered windows. "Shlomo," Leslie said, "come over tonight. I promise Eliza will cook you something you can eat. I want you, and I want Ilka—and we'll see who all else—to help me think this thing through."



"WE . . . I," said Leslie that night, "need to understand how the scream of Dachau is the same, and how it is a different scream from the scream of Hiroshima. And after that I need to learn how to listen to the selfsame sound that rises out of the Hell in which the torturer is getting what he's got coming. . . ."

His wife called, "Leslie, can you come and talk to Ahmed?"

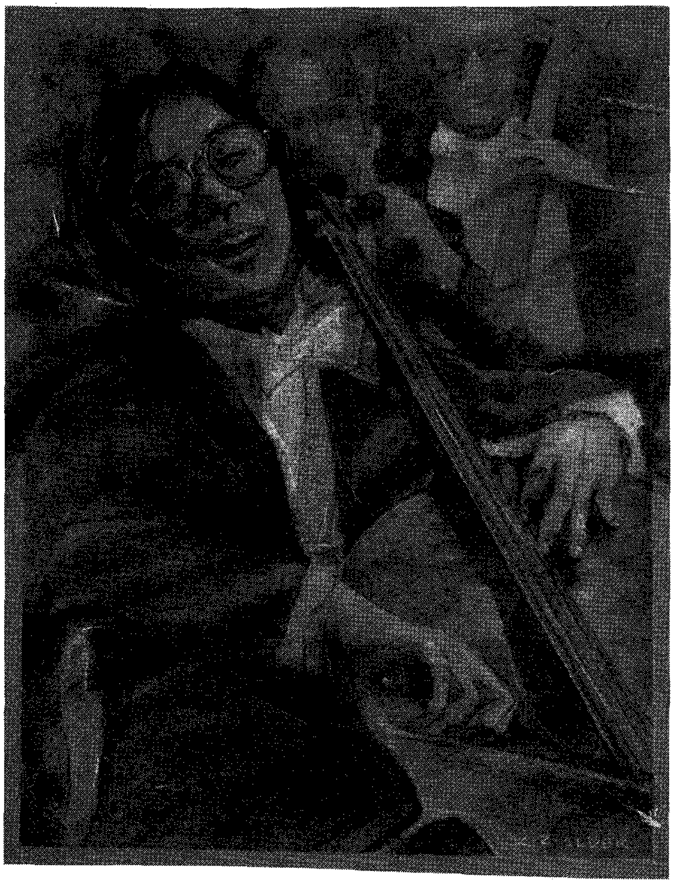
Leslie went out and came back in carrying his coat. A couple of young punks with an agenda of their own had broken into Patillo/Herrmann's new American house. They had gagged the nurse and tied her and Klaus up in the new American bathroom. Here Ilka began to laugh. Leslie buttoned his coat and said, "I'm sorry, but I have to go on over. Ilka, Shlomo, please, I leave for Washington tomorrow, early, to talk to the Superfund people. While I'm there I want to get a Scream Project funded. Ilka? Ilka, what is it?" But Ilka was helplessly giggling and could not answer him. Leslie said, "What I need is for you two to please sit down, here and now, and come up with a formulation I can take with me to present to Arts and Humanities."

The Superfund granted Concordance an allowance, for scream disposal, and the dismembered stage of the New Theatre was loaded onto a flatbed truck and driven west. The population along Route 90 and all the way down to Arizona came out into the street, eyes squeezed together, heads pulled back and down into shoulders. They buried the thing fifteen feet under, well away from the highway, and let the desert howl.

—LORE SEGAL

PROFILES

A PROCESS LARGER THAN ONESELF

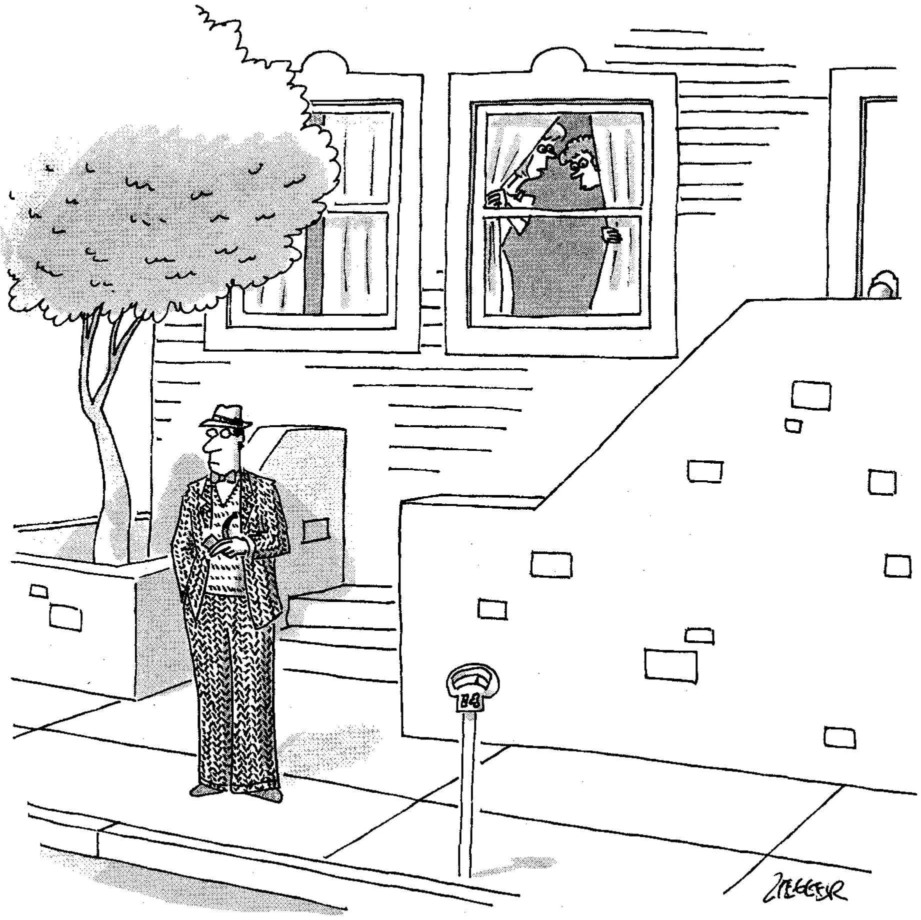


THE rehearsal in Monte Carlo had just ended. Yo-Yo Ma had flown in from Lisbon that morning, and had just worked intensively on the Schumann Cello Concerto. Rehearsal time had been short, and L'Orchestre Philharmonique de Monte Carlo, though playing attentively, had not yet been able to get fully into the spirit of things. "The Schumann Concerto presents difficulties for every orchestra," Ma said to me. "One needs time to warm up to it, to respond to its very particular expressive character. Take the beginning of the concerto. I can't be complacent when playing this melody. It took me a number of years to learn to interpret this eloquent, this sorrowful theme—to address all the issues of the slurs, the syncopations, the accents. Why is there an accent in the second and then in the fourth bar? And Schumann says something special in the orchestral accompaniment: for several bars there are no notes on the first beats, only on offbeats; one has a sense of agitation, of breathlessness. If the musicians realize this, they'll sense the music's fear and trembling. They'll sit up in their chairs. Suddenly the notes will mean something far beyond what they are on the paper. When your brain and heart are engaged, you can't go wrong."

Like many of Schumann's late works, the Cello Concerto is a problematic piece, challenging the interpreter on many levels. The composer, who was becoming increasingly subject to fits of depression, corrected the manuscript to allay tormenting visions of angels and demons. Much of the material—the opening theme, for instance—is magnificent. Compositionally, some developmental passages are relatively weak and repetitious; atmospherically, they are haunting and disturbing. The finale is based largely upon a short motif, an idée fixe, that flits before one like a spectre. If monotony is not to set in, the repetitions of this motif must be tempered by variety of nuance. "If the Dvořák Concerto is a heroic piece, the Schumann is a psychological one," Ma said. "In a traditional concerto you have a drama of some sort between a protagonist and an antagonist, set forth in a fairly clear-cut musical form. But the drama in Schumann is expressed in a more complex way. For instance, in the first movement a falling two-note fragment appears time and again, in different guises. If you follow its development, you can see that it has deep emotional significance. You have tremendously quick changes. The music may be following its course persistently in one mood, and then it's suddenly distracted, or panicked into something else. You have to dare to express these contrasts. All these opposing forces can't be categorized in normal sequences of time, action, and place, but they can occur in someone's mind. It's all a kind of daydream."

It is the evening of the concert, and before the performance Ma goes over some details in the Schumann score with Lawrence Foster, the conductor. There is agreement on every point. Ma, as is his custom, tunes offstage. He bounds out from the wings and greets audience and orchestra with an unassuming, boyish smile. The warmth is virtually tangible. "When I give a concert, I like to think that I'm welcoming someone to my home," he said earlier. "I've lived with the music for a long time; it's an old friend, and I want to say, 'Let's all participate.' " The greeting is genuine, but the extroversion is transitory. Taking up his cello, he embarks on an inner venture that allows no distraction of any kind; he is telling a story in sound.

In Ma's hands, the dramaturgy of the Schumann Cello Concerto emerges in an unbroken line. The opening theme is set forth feverishly, valiantly. As the movement progresses, the cello traverses pathways and byways of darkness and light. The orchestra grows increasingly responsive. Ma shapes the cantilena of the slow movement with tender restraint. To my taste, the tempo is a little too drawn out—a small matter in this context; the sense of intimacy and of fragility is deeply poignant. During bars where the cello is silent, and in orchestral transitions between movements, Ma's concentration remains uninterrupted. The finale is charged with élan. No sequence seems repetitive. Virtuosity is at the service of fantasy. The cadenza



"When Ralph Lauren talks, Wilbur listens."

• •

speaks of disconsolation in tones that are almost ghostlike, the bow barely touching the string. The concerto ends ebulliently: hope is renewed. And Yo-Yo Ma, smiling, accessible, is with us again.

"Some people don't consider the Schumann a 'successful' concerto," he told me. "The piece is misunderstood as a vehicle for a cello soloist, as if one were to say, 'I'm going to play the Schumann Concerto and wow the audience.' The interpreters should draw the audience into Schumann's inner world—and the audience should leave moved, perhaps fulfilled, but certainly not wowed."

Visually, Yo-Yo Ma's playing cannot be judged by traditional standards. He often departs from a consistent, classic beauty of form that one associates with such artists as Leonard Rose and Bernard Greenhouse. His playing defies the conventional wisdom that preordained orderliness of movement and position is essential to producing a beautiful tone. The cello itself appears to be almost inconsequential, no more than the most convenient conduit for his musical thought and feeling. He cradles it and rocks it from side to side, depending on which string he wishes to favor; it seems an extension of his body. No matter how impetuous his movements, no matter how awkward they may sometimes appear, his bow retains its telling contact with the string. There is no loss of tonal beauty or of accuracy of intonation. Isaac Stern praises Ma's "tremendous mastery of the instrument," and says, "He's more serious about the cello than his carefree appearance conveys. He's very conscious of what is going on, and is thinking all the time. There can be problems, as there always are, but he makes it all seem ridiculously easy. And that's the sign of a great artist."

Ma developed the extraordinary fluency and accuracy of his left hand when he was still a child. He approaches the upper and lower registers with equal surety, and the cello seems considerably reduced in size; one has the impression that he is playing a violin. He hardly ever looks at the fingerboard. This can be credited, in part, to his confidence in his technique, but, above all, he *listens* rather than looks. Curiously, many musicians don't actually listen while they play. In sustained expressive passages he closes his eyes and thrusts his head back, as if he were trying to separate himself as far as possible from the cello. In this way, paradoxically, he is able to hear the instrument better—to concentrate more closely on its sound. At the same time, he gains a wider musical perspective. His friend David Zinman, the conductor of the Baltimore Symphony, describes such moments: "Yo-Yo's whole physical presence seems to change. He breathes with the contour of the phrases. His face grows wider; the changing moods of the music are written on his features. He becomes a different person."

If one puts aside preconceptions and enters into Ma's musical mind, one finds that his movements when he is playing have a logic and a beauty of their own. Some concertgoers who initially found Ma's gestures excessive and off-putting have been increasingly drawn to him. Ma's untraditional approach is not just a question of temperament. "I have built-in problems with the left hand," he explains. "My fingers are too long and thin for the cello. If I want to widen my vibrato in order to get a warmer and richer sound, I have to do crazy things to get enough flesh on the string, such as placing my fingers at very strange angles, or even using two fingers at once. I've also had problems with my bow arm. For years —until I was well into my twenties— it wasn't relaxed enough. I not only had to restudy the physical basis of my bowing but also felt a need to increase my palette of sound. I started listening to great orchestras: to the Berlin Philharmonic, with its enormous repertoire of tone color. I listened to great singers, and was struck by the way some voices seem to pierce through a wall of sound while others seem to float on top of a body of sound. I asked myself how I could find these textures of sound on the cello. How do you match a particular amplitude of vibrato with a particular speed or weight of bow? I added or subtracted components and tried them out in different permutations. I learned —I stole—from my colleagues. For instance, when I began playing cham-

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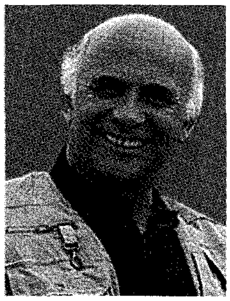

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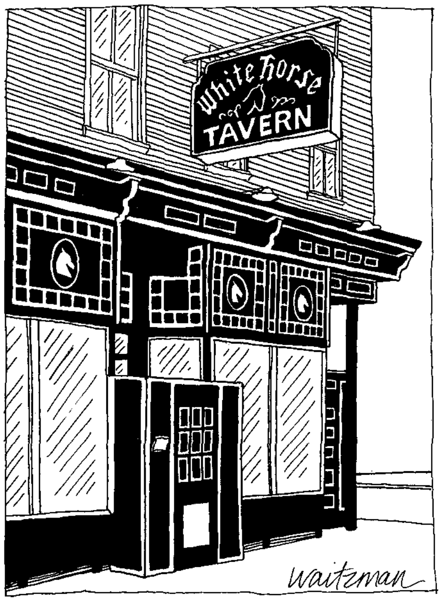
ber music with Gidon Kremer I had to find a way to match his sound. Even when he plays at a low decibel level, he uses very fast bow strokes, which convey a lot of energy; he puts a spin on the sound like putting a spin on a ball. The sonority doesn't project in beamlike fashion, but—to use microphone terminology—it's omnidirectional, going off at very wide angles. When I see Rostropovich play, with his bent end pin that makes the cello more nearly parallel to the floor, I study how he hangs his bow on the string and gets such a marvellous tone. I've tried to find a way of benefitting from this bowing technique while still using my own straight end pin."

The bow is the primary shaping force in interpretation, and Ma's bow arm is formidable. Like a major-league hitter, he prepares his strokes; his arm traces an arc greater than the length needed for a given note. The bow draws out the sound, instead of pressing it out. He can attain fullest strength of tone without distortion. In quiet passages, his bow control is absolute. The violinist Lynn Chang, who often plays chamber music with Ma, remarks on his rare artistry in finding variety of nuance: "Within the range of *piano*, he covers the entire gamut of human emotion—intensity and relaxation, passion and delicacy, and anything in between. When he plays quietly and purely, the sound projects: there's a shimmer to it." No less remarkable is Ma's articulation: fast notes, short notes, short notes after long notes—all speak with immediacy and clarity.

"I've never been able to learn in smooth transitions," Ma says. "I've found that to go from one level to another you often have to destroy some knowledge in order to gain other knowledge. You realize after a while that you're not happy with what you're doing; you're at a standstill. Then, from the various ideas you've collected, you find one little piece of information that helps. It brings about a chemical reaction, and—ZOOM!—things finally fall into place. What excites me most is not the cello but interpretation—when an idea clicks and for the first time a piece of music truly makes sense. Then you're at the next level, awaiting further answers."

With Ma, as with all outstanding artists, one finds oneself listening to the music rather than to the instrument. "You're always trying to transcend the technical limitations," Ma says. "It's the same in every field. If it's a language, you try to express the content of something with whatever words you have at your disposal. Before I began to play the cello, I saw a double bass, but since it was too big for me I had to settle for second best. So there are no profound spiritual reasons that led me to the cello. I understand Casals' feeling. He saw himself not primarily as a cellist but as a musician, and even more as a member of the human race. Actually, I think very few people are interested in the cello as such. For instance, I love the piano—but what's the piano? It's a *means* of expressing music. I've tried it the other way also; I've tried to play a 'perfect' concert. I was nineteen, and performing at the Ninety-second Street Y. I had worked my butt off, practicing four hours a day—a lot for me—and knew the music inside out. While sitting there at the concert, playing all the notes correctly, I started to wonder, 'Why am I here? I'm doing everything as planned. So what's at stake? Nothing. Not only is the audience bored but I myself am bored.' Perfection is not very communicative. However, when you subordinate your technique to the musical message you get really involved. Then you can take risks. It doesn't matter if you fail. What does matter is that you tried."

ACCORDING to ancient Chinese custom, every family keeps a book in which the names for many generations ahead are planned. All family members from a particular generation will share a single written character. *Yo*, which in Chinese means "friendship," is the generational character for Ma and his sister, Yeou-Cheng. "With me they seem to have got lazy and been unable to think of anything else, so they added another Yo," he said one day as we talked in Zurich. "In China, as in Hungary, a person is addressed by the last name first; I would be called Ma Yo-Yo. (Incidentally, *Ma* means 'horse.') It means something philosophically, doesn't it, when you state your family name as your primary identity? Throughout the Orient, the family is the basic unit, and the society as a whole is a larger family. The Japanese have a word, *amae*, which is the feeling a baby gets when it's being breast-fed—the feeling of being totally loved, enveloped, and nurtured. This is how the individual feels in Oriental society. The Orient is based less on dialogue than on monologue. In the Confucian hierarchy, you're always placing somebody above or below you. The role of every family member is defined. For instance, my sister loves her little brother, and will do everything for me. She does this of her own free will, but it's also culturally expected. If the youngster goes significantly against the system he brings shame on the family." Ma's parents adhered to these traditions.



Ma's father, Hiao-Tsiun Ma, was born into a landowning family in Ningbo, a city south of Shanghai. He decided to devote his life to music, learned to play the violin, and eventually became a professor at Nanjing University. Education was highly prized in Chinese society; the small scholar-gentry class was accorded the greatest respect. But after the emergence of Sun Yat-sen, in 1911, China entered into a prolonged period of cultural and political instability, and the structure of life changed rapidly; conditions were often chaotic. Educated Chinese increasingly gravitated to the West. In 1936, Hiao-Tsiun left for Paris to further his musical studies. Ma's mother, Marina, was born in Hong Kong. ("The southerners are generally warm and temperamental," Ma says.) Gifted with a beautiful voice, she first met Hiao-Tsiun at Nanjing, as a student in his music-theory class. In 1949, she, too, moved to Paris. There they were married, and there Yo-Yo was born, on October 7,

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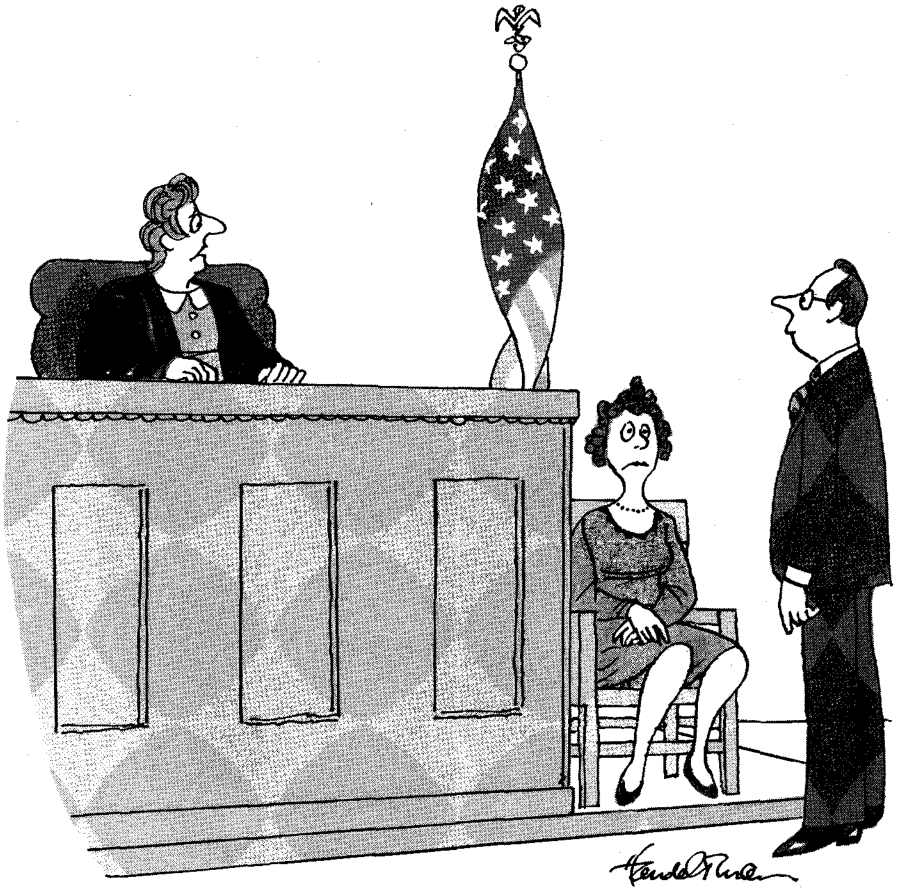


"Counsel will kindly refrain from testifiduction and hippothanatology —in lay terms, leading the witness and beating a dead horse."

• •

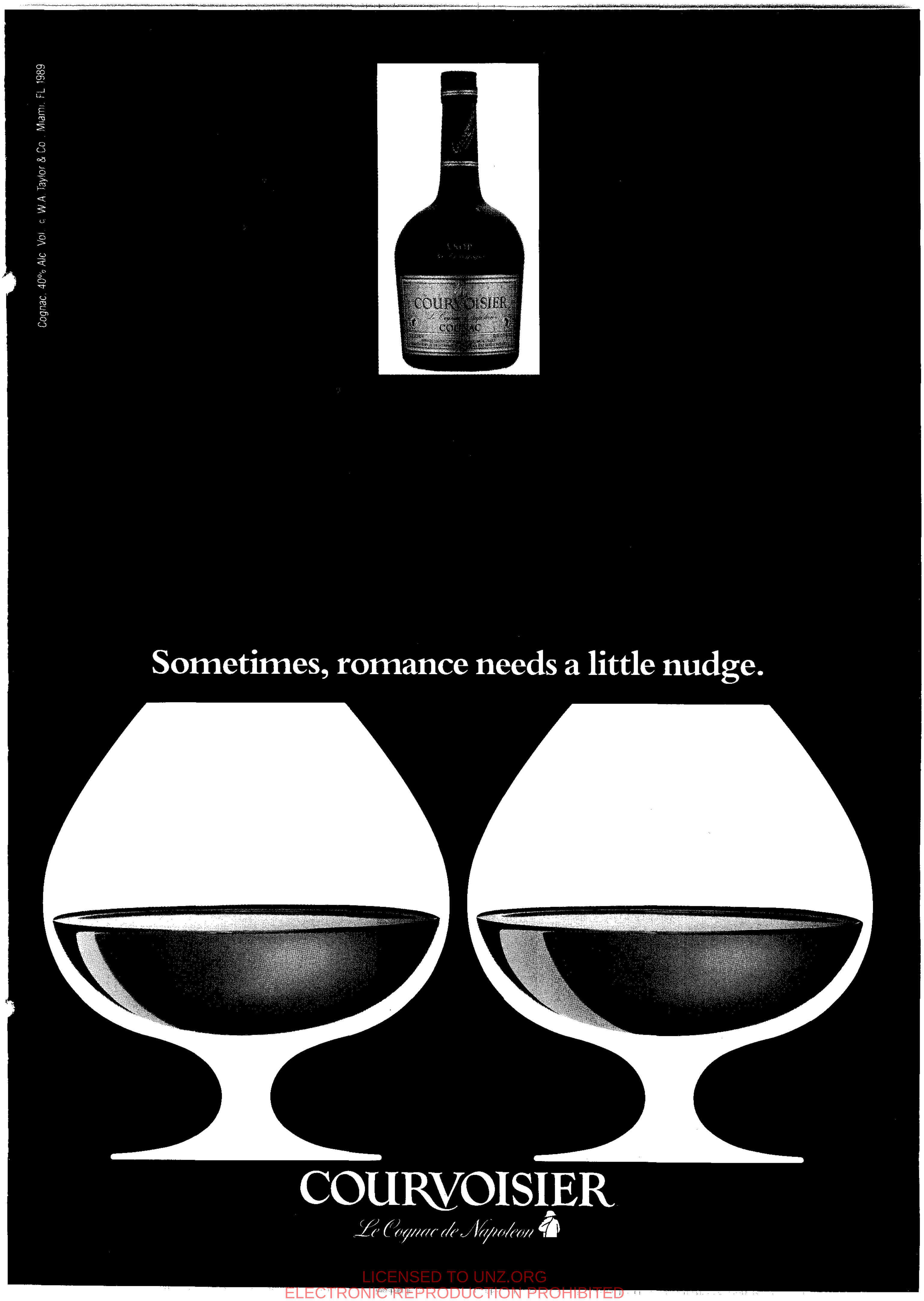
1955, four years after the birth of his sister.

"My father was a born pedagogue," Ma told me. "He wanted not only to advance himself through learning but to share that learning. He wanted to teach everybody; it was a way of life. He taught languages and music to his brother and his two sisters, and even claimed that he had taught a dog how to sing." Hiao-Tsiun tutored his children in French history, Chinese history, mythology, and calligraphy. Yeou-Cheng studied the violin with Arthur Grumiaux, and Yo-Yo took up the piano and the cello. His cello teacher, Michelle Lepinte, was astonished when the four-year-old, under his father's guidance, began to play a Bach suite. Hiao-Tsiun had developed a method of teaching young children how to concentrate intensively. No more than a short assignment was given daily, but this was to be thoroughly assimilated. He proceeded systematically and patiently. Each day, Yo-Yo was expected to memorize two measures of Bach; the following day, two more measures. He learned to recognize patterns—their similarities and their differences—and soon developed a feeling for musical structure. By the time he was five, he had learned three Bach suites. The same technique was applied to a host of études. "I found this method ideal, because I didn't like to work hard," Ma recalled. "When problems in cello technique arose, my father would apply the principle '*Coupez la difficulté en quatre*.' This helped me to avoid the kind of strain young cellists often experience. When a problem is complex, you become tense, but when you break it down into basic components you can approach each element without stress. Then, when you put it all together, you do something that seems externally complex, but you don't feel it that way. You know it from several different angles."

Chinese calligraphy was taught by the same method. Hiao-Tsiun prepared several hundred cards, each one marked with a character and an explanation of it in French. Yo-Yo was required to learn two characters a day, and to keep a diary in Chinese. He says that he still knows French because his father gave him a paragraph to memorize every morning before going to school. These French studies included formal *écriture*. "If you've noticed my penmanship, you'll see how I've since rebelled," he said. "However, my father's pedagogical techniques have proved invaluable. When I was twelve, Leonard Rose"—with whom Ma studied at the Juilliard School—"assigned me the Dvořák Concerto. I was unbelievably excited. When I got home, my father said, 'Let's get down to work.' At the end of six hours, I had memorized the whole first movement. Last year, I gave myself ten days to learn two major works, by Barber and Britten, both for cello and orchestra. I had looked at the scores but had never played them on the cello. It was irresponsible of me. They were a horrible ten days—but I succeeded."

Ma's musical studies progressed so rapidly that he was able at the age of five to give a concert at the University of Paris, playing both the cello and the piano. But his life was soon to change radically. In 1962, Hiao-Tsiun received news that his brother, who had recently emigrated to America, was discouraged and was thinking of returning to China. Gathering up his life savings, Hiao-Tsiun hurried his family to New York and managed to persuade his brother to stay on. Hiao-Tsiun had planned to visit for six months; he remained for sixteen years. Once he was established in the New World, he formed the Children's Orchestra of New York, and a generation of youngsters benefitted from his exceptional gifts as a teacher. Yo-Yo began lessons with Janos Scholz, the distinguished cellist, who is also noted for his collection of Italian Master drawings. Scholz remembers Ma as "the most natural and eager boy you could imagine," and says, "He was adored by my whole family. We went through a mountain of repertoire in two years. He learned with lightning speed. He was everything one could wish for as a student, and the last I ever took."

Ma is loath to admit that as a child he actually enjoyed playing the cello. He remembers chiefly the rigors of memorization, the absorption of endless bits and pieces of information. Despite all, he performed with a freshness and an enthusiasm that captivated his listeners. Isaac Stern is a witness. "I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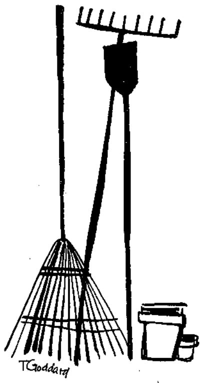
first heard Yo-Yo play in Paris when he was five or six years old," he says. "The cello was literally larger than he was. I could sense then, as has now been confirmed, that he has one of the most extraordinary talents of this generation. I was so taken by him that when he was nine I arranged for him to study with Leonard Rose. Lenny told me that, unlike any other student he could remember, Yo-Yo would come to every lesson perfectly prepared. It's not just that he had practiced. He played every piece from memory and had obviously worked constantly on everything he had been assigned. He bloomed under Lenny."

"At some level, I must have liked playing," Ma told me. "But, more important, I loved music. I adored certain pieces—for instance, the Schubert E-Flat-Major Trio in the recording by Casals, Schneider, and Horszowski. And my love of music kept me going." Rose took on a paternal role and nourished what needed to be nourished. "I was a pipsqueak of a kid, and overwhelmingly shy," Ma said. "I was afraid to speak to Mr. Rose above a whisper. I'd try to hide behind the cello. He was always calm, soothing, and gentle. He tried to get me to overcome my timidity by constantly urging me to sing out on the instrument. I was amazed to hear phrases coming from a fifty-year-old man such as 'Sock it to me, baby!' or, to my dismay, 'Thrill me, thrill me—like my wife did this morning.' "

If the move to America opened new horizons for the Ma family, it posed problems as well. "America was my father's third culture, and it was hard for him to adjust," Ma said. "One of the duties of an Oriental child is unquestioning obedience to the parents; this is supposed to continue throughout one's life. It goes beyond obedience; the parents identify completely with the child. When I got into trouble, it was not considered my fault; it was somebody else's fault. I couldn't have deliberately done anything wrong, because I was, after all, an extension of my parents. As soon as we moved to America I had to deal with two contradictory worlds. At home, I was to submerge my identity. You can't talk back to your parents—period. At school, I was expected to answer back, to reveal my individuality. At home, we spoke only Chinese; we were taken to Chinese movies to remind us of our traditional values. But I was also American, growing up with American values. I became aware that if I was to be a cellist playing concertos I would have to have ideas of my own; that's one of the great things about being a musician. My conflict was apparent to Pablo Casals, to whom I was presented when I was seven. I don't remember what he said about my cello playing, but he did suggest that I should be given more time to go out and play in the street.

"My home life was totally structured. Because I couldn't rebel there, I did so at school. In the fifth grade, I began to cut classes, and I continued doing so through high school. I spent a lot of time wandering through the streets, mainly because I just wanted to be alone." Eventually, in 1968, Ma entered the Professional Children's School, in New York, but he missed so many classes that his teachers concluded that he was bored and would be better off in an accelerated program. That program enabled him to graduate from high school when he was fifteen. He spent the following summer at Ivan Galamian's camp for string players, at Meadowmount, in the Adirondacks. It was his first experience on his own, away from home.



"Suddenly, I was free," Ma told me. "I had always kept my emotions bottled up, but at Meadowmount I just ran wild, as if I'd been let out of a ghetto. The whole structure of discipline collapsed. I exploded into bad taste at every level. Mr. Galamian was concerned that the boys and girls maintain a certain decorum. He would say, 'They shouldn't go into the bushes together.' I took some white paint and decorated the stone walls with graffiti on the subject. When Galamian found out, he was horrified. I knew I had gone too far, and spent a whole day washing the walls. I would leave my cello outside, not worrying if it might rain, and run off to play Ping-Pong. That summer, I played the Schubert Arpeggione Sonata and the Franck Sonata with uninhibited freedom—just letting go, in a way that had never happened before." Lynn Chang, who was then also studying at

Meadowmount, remembers these performances as "*appassionato*, full of abandon, tremendously impressive." Ma's playing leapt startlingly into another dimension, bursting not only with virtuosity but with imagination, irritating those who admire restraint in youth, and gratifying those who share Blake's view that "Exuberance is Beauty."

In the fall, Ma surprised Leonard Rose by arriving for his lesson wearing a leather jacket and uttering a string of swear words. "I'm embarrassed when I think of the language I used," Ma says. "But Mr. Rose took it in his stride and saw me through this phase. At some level, he must have been very happy to find me opening up in that way. And, for some reason, he kept his faith in me. In the early years of our lessons, he would explain every piece in advance and demonstrate his interpretation. But as time went on he gave me leeway to experiment for myself. When I was fifteen, after I had given a concert in Carnegie Recital Hall, he said, 'Well done. Now I'm going to give you a piece—Beethoven's C-Major Sonata—to work on entirely by yourself. I'm not going to suggest bowings, fingerings, or anything. You just go ahead, learn it, and play it for me.' One of the hardest things a teacher can do is to give a student permission to go his own way. I'll always be grateful to Mr. Rose for that."

Emanuel Ax, who is now Ma's sonata partner, attended that first New York recital. "It was the most incredible exhibition of string playing I've ever heard from such a young player," he said recently. "I was twenty-one at the time, and I vividly remember thinking that I'd like to work with him one day."

Ma had begun playing concertos at the age of twelve, with the Doctors' Orchestra of New York; and at fifteen he played the Saint-Saëns Concerto with the San Francisco Symphony. He sometimes performed with orchestras of modest quality, and found that experience valuable. "There you are, playing in Venezuela with a seventy-year-old conductor who's starting the Schumann Concerto at a tempo three times as slow as you've practiced it," he said. "You don't speak Spanish, and the orchestra is very basic. So you have to dig deep down to figure out how to make the performance work. This is a terribly important component of experience that you can't get if you play only with the best orchestras. And if you really screw up it's better to do so where everyone isn't looking at you and thinking, This kid is supposed to be fantastic, but he's not living up to his billing. One good thing is that as a child I didn't perform much. It's risky to create careers for 'geniuses' at age nine. The tendency is to make do with your technical limitations in order to get through your performances. The weaknesses then easily become ingrained."

Yeou-Cheng was now at Radcliffe; Yo-Yo had been tempted to apply to Harvard, but after his experience at Meadowmount his instinct told him that he was too young to take that step. He entered Columbia University, meanwhile continuing his lessons with Leonard Rose, at Juilliard. It seemed an ideal way to combine music with academics, but difficulties arose. "I was still living at home and trying to do a lot of things," Ma said. "I still felt as if I were going to high school." He eventually dropped out of Columbia, without telling his parents.

Ma then spent his days hanging about at Juilliard, trying to act older than he was. He acquired a fake I.D. card so that he could drink. During breaks in orchestra rehearsals, he would run to the liquor store and buy a bottle of Scotch to hand around when playing resumed. "One day, I passed out in a practice room, having thrown up all over the place. They thought I had O.D.'d on drugs. So they carted me off by ambulance to Roosevelt Hospital, where they recognized that I was suffering from the effects of alcohol. As I was a minor, my parents were sent for. A moment of deep shame in the Ma household. My father thought that if his son had become an alcoholic he himself should set an example through self-denial. He had always reserved for himself one special treat: a glass of wine before dinner. So he gave up this glass for four years. The other repercussions were enormous. I was called into the dean's office. Leonard Rose was informed, and, concerned that I was under too much pressure, arranged

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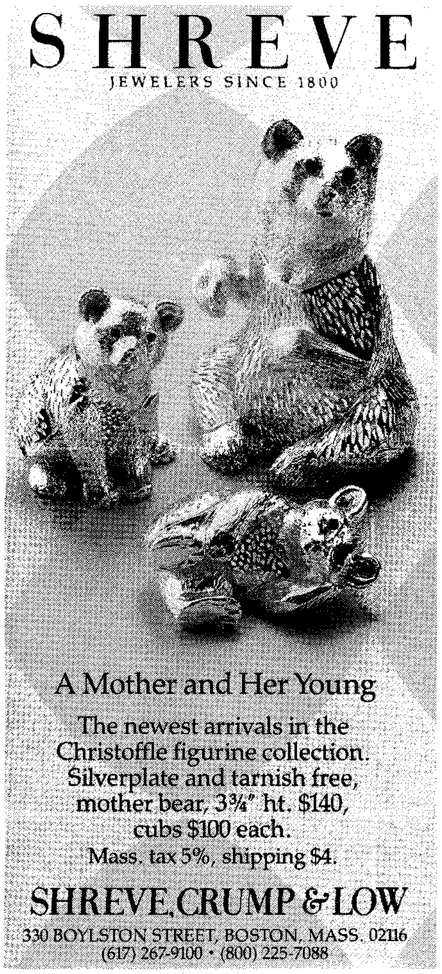
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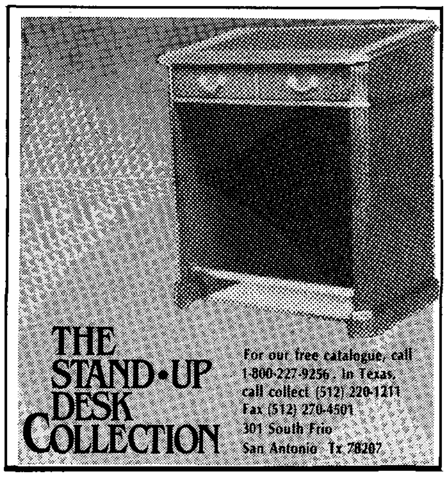
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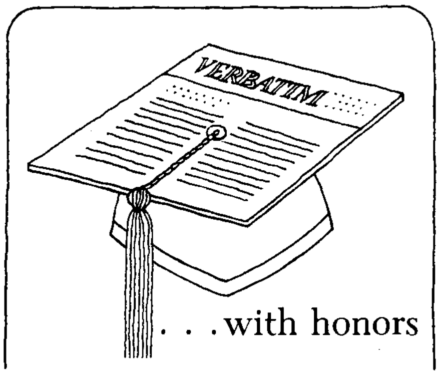
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for me to see a psychiatrist. The news of my drinking spread to friends in France. All I was trying to do was to be accepted as one of the guys, and not be considered a freak. But for the next five years everywhere I went people would look at me and think, This guy is trouble. When I'd arrive late at a rehearsal, or entirely forget to come, everybody thought the worst." Even today, Ma is slightly abashed to recall his teen-age misconduct. From the American point of view, such episodes were typical adolescent behavior; from the Chinese point of view, they were grave transgressions.

"In college, even until I was in my twenties, I fought against the whole principle of discipline," Ma went on. "I was meshuga. I didn't know when to go to sleep or when to do my laundry. I learned to drive in three days, and had a couple of car crashes that people knew about and a couple that no one ever found out about."

Ma was nearly seventeen and had reached a crossroads: Should he pursue a full-time musical career or go to Harvard? Isaac Stern recalls, "During those growing years—whatever growing pains there were—Yo-Yo made a decision rather remarkable for a talented young man of his age, and that was to try to get an education. He could have devoted all his time to preparing pieces for concerts and competitions, but he took the unusual step of deciding to become a person. He may have been influenced by his Chinese background, with its tremendous respect for the value of learning. In any event, he went through Harvard, keeping his music up while taking a full course of studies. Those two things don't ordinarily go together." In four years at Harvard, in addition to studying music, he took courses in the rise and fall of civilizations, Chinese and Japanese history, anthropology, French civilization, fine arts, modern Chinese literature, German literature, Dostoyevski, astronomy, math, sociology, and natural sciences. When I asked how he had found time to combine such studies with his career as a cellist, he said, "I was able to manage because I was unbelievably lazy in everything. I had very low standards—I didn't feel compelled to get high grades, or to practice many hours every day. I worked in spurts. If I could no longer put off writing a paper, I studied into the night. And when I had a concert to give and didn't want to make an absolute fool of myself I'd put in a few more hours of practice. Once, when I hadn't listened to the works assigned for a music exam, I jimmied the lock of the music library and heard a semester's worth of music in one night. In my freshman year, I overslept and missed an exam and was put on probation. That was a bad moment. But my generally undisciplined approach to life offers me the possibility of doing many things. I didn't apply myself sufficiently in high school to learn how to do research or how to write papers. Yet I was curious about things. I wanted to try to tie together the various threads of my life—my Chinese upbringing, the atmosphere of Paris, my totally different experience in America. Studying history was a way of putting these diverse cultures in perspective, and studying anthropology—the !Kung people of the Kalahari desert, the Yanomamö of Venezuela—helped me to understand better the tremendous variety of values in all of humanity."

An old French saying has it that "painters are dirty, architects are wicked, and musicians are ignorant." If Ma can give this adage the lie as far as musicians are concerned, one must credit his encounter with the Harvard music faculty when he was seventeen. "Much of music deals with emotions, and musicians tend to be suspicious of an intellectual approach," he told me. "They will say, 'I don't feel it that way.' But when you can combine thought and feeling your intuition becomes more acute." Ma found studying chamber music with Leon Kirchner revelatory, for Kirchner explained the pieces from a composer's point of view. "He's passionate about music and tells stories to make you think about why a phrase turns in a certain way, or why a particular note has infinite meanings," Ma said. "I owe a lot, too, to Luise Vosgerchian. Luise had studied composition with Nadia Boulanger and was the pianist of the Boston Symphony. She helped me turn a corner, by giving me the courage to look at a musical score analytically, to ask my own questions, and to begin to find answers. Why is this piece boring or exciting or amusing? I gained the confidence to study a piece not just as a cellist but as a musician. I also worked with Patricia Zander. Patricia, a Boulanger student herself and a superb pianist, had called me after a concert and implied very nicely that I really didn't know what I was doing. We started playing music a couple of hours a week, and that eventually led to our performing together."

Patricia Zander recalls, "In the initial stages of our music-making, it's possible that I helped Yo-Yo to gain more courage to do what he was capable of. I noticed that he'd sometimes accept a comfortable instrumental solution—for instance, by restraining his tone when going to a risky high note. I'd challenge him: 'Aren't you backing away from that?' He was put on alert as to where he must stretch his technique to fulfill his musical ideal. He'd never say, 'I can't do it'; occasionally, he'd draw in his breath and say, 'That's difficult.' But as soon as he understood the idea he'd find the physical wherewithal to bring it to realization. Sometimes we'd work on the day of a performance. I remember making some fairly radical suggestions about Bach's Sixth Suite. I went to the concert thinking that maybe, with time, he'd be able to absorb the ideas. But as soon as he began to play, there they were—already assimilated."

"While I was at Harvard, I gained a new vocabulary for understanding music: linear polyphony, harmonic rhythm, hidden scale relationships," Ma told me. "I was fascinated to realize how a composer can create interest in his musical line by varying the lengths of phrases. Bach, for instance, may write several successive phrases of uneven length—say, of five or seven measures—which provide a lot of surprises and interruptions. He may follow these with eight-measure phrases, which offer a sense of relief and allow the music to flow with an easier continuity. Such numbers mean nothing in themselves, but in the hands of a great composer they have expressive impact. The interpreter always has to be aware of questions of shape and structure. It takes much experience to be able to sustain the listener's attention over a span of twenty or thirty minutes. My tendency was to maximize every individual moment without taking into consideration the over-all musical architecture. When I performed with Karajan in 1978, I understood how an artist can envision a work in its largest perspective. One has to find a way of giving expression to single events without upsetting the balance of the whole; one must think big and small at the same time."

It's particularly difficult for string and wind players to envision their individual parts in terms of the surrounding harmony or counterpoint. Ma advises all musicians to begin learning a new piece by studying the whole score. "Before you bring the piece to your instrument, you should know what it's all about," he has said. "Typically, the order is reversed: one just picks up the cello part and decides on bowings and fingerings. But this is looking at a piece from an ant's view rather than from an eagle's."

Ma hopes that music schools will develop curricula to educate the whole musician, so that to some degree the performer becomes a composer and the composer a performer—a state of affairs that was normal in the eighteenth century. Instrumentalists would be required to write short compositions of their own. "It's not the quality but the process that counts," he said. They

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would also be asked to perform recently written works and to discuss them with the composers. Composers would be required to show some proficiency as instrumentalists. "Not only would all this help the individual musician develop," Ma said. "There would be an explosion of connections, with ramifications throughout the music profession. Orchestras have started doing this sort of thing, by having composers-in-residence. Through membership in the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities, I myself have made a bridge to the community of composers, and have begun to commission works."

While Yo-Yo and Lynn Chang were in Leon Kirchner's class, they formed a trio with the pianist Richard Kogan. "We were doing this not for a grade, a review, or a fee, but because we wanted to make music in as interesting a way as possible," Ma told me. "I was totally obnoxious—always complaining that this or that passage sounded terrible. They still kid me about it. We'd work at all kinds of pieces, always looking for a more convincing interpretation. That was as important an experience as any I've ever had."

Another major influence on Ma was his sister. "In some ways, Yeou-Cheng is more musically gifted than I am," he said. "It's only that I'm less inhibited as a performer—I'm the brash one of the family. She's an excellent pianist as well as a violinist, and has a prodigious musical memory and fine taste; her sense of aesthetics has had a strong effect upon me. She has a true thirst for knowledge. She combined her musical studies with biochemistry, and then went to Harvard Medical School and became a pediatrician."

During his Harvard years, Ma made his London début, performing the Elgar Concerto with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Yehudi Menuhin. The concerts started accumulating, and Ma felt that it would be possible for him to make a living as a musician. In fact, he was so inundated with concerts that his academic work suffered. "I even thought of leaving school, but my father insisted that I stay, and limit my concerts to one a month," he said. "In retrospect, I'm happy I followed his advice." Isaac Stern says of Ma's experience at Harvard, "He learned musical analysis and a good deal about life in general. But, above all, he learned how to learn—something that may be the most important thing a young person can do in any profession. He learned how to apply himself in the best possible way to everything he needed for his artistic development."

At sixteen, Ma spent the first of four summers at the Marlboro Festival, in Vermont. He felt privileged to perform with such artists as Felix Galimir, Isidore Cohen, and Sandor Végh. "I learned enormously from more experienced players, and when things didn't sound right I learned by thinking about why that was so," he told me. Pablo Casals, then in his mid-nineties, was visiting Marlboro, and Ma played in the orchestra under his direction. "I'll never forget the way his mind and body would radiate vitality the moment he raised his baton. That was an inspiration for a lifetime."

The first summer at Marlboro proved important to Ma in another way. He struck up an acquaintance with Jill Hornor, who was working as a festival administrator. He had met Jill briefly the previous spring, when he was giving a concert at Mount Holyoke and she was a sophomore there. By the end of the festival, he had overcome an attack of shyness, and told her, "I think I've fallen in love with you." She had thought of him as a little brother, and was touched and amused. Later that summer, they met in Boston and cycled back and forth between Cambridge and Jill's apartment, in Brookline. "At that time, I was putting out a lot of bullshit," Ma says. "The nice way of saying it is that I liked to fantasize. When people would ask me what my parents did, I'd make up a different story every time. I was unsure where I was in life—I was absolutely swimming. Jill was the first person to cut through all that. She would ask me questions and expect serious answers."

That fall, Ma entered Harvard as a freshman, and Jill went to Paris for her junior year. Correspondence intensified the relationship. Ma could commit to paper everything he had felt unable to say in person, and Jill began to take him more seriously. Soon each was writing a letter a day, and Ma was running up astronomical telephone bills. After Jill finished at Mount Holyoke, she did graduate work in Ger-

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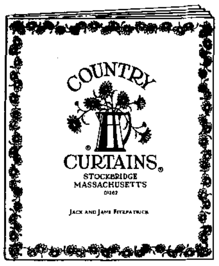

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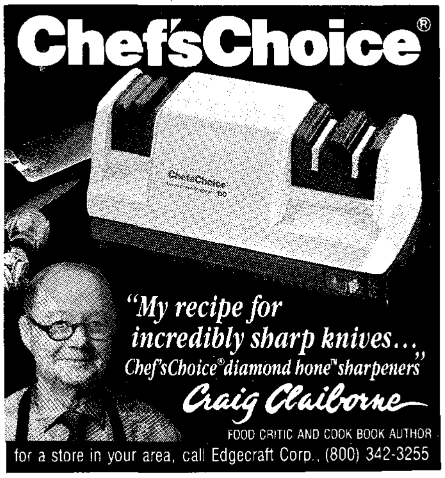
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man literature at Cornell, in Ithaca, while Ma was completing his studies at Harvard. "Paradoxically, the fact that we had rarely been in the same city at the same time allowed us to get to know each other better," he said. "The breathing space also permitted us to develop on our own."

In the spring of 1977, Heiichiro Ohyama, now the principal violist of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, who was a friend of Ma's, gave him some common-sense advice about Jill: "If you don't do something, fish swim away." He then worked out a scenario, and Ma followed it to the letter. Ma called Jill from New York City and told her to be sure to be home that evening at seven. He then bought a wedding ring and a pair of plane tickets to Cleveland, where Jill's parents were living. Putting on his best suit and tie, he took a bus to Ithaca and telephoned Jill from a corner laundromat on the dot of seven, asking her if she missed him. "Of course I do," she said. Thirty seconds later, he rang her doorbell, went down on his knees, and asked, "Will you marry me?"

"I can't believe this!" she shrieked. "Yes, sure!"

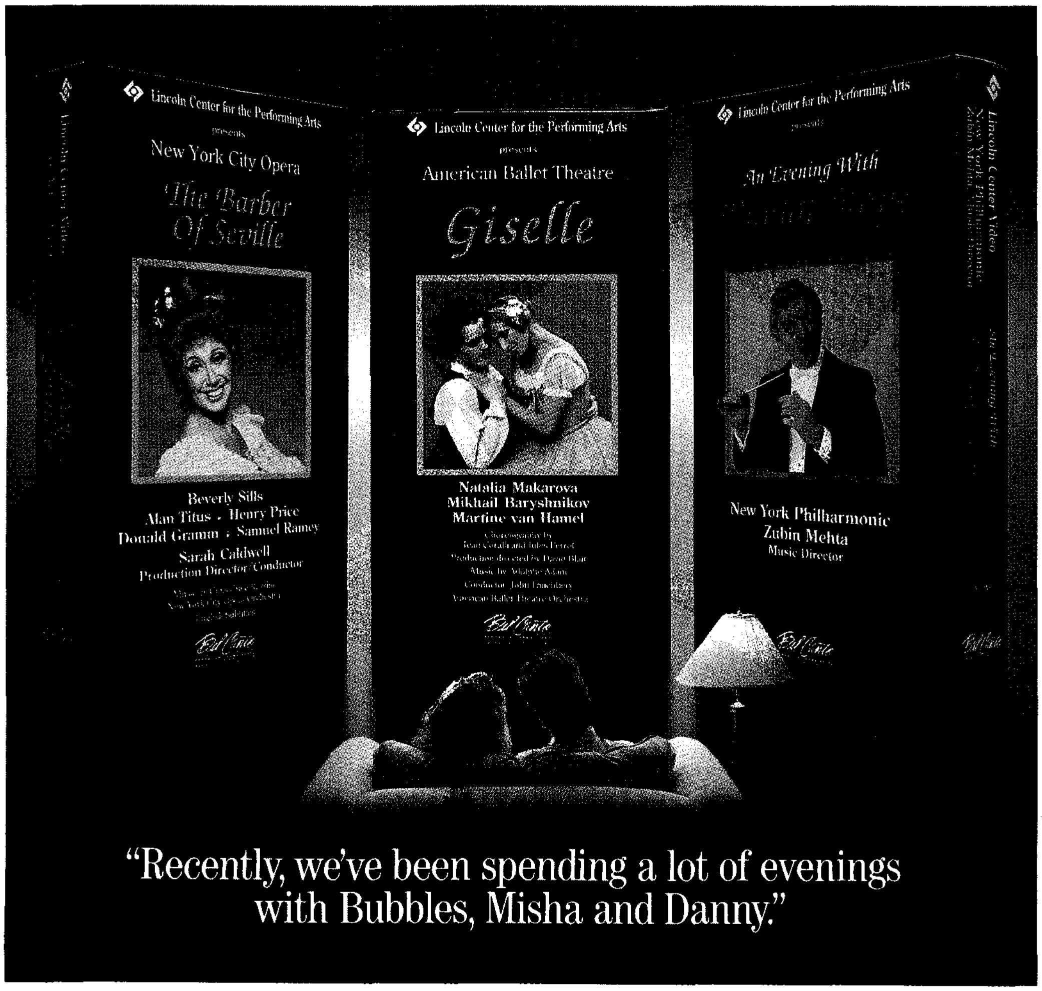
Ma then said, "Good. Here's the ring and here are the tickets. We're going to see your parents."

With his marriage, Ma made his boldest departure from traditional Chinese culture. Predictably, it created strong tensions within the Ma family. The root of the difficulty was cultural rather than personal. When a Chinese marries a Westerner, the family structure is threatened. There is no guarantee of strict obedience to the in-laws, no guarantee that a newborn child will adhere to Chinese traditions. It took some time for Ma's father to come to terms with the situation—at first, there was a painful separation—but he eventually accepted Jill as his daughter-in-law, and when grandchildren were born he went as far as to give them Chinese names. Ma's parents, who now live part of the time in Taiwan, returned to America to celebrate Yo-Yo and Jill's tenth wedding anniversary with them.

After spending three years at Harvard's Leverett House, where Yo-Yo was artist-in-residence and Jill was a tutor in German, the Mas bought a house in Winchester, Massachusetts. They now have two children—Nicholas, aged six, and Emily, aged three. "My daughter is like me, at least as I'm told I was as a child—strong-willed and a bit rebellious," Ma told me. And Nicholas is not unlike his father, in that part of his charm resides in a rich imagination and a quiet mischievousness.

Charles Beare, the internationally renowned expert on stringed instruments, knows the Mas well. "Jill is a very lovely, very New Englandy, very American lady," he says. "They're well suited to each other. She's a good mother and a wonderful ground base for a musician to have. It has not always been easy for Jill to have a husband who arrives after three weeks with a suitcase full of music and then leaves the next day. And it has not been easy for Yo-Yo to come crashing in on his family for such short periods. They've taken tremendous steps to eliminate the tensions of that sort of life."

"When we married, we never imagined how busy my career would become," Ma told me. "We had vi-



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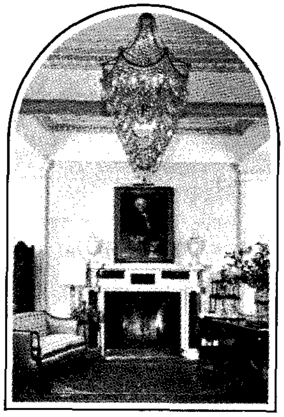

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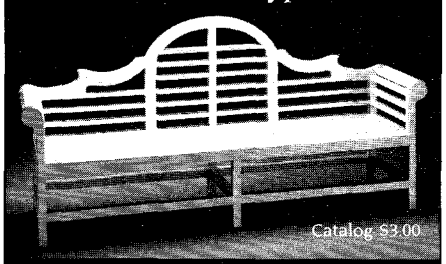

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sions of an equal relationship, where we would share the cooking, share taking out the garbage—share everything. To make matters worse, I've proved horrible at all domestic chores. During my first years of performing, all the travelling and concertizing seemed terribly exciting. My management would call and ask if I'd like to give a certain series of concerts two years later. I'd be in the middle of dinner, and I'd say, 'Fine, sure'—but eventually I'd be faced with actually having to play those concerts. I'd end up with as many as a hundred and fifty concerts a season. I was always flirting with getting burned out from exhaustion. When I returned from a concert tour, I'd have to come down from hyperactivity to being nobody. If I took a month off, I'd be depressed for the first two weeks. By the third week, things would be back to normal, but during the last week the tension would mount as I got ready to go on the road again. Then Nicholas was born. When you have your first child, everything changes. You realize that life is finite, and that you absolutely have a limit to your energy. You give, you love, you care, and it's all different.

"So I finally sat down and wrote out a list of the things I care most about. First of all, I promised myself that if I ever felt really burned out and lost enthusiasm for giving concerts I'd be responsible enough to quit. After all, if I lose interest in what I'm doing how can anyone else be interested? Second, I decided that every concert I played—no matter where, no matter if the city was big or small—was going to be special. Third, I accepted the fact that only one person is responsible for what's going on, and that person is me. Fame and success are always being dangled before you. You can easily become a slave to your desire, become an addict. But you have to choose your drugs carefully. I have yet to find something that beats the power of being in love, or the power of music at its most magical. So if someone suggests adding just one more concert at the end of a tour—it's always just one more—you just have to say no. Itzhak Perlman, who is dedicated to his family, showed me how to take a good, hard look at a schedule and protect time for my family. I reserve the dates of the kids' birthdays, and keep the month of July exclusively for the family. I'm taking more short respites from touring, and learning not to get as hyped up as before. Finally, I decided that it's not enough just to make time to be at home; I have to preserve the quality of that time. So, aside from practicing, I don't let professional obligations encroach upon my family life."

In April of 1980, when Ma was twenty-four, he had an operation for scoliosis, a curvature of the spine. His condition may have been accentuated by his cello playing. A curve exceeding thirty degrees tends to worsen, causing the spine to impinge on one organ or another. Ma had an S curve of sixty-three and sixty-seven degrees. After one's mid-twenties, one's bones tend to harden; in a sense, Ma had the operation at the last moment. "My friend Mark Ptashne, a professor of biochemistry and molecular biology at Harvard, found the very best people for me to consult," Ma said. "I shall be eternally grateful to him. My doctor was John Hall, the eminent orthopedic surgeon. They stretch your spine by means of small steel rods held fast by rivets. Then they take a graft from your pelvic bone and sprinkle it on your spine; this fuses with the spine and regenerates it." The operation posed a risk that nerves could be damaged in such a way as to prevent Ma from playing the cello. "Jill knew of the risk before we were married, and she had faith in me even if it turned out that I couldn't continue playing," he said. "I remember saying on the eve of the operation, 'Look, if I come out of this alive but not able to have total control of my fingers I will have had a very fulfilling life in music.' "

Jill says that Ma is a true performer, because when he awakened after the operation the first question he asked was "How many inches did I grow?" He learned that he had gained two inches. He could announce with pride that he had "grown in stature." Afterward, to keep the spine absolutely rigid, he was put in an upper-body cast for six months. Jill brought the cello to the hospital, and the cast was cut in such a way that Ma would be able to practice. "With my cast on, I felt like a football player," he told me. "I had

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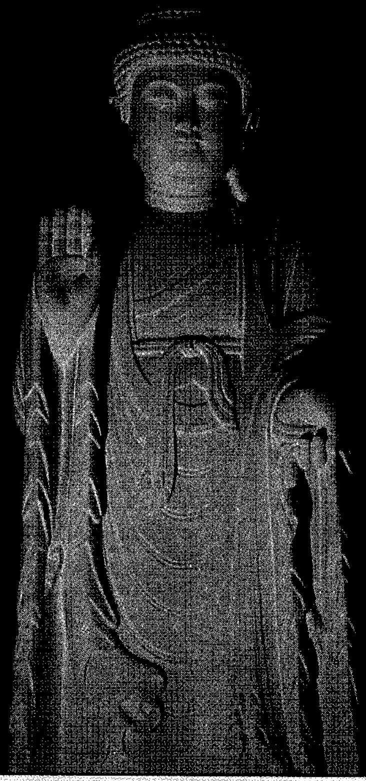
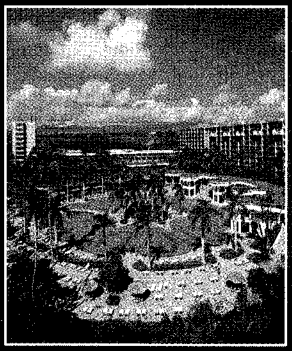
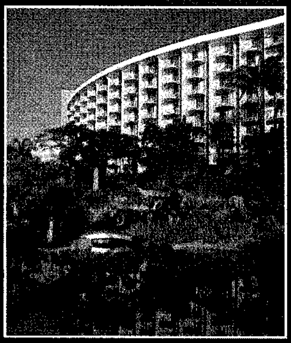




THE WESTIN KAUAI



THE WESTIN MAUI

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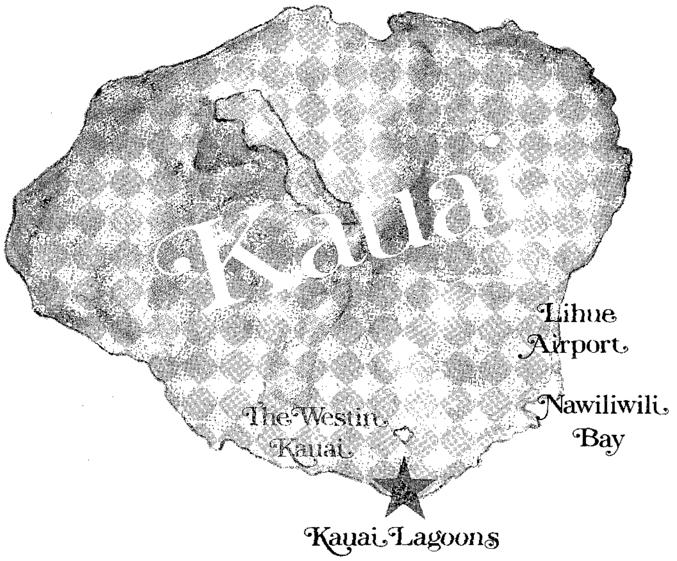

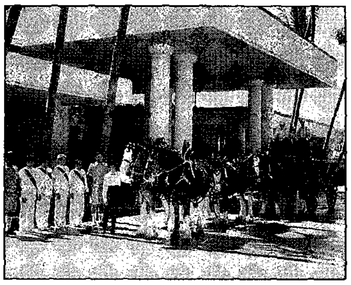

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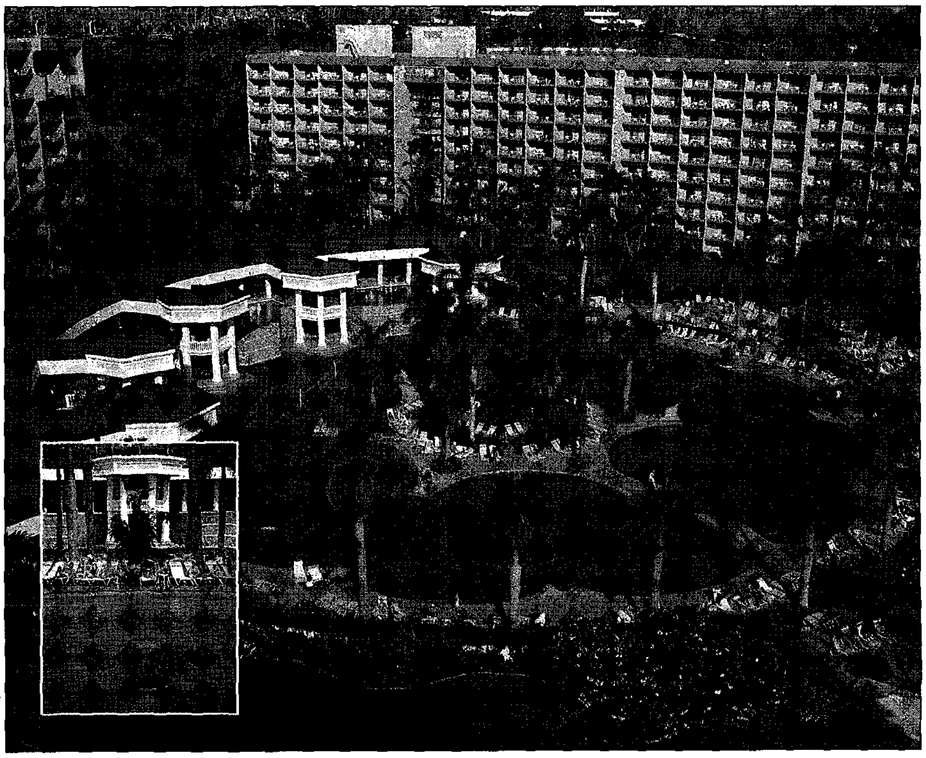
The Westin Kauai sets the standard for elegant relaxation.



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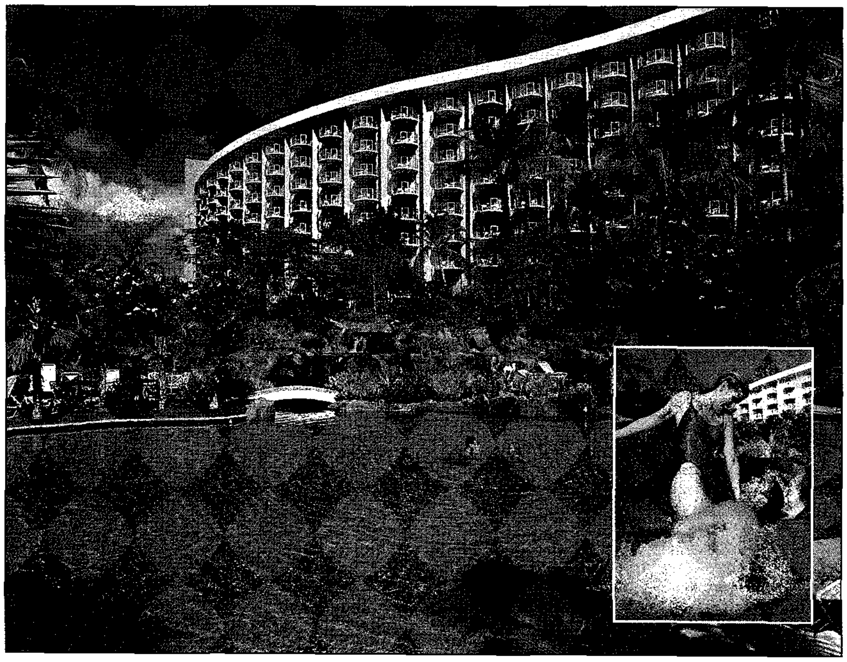
The Westin resorts on Kauai and Maui offer the unmatched luxury in their accommodations and amenities that inspires guests to make the most of the resorts' extraordinary facilities and remarkable settings.

In Kauai, the eight hundred and fifty rooms and suites are set amid lush surroundings. Mahogany launches ply the Kauai Lagoons, which are dotted with islands inhabited by exotic wildlife. Eight pairs of matched white and black swans live on the resort's Palace Court, a two-acre reflecting pond where geysers and white marble sculptures create a fantastic atmosphere. The Westin Kauai is also home to the world's largest collection of champion draft horses, which transport visitors around the grounds in nineteenth-century landau carriages.

At the heart of the 762-room Maui resort are five intimate, free-form swimming



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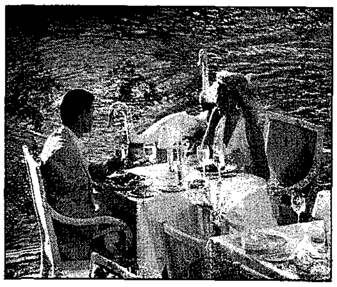
The Westin Maui — twelve acres of sun-drenched gardens and waterfalls.

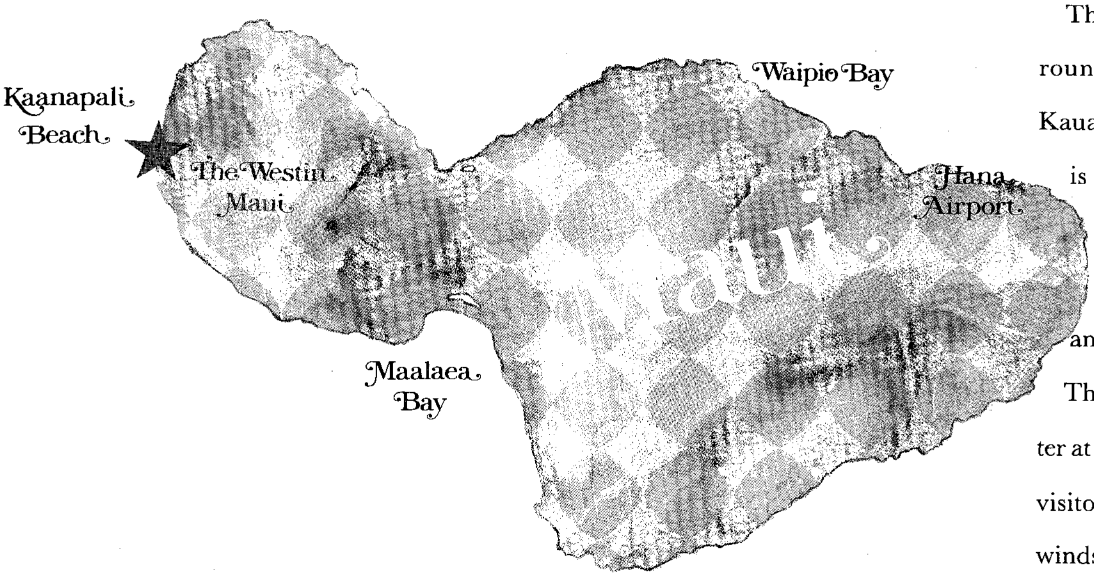
pools: fifty-five thousand square feet of waterfalls, white-water rapids, meandering streams, and calm expanses. The hotel itself, set on the three-mile stretch of Kaanapali Beach, is decorated with rare art treasures from around the world.

Both resorts feature the Royal Beach Club — special concierge floors accessible to those who are guests of the Royal Beach Club only. Guests staying on these floors receive special amenities, including Japanese robes, reserved pool seating, concierge services, and a reading library.

The allure of the exotic surroundings of The Westin Kauai and The Westin Maui is rivalled only by the immense appeal of their recreational facilities and exclusive service.

The Beach Activities Center at the Maui resort provides visitors with myriad sailing, windsurfing, snorkeling, or





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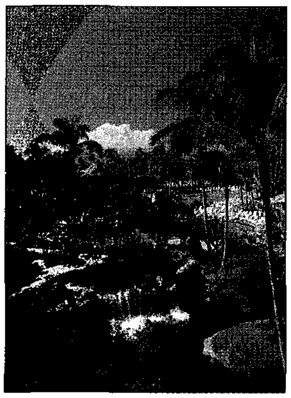
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THE WESTIN MAUI

THE WESTIN MAUI

No one captures the beauty and spirit of Hawaii like Westin Resorts.

scuba diving opportunities along Kaanapali Beach. There are eleven championship courts at the Royal Lahaina Tennis Ranch, and thirty-six holes of the island's finest golf at the Royal Kaanapali Golf Course. A fully-equipped spa is also on the resort grounds, and guests are offered aquacise and aerobics classes, or can create their own workout routines on the state-of-the-art exercise equipment.

The Westin Kauai's Director of Golf is champion golfer Jack Nicklaus, who designed the one-hundred-and-ninety-acre Kauai Lagoons Golf Course with the recreational golfer in mind. The other Nicklaus-designed course, the two-hundred-and-sixty-acre Kiele Classic, is tournament class. The Kauai Lagoons Golf and Racquet Club also features eight tennis courts, including a six-hundred-seat stadium court.

Topping off the facilities at the Kauai resort is a European-style health spa, complete with a Wellness Clinic.

At Westin's Kauai and Maui resorts, the dining possibilities are limitless.

The Sound of the Falls is The Westin Maui's signature restaurant, and features South Seas-influenced French cuisine. There are seven other fine restaurants, including The Villa, specializing in fresh seafood, and Cook's at the Beach, which offers casual island fare.

At The Westin Kauai at Kauai Lagoons, The Masters is at the center of the resort's dining experience. This restaurant, which overlooks Kauai Lagoons, offers French cuisine and has an excellent wine cellar. Sixteen other restaurants serve the resort, including the Tempura Garden, with Japanese cuisine, and Prince Bill's, which offers a commanding view of the Pacific.

WILLIAM WATERFALL

THE WESTIN KAUAI

THE WESTIN KAUAI AT KAUAI LAGOONS AND THE WESTIN MAUI, WITH THEIR WINNING DESIGNS AND ATTENTIVE SERVICES, PAMPER THEIR GUESTS AND FLATTER THE ISLANDS THAT SERVE AS THEIR HOMES.

broad shoulders, a fabulous physique. I thought I could walk through the most dangerous slum of any city and nobody would dare attack me. It was a very exciting summer, because it was the first time in years that I didn't play concerts. That's not quite true: I did play one concert, of Bach suites. But I went hiking in Maine, picking cranberries.

“Long before the operation, I was prepared for the possibility that it might not turn out successfully,” Ma said. “I had decided that there's more to life than the cello. There are so many things that I would find enormously exciting. I love people; perhaps I'd do social work, or become a teacher, although I can't say in what field. It would be wonderful to have the luxury of going back to school. I'd consult the catalogue; I'd go to lectures until a subject clicked, and then I'd say, ‘Wow, this is what I'd like to do.’ Then I'd find out after eighteen years that I can't do it. But at least I'd have pursued a passion.”

The operation proved a total success. Ma's cello playing was unimpaired, and he had to resign himself to doing gladly what he must do. In recent years, he has been able to reconcile elements that had once seemed irreconcilable. “For a long time, I fretted over the conflicting messages coming from within, from parents, from school, from career,” Ma said. “I disliked myself intensely. I felt as though I were living someone else's life, someone else's dream. I felt that I should be doing almost anything other than playing the cello. Friends such as Manny Ax and Mark Ptashne would tell me to stop pretending that my career in music only interfered with what would otherwise be an ideal life. It's only recently that I've begun to take hold of my energy and commitments and say to myself, ‘Wait a minute, this is actually my own life.’ I've come to accept many things, above all that I'm really happy to be a cellist.”

A person with artistic gifts will usually develop in one of two ways: as an artist at the expense of others, or as a human being at the expense of art. One of Ma's close friends ribs him for his “persistent striving after normalcy.” But Ma follows his calling in his own way. Jung wrote, “Great gifts are the fairest, and often the most dangerous, fruits on the tree of humanity. They hang on the weakest branches, which easily break. In most cases . . . the gift develops in inverse ratio to the maturation of the personality as a whole. . . . A gift is not an absolute value, or rather, it is such a value only when the rest of the personality keeps pace with it.” Ma is dedicated to the principle of keeping pace. He maintains that his creativity is nourished by the stream of everyday life. “I can be playing with my kids and a thought related to music will come to me,” he said. “Inspiration is an intuitive process and often comes from chance encounters. A conversation with a cabdriver can become extremely meaningful. I have friends who are visually oriented; I go for a walk with them and they say, ‘Look at that tree,’ or, ‘Look at that building,’ and suddenly a world of perception opens for me. I see parallels between sculpture and music. When I look at Michelangelo's statues—carved with tremendous strength of line, and not necessarily smooth—I'm reminded of Casals' playing. His phrasing had depth and density; each note was etched with absolute authority, as if in marble. In cinema you see how the director uses the art of montage, cutting abruptly from one image to another, from one mood to another, and you realize that some composers use a similar technique. A crescendo to a sudden *piano* is a favorite device of Beethoven's. Schumann uses it with really terrifying effect in the Cello Concerto.

“I'm just a performing musician,” Ma continued. “It's true that the act of creating, as compared to re-creating, may take you into a darker realm, a path not travelled before. Some composers, like Schumann, have strayed beyond the limits of survival. Part of Beethoven's greatness is that he really went beyond what most people could bear and still survived and created. He's like the man who went to the very edge and returned to tell about it. The gift of an interpreter lies in the quality of his imagination. Some people maintain that no one can understand the Holocaust who hasn't gone through it. But reading Primo Levi or Elie Wiesel

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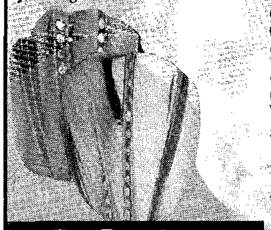

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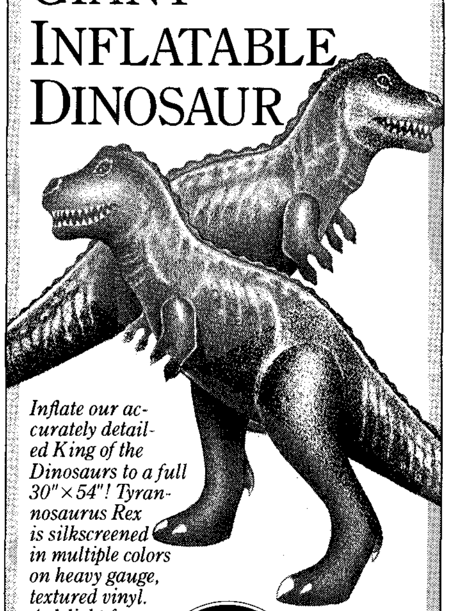

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can go a long way toward helping you understand something even so inconceivable. One must go out of oneself, finding empathy for another's experience, forming another world. I feel that when a composer writes a piece of music he's translating a human experience into sound. I know that some people see music as merely sound for sound's sake. I disagree. There can be moments when you are in contact with the experience from which the music came. And there are audiences who listen at that level. They're not listening to say that this guy has a fantastic technique or fantastic sound—they're really getting the message of the music. When that happens, the ritual of concert-giving is at its highest. And a composer's ideas from two hundred years ago find absolute contact in their purest form with people living now. That's quite amazing."

NO document brings one closer to the inner experience of a composer than the Heiligenstadt Testament, which Beethoven wrote when he was thirty-one, and which was found among his papers after his death. It reads, in part:

> O my fellow men, who consider me, or describe me as, unfriendly, peevish or even misanthropic, how greatly do you wrong me. For you do not know the secret reason why I appear to you to be so. Ever since my childhood my heart and soul have been imbued with the tender feeling of goodwill; and I have always been ready to perform even great actions. But just think, for the last six years I have been afflicted with an incurable complaint which has been made worse by incompetent doctors. From year to year my hopes of being cured have gradually been shattered and finally I have been forced to accept the prospect of a *permanent infirmity* (the curing of which may perhaps take years or may even prove to be impossible). Though endowed with a passionate and lively temperament and even fond of the distractions offered by society I was soon obliged to seclude myself and live in solitude. If at times I decided just to ignore my infirmity, alas! how cruelly was I then driven back by the intensified sad experience of my poor hearing. Yet I could not bring myself to say to people: "Speak up, shout, for I am deaf." . . . How humiliated I have felt if somebody standing beside me heard the sound of a flute in the distance and *I heard nothing*, or if somebody heard *a shepherd sing* and again I heard nothing—Such experiences almost made me despair, and I was on the point of putting an end to my life—The only thing that held me back was *my art*. For indeed it seemed to me impossible to leave this world before I had produced all the works that I felt the urge to compose. . . . I hope that I shall persist in my resolve to endure to the end, until it pleases the inexorable Parcae to cut the thread.

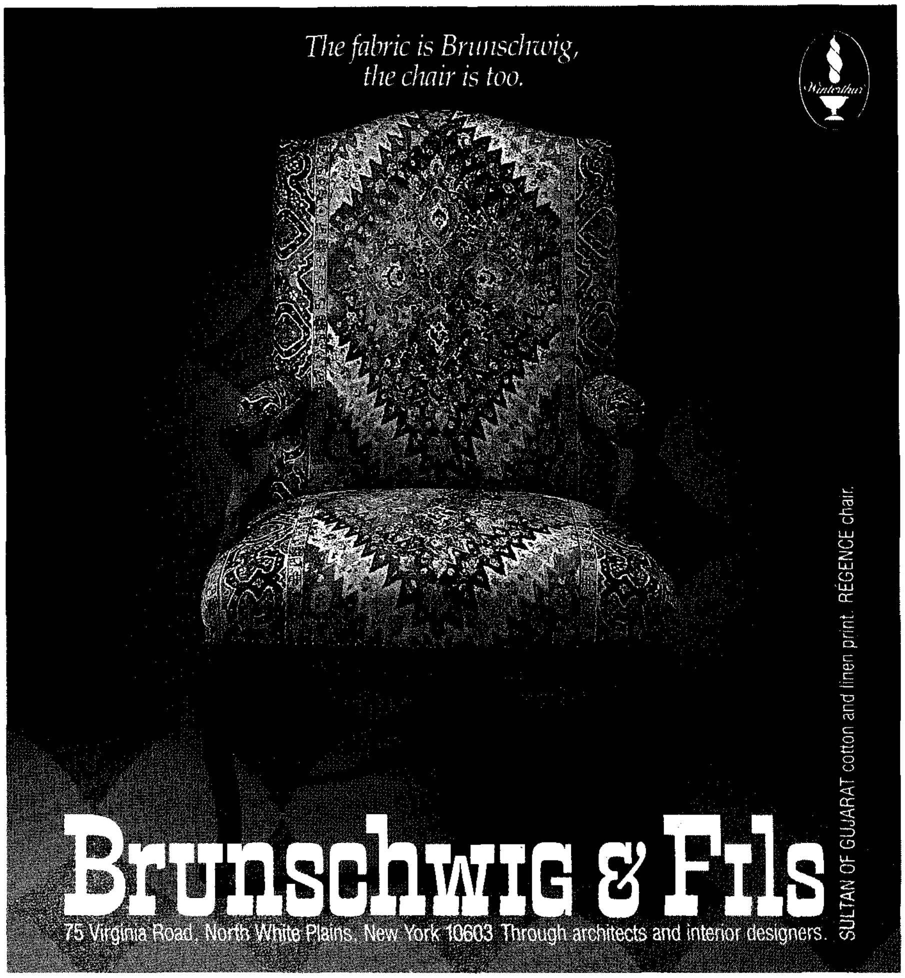
When I discussed this document with Ma, he said, "I had known that Beethoven was a difficult man—impossible in many ways. But reading the Heiligenstadt Testament and his letters brought me close to him. I understood his idealism. Beethoven thought that through his music he could change the world. Today, rock musicians are virtually the only ones who think that. Beethoven believed that there is a soul. Today, most people don't believe that there is a soul. Although he wasn't religious in a traditional sense, Beethoven believed in God. Today, most people don't believe in God. When you perform Beethoven, you have to transform yourself and commit yourself. You have to believe that God exists, that there's a soul, and that you can change the world."

Beethoven's five sonatas for cello and piano were composed over a space of nineteen years, and they trace a spiritual odyssey. "The first two sonatas have a bold design," Ma said. "Long, dramatic first movements are followed by short finales that provide a sense of release. Extremely innovative—and this is only Opus 5. One of the striking features of the Second Sonata is the series of extraordinarily long rests at the end of the introduction. You wonder what the hell is going on. The answer comes in the allegro theme, which grows out of the introduction with a certain dreamlike quality; it has harmonic ambivalence. There's a sense of confusion. For a moment, you feel lost.

"The Fourth Sonata also has a slow introduction. Here, harmonically, the phrases seem suspended; they are yearning, questioning. It took me a while to get into the world of Beethoven's imagination in his late period. I would listen to recordings of Schnabel, Kempff, and Serkin playing the last piano sonatas, and would be struck by many things—for instance, by the trills. These are no ordinary trills; they are searching, reaching out toward the ideal. I also began to see that early Beethoven has a lot to do with late Beethoven. The harmonic daring, the otherworldliness of his late works are to some extent apparent in his earlier works. His striving, as Goethe puts it, moves in a spiral; his evolution builds on his own experience. The musical language of the last two cello sonatas is terse. At one moment, it's turbulent and assertive; then he interjects something that's just heaven, and you get a glimpse of a better world. That's where you find the cinemalike montage. But even when the music is fierce it's not just violent. He's doing more than shaking his fist at destiny; there's nobility, there's heroism within the drama—a sense of exaltation. He has not negated the Heiligenstadt Testament; he's still holding on. The slow movements of both sonatas are intensely introspective. After that, you've earned your freedom. The finales have to do with a divine comedy; they are a celestial play, not in the realm of human endeavor. The gods are sporting among themselves."

Ma paused, and then said, "It may seem irreverent if I compare Beethoven to a great comedian, but they share something in common: superb timing. Beethoven likes to fool you. He'll take your mind in a certain direction by doing something three times, and then he'll suddenly do something else. On occasion, he'll do everything possible to deny you one chord. Wordplay, musical play—they use the same kinds of techniques. Beethoven is a very physical composer; you have to struggle for the interpretation. The notes look easy, but every note has its place. You must have absolute conviction in your musical ideas, and fulfill them to the *n*th degree. You have to concentrate fiercely; to judge the timing, the character, the density of the sound with absolute precision. To get into Beethoven's creative process, the player must almost become the creator himself."

Just as the Beethoven sonatas evolve in expression, so do the six Bach solo suites. And, just as Beethoven strove to overcome the limitations of the piano, Bach explored and expanded the potential of the cello. These works of Bach stand at the pinnacle of the cellist's repertoire. From internal evidence we can surmise that they were conceived not merely as a collection of separate pieces but in a progressive relationship. They become increasingly adventurous in technical complexity, imagination, and intensity. "When I was first given a cello, I began by playing Bach," Ma said. "This music has accompanied me for twenty-nine years, and will continue to do so for as long as I can play. It grows with you and constantly enriches you; you can never do it full justice. Each suite has its own distinc-



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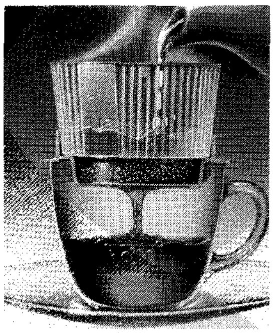

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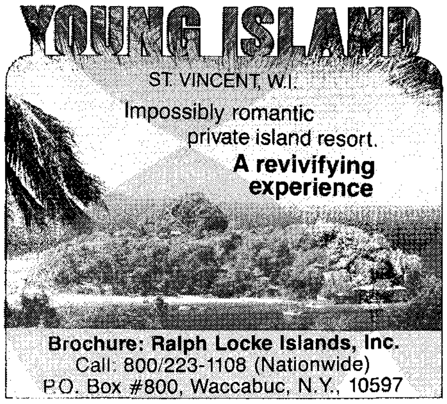

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tive character. The First is the simplest of the set, the most open, the most innocent. I feel that I'm out in nature; the prelude evolves like light becoming stronger. If the First Suite is sunrise, the Second, in D minor, is sombre—defiant. The Third Suite is noble and exuberant; it's so human and accessible that it has become the most popular of all. The prelude of the Fourth Suite is a tremendous leap in imagination. The different lines strive in opposite directions and seem to cover a space far exceeding the actual range of the notes. When I am playing this, I feel that the cello becomes an orchestra or an organ. The Fifth Suite, in C minor, is the big brother of the Second. The music struggles with grandeur and resignation. This is more than sadness. It's the process you go through when you know you have to give up what's most precious; it's the courage, the will to accept what must be endured. In this way, it's the most profound of all the suites. Casals' performance of the saraband from this suite will always stay with me. He captured its simplicity, its complexity, and its depth all at once. It's astonishing how much Bach has conveyed here in just over a hundred notes. The last suite, written for an instrument of five strings, is equally great, but in another way; it is exalted, and celebrates the glory of life. One of the main challenges in playing this music is to do justice to the illusion of polyphony which Bach so miraculously achieves while writing for a single-line instrument. Say that the bass establishes a stepwise progression at the rate of one note per bar. Each bass note may last only a second. You have to play it with sufficient conviction so that it will impinge on the ear of the listener and seem to be connected to the subsequent bass note. Much of Bach's writing is based on this kind of harmonic movement, and if you get it right everything else falls into place. If you only emphasize the more obvious melodic element, everything else falls apart.

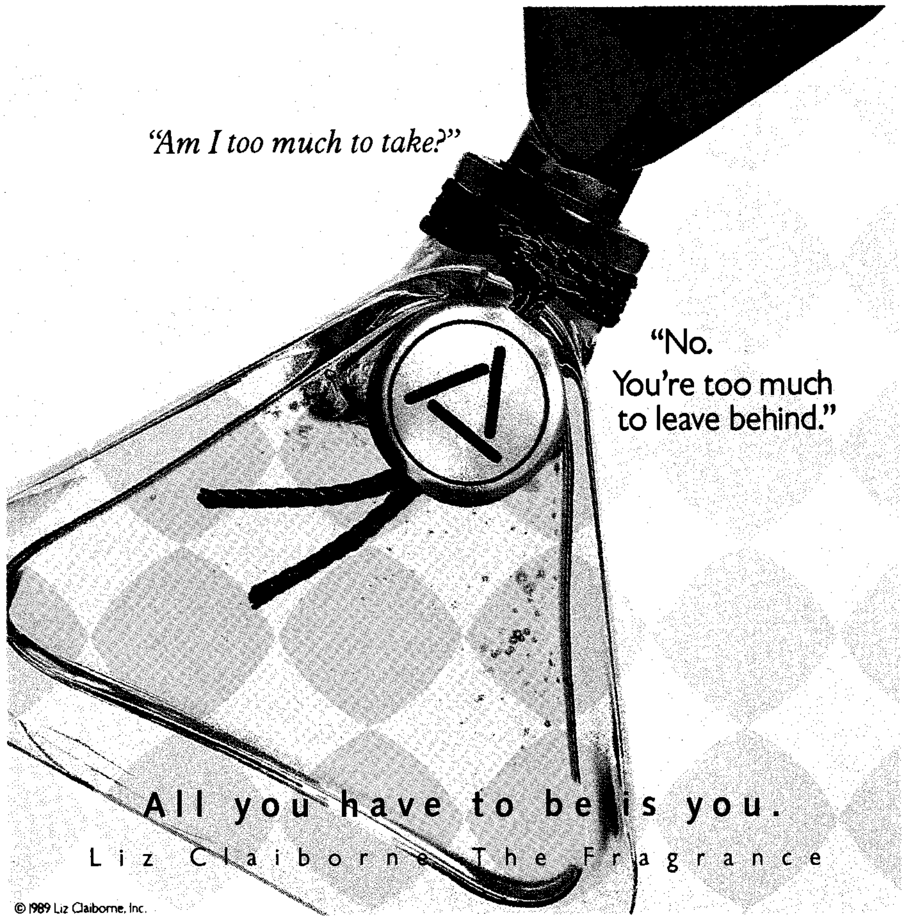
"During the German occupation of Paris, my father lived by himself in a garret. He would memorize violin pieces by Bach and play them in the dark. He eventually advised me to follow his example and play through a Bach suite from memory every night before going to bed. This isn't 'practicing'; it's contemplating. You're alone with your soul. It was a strong image—total concentration, total dedication. Although I can't actually do this now at bedtime, because I give so many concerts, the image remains with me. This helped me understand the continuity of feeling within all music—how all the movements are related and shouldn't be disturbed by tuning or other distractions. I know my greatest joy as a musician when I am playing a concert dedicated exclusively to Bach. Then for a whole evening I'm living in one man's mind—and a great man's mind. That's how I can justify being a performer. One is involved in a process that is larger than oneself."

As a partisan of the Elgar Cello Concerto, and of Ma's performance in particular, I asked for his comments on it. "The Cello Concerto was Elgar's last major piece," he said. "I feel that it tells a story of the past, recounts things that are gone. Some people even find in it a nostalgia at the passing of the pre-First World War era. If the main melody of the first movement is played with a lush tone, it can sound like an awful piece of music. It's poignant and wistful, and should have a somewhat veiled quality. The last movement deals with pomposity. It parodies society; it needs swagger and lilt. Then, in the coda, Elgar suddenly tells us what it's all about: *Vanitas vanitatum;* the illusions of the past are gone. He's now exposing his true feelings. It's the heartbreak in the present time. This is at least my subjective imagery. For me, any interpretation has to become personal—but that's for the enjoyment of anything. If you can't connect to it, it has no value. For instance, it took me some time to get into the First Shostakovich Concerto. The music seemed like not much more than social realism—Workers of the World, Unite! But then I read 'Testimony,' Shostakovich's autobiography as told to Volkov. It tells of the world he came from—of the Stalin era, of friends disappearing, of feeling guilt in being a survivor, of the musical posing that was required, of the compromises one had to make to stay alive. I understood the first movement in a new light. Yes, it's social realism, but viewed ironically. The slow movement exposes the Russian soul that is behind all this; you sense vastness of land, of history. In the finale you're catapulted into a crazed state. It's like an individual who, having been through absolute hell, goes to a carnival where everyone is rushing about madly and telling him, 'Smile, smile, smile.' Now I love playing Shostakovich—the two concertos, the Cello Sonata, the Piano Trio. We have Rostropovich to thank for all of these works."

Ma is set on expanding the cellist's repertoire. He plays a lot of twentieth-century music: Barber, Britten, Walton, Penderecki, Lutoslawski, Kirchner, Carter, Henze, Dutilleux, and also new American works. Ma disavows a holier-than-holy attitude, and has no hesitation in making transcriptions. (Bach set a precedent in this regard.) With considerable daring, he has borrowed Brahms' D-Minor Sonata from the violinists, and he has taken at will from the viola repertoire, the plum of these pickings being Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola.

FOR an artist, too much public adulation can be as risky as too little. Chekhov once commiserated with a friend for having "suffered a success." Ma is one of the few cellists who have been hoisted onto a public pedestal and labelled with the epithet "superstar." He remains remarkably unscathed. "My own goal is simple," Ma said. "I hope that people will want to come to concerts, and that those who already do will continue to be excited by the music they hear. So I try to use in a creative way whatever success I have had. You can build trust with a community if you return to it often enough; you can gradually develop a relationship that deepens over time. Whether you're a jazz, rock, or classical musician, as long as you're absolutely sincere about it the passion transmits itself. Music should be part of everybody's experience. It's not that I'm in favor of 'popularizing' fine art, in the sense of lowering its quality—only that I want it to be accessible without the stigma of social barriers. Classical music shouldn't be reserved for the élitists."

One sometimes reads that So-and-So is the "greatest" performer in a given field. But when it comes to artistic excellence there is no greatest performer, only a great performance, and that can occur unexpectedly. I've seen an English secondary-school production of Farquhar's "The Beaux' Strat-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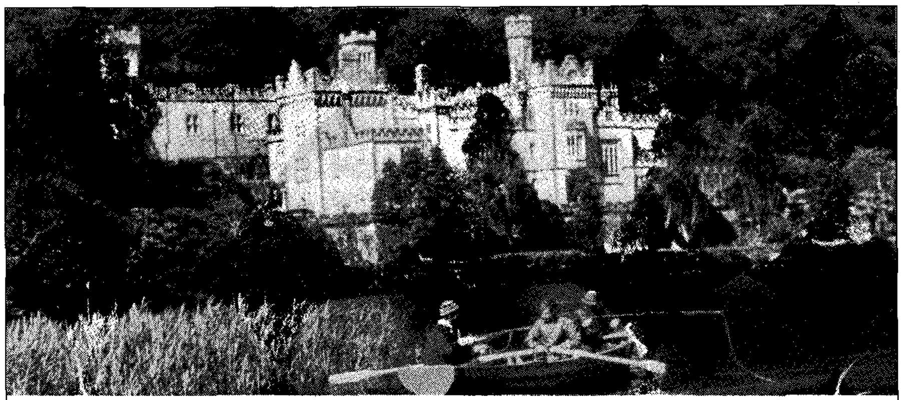

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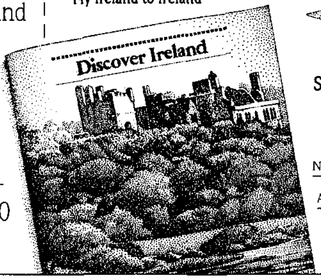

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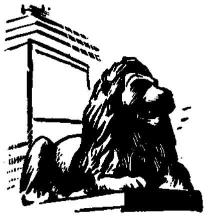
agem" that ran rings around the National Theatre for sheer acting skill and Restoration high spirits. A "great" violinist may possess genuine sensibility and enchanting beauty of tone, but does the enchantment cut through to the essence of the composer? Some of the truest performances—Szigeti playing Bach, Furtwängler conducting Beethoven—distinctly lack the typical superstar's sense of ease and protective sheen. "The concept of superstardom can, in fact, lessen the experience for the listener," Ma told me. "If someone goes to a concert only for the name of the performer, he may be less aware of the music itself, and not trust himself to open up to the real musical experience, on whatever level it may be. The listener should develop a personal relationship to the music. He or she should say, 'I'm going to *react*, no matter what anyone thinks. I may hate it or love it, but the reaction is mine.'



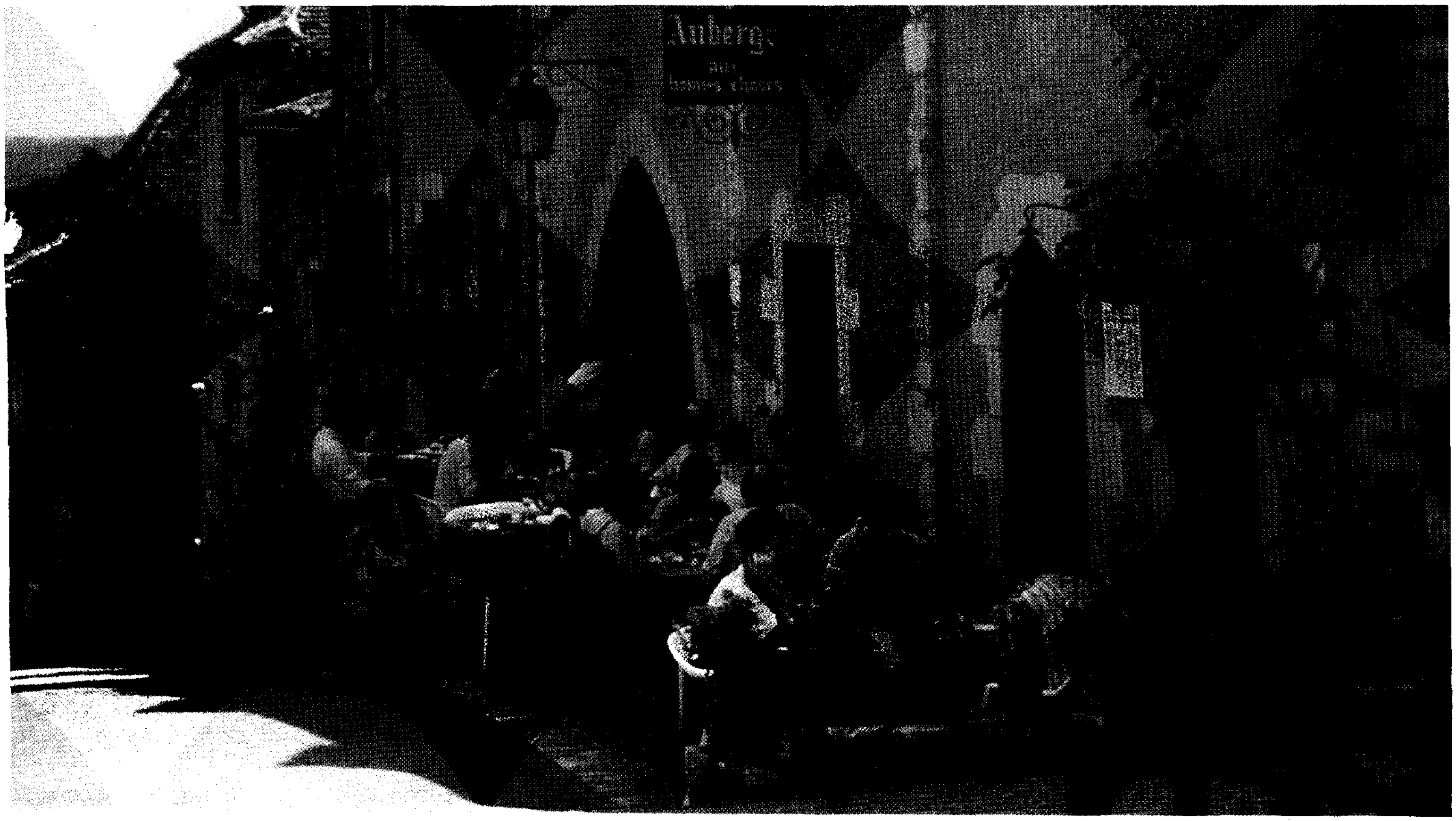
"Sometimes I feel guilty about the degree of success that's come to me. This is a cruel profession. The ones who are out there performing aren't invariably the best musicians, but they have what's called fire in the belly. There are artists who may be more gifted but are more fragile. I wish the system were devised so that there was space enough for everybody. When I give master classes, I discover so many interesting young players. Are they going to have their rightful opportunity to perform, to make their own contributions? I wonder, Who am I to take someone else's place if he or she is deserving? I feel a sense of responsibility. I can't abuse my success; I can't take advantage of the system by doing less work or playing less well. Rather, I have to do more, to care more.

"If anything should put the 'superstar' in his place, it's the fact that an interpreter's fame is ephemeral. Casals, above all, should live on through the centuries; but, sadly, even now many young cellists haven't heard his recordings and don't know what his contribution was. That's going to happen to all of us. Not so long from now people will say, 'What's that name again—Yo-Yo Who?' " Ma is right. How many concertgoers of today know the name of Servais, the most celebrated cello virtuoso of the mid-nineteenth century; of Romberg, who proudly trampled upon the cello part of Beethoven's first Razumovsky Quartet; or of Duport, who elicited from Voltaire the comment "Monsieur, you make me believe in miracles: you've turned an ox into a nightingale!" Ma says, "The main thing is that the composers will live on. And they can only do so through the interpreter and the listener at a given moment. *That* becomes the value of my point in time.

"What I like about my profession is that it's the most important thing you can do and at the same time it's not at all important. Of course, when you're involved with your chosen activity you have to feel that what you're doing makes a difference. Yet it would be terrible if you couldn't switch off, and began to think, Worship me, I'm Bach's chosen representative. That would be ludicrous. One has to be like an actor in the best sense. He lives the part every evening; afterward, he returns to his normal life. It's insufferable to be with people who take themselves seriously all the time. Nobody is that important. I used to get nervous when I played in certain cities—particularly Salzburg, New York, and London. But I've now learned to treat the 'important' concerts no differently from any other. I have to accept that I played in a certain way in 1978, say, and perhaps in a different way in 1988. You can't suddenly play better just because you say that you want to, or by desperately practicing for another few hours. What you can do is care about your performance *every* time you play, so that when you return a year later you're in a general sense a better musician. I've learned to treat performing as a natural process, like breathing and eating."

Concerto playing is, of course, only one part of Ma's musical activity. For him, a fulfilled life as a cellist means finding a balance between solo playing, recitals with piano, chamber music, and teaching. "I used to devote my summers, in Marlboro, to chamber music and my winters to solo playing," he said. "At first, I found this terribly confusing. I thought there was a real difference between playing chamber music and playing concertos. As a soloist, I wanted to be sure that my tone would carry to the last row, and I'd usually end up playing quite loud-

"A world that seems to be working right for a change."



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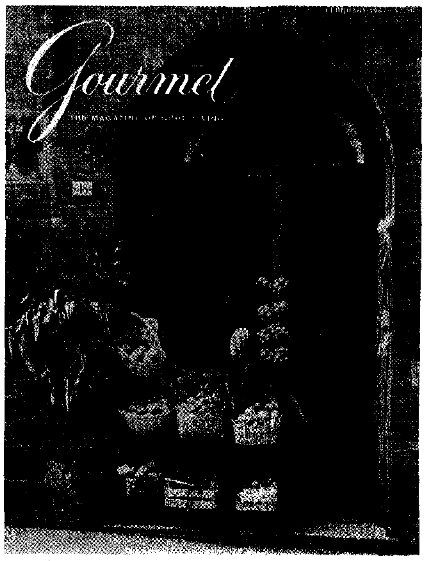

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ly. But when I started to sneak a tape recorder into the back of the hall I became conscious that my problems were really questions of articulation and of focus—quality—of sound. The more you learn about projection, the more you gain confidence that you needn't overdo the volume. Eventually, you develop a kind of third ear; you hear your playing as if you were outside yourself. When you're a soloist with an orchestra, you think you have to go great guns all the time. That's not true. Often you may be playing with only a couple of wind instruments. In chamber music as well, you have to know when to project and when to blend into the texture. The more aware I became of what's in the score, the more the differences between solo and chamber-music playing diminished. When I play a concerto, I try to listen to the orchestra part as carefully as I listen to my own. Then you're playing everybody's part. But it's everybody's job to play everybody's part. In some exceptional orchestras, this is understood. Sometimes I'll join the orchestra for the second half of the concert, sitting at the back of the cello section. To do this with a great orchestra—the Cleveland, the Chicago, the Philadelphia—is a fascinating experience, because these orchestras are truly playing chamber music."

Patricia Zander says, "As with other great artists, Yo-Yo can be simultaneously aware at many levels: of the note he's playing, of the note within the phrase, of his partner or of the conductor, of the orchestra, of the acoustics, of the sensibility of the audience. I know how aware he is because if, while performing with him, I make a small error—I miss a beat, say—he's right there and, as it were, makes the error with me. His reflexes are remarkable, especially considering that he's often playing from memory."

MA met Emanuel Ax at Marlboro in 1973, and they became good friends. They began to perform together in 1979, and their duo has turned into a lasting partnership. Their rehearsals are revelatory but also relaxed, with plenty of amusing banter. There is much spontaneity, but also a framework. Both come to rehearsals prepared with mental notes they have taken of points of dissatisfaction in their last performance of the work in question; there are certain goals to be agreed upon and aimed at. They give close attention to the balance of inner voices, and question aspects of interpretation as though for the first time. They approach the score with fidelity to the letter as well as to the spirit. Minor discrepancies in Beethoven's way of notating similar passages may be mere oversights; yet these are in the hand of the Master and to be observed scrupulously. A deep mutual respect allows Ma and Ax to take a risk that few musicians' egos could withstand: they cross over into each other's instrumental province. Ma will comment on the nuances of a solo-piano variation; Ax will suggest a more floating tone quality when the cello takes over the melody. They listen to each other caringly, almost maternally. "Manny is a very honest, truthful companion," Ma said to me. "He'll tell me, 'Look, Yo-Yo, this is just not good enough.' "

"When we began working together, the biggest problem was finding a common language," Ax says. "We both love to expound at length and to use imagery. So if one of us suggested a 'sunrise,' we had to learn to define what we meant in precise musical terms. Sometimes chamber music can be a kind of polite quadrille where one person says, 'I'll give you liberty here if you'll give me liberty there.' That's of no interest to us. If I ask to take more time, Yo-Yo won't just say, 'O.K., I'll give you more time.' He'll do everything in his power to understand why I want it. Of course, I'll reciprocate in the same spirit."

Both feel that they've grown as a result of their partnership. "Manny has a very solid sense of rhythm; that helps me enormously," Ma said. "His musical culture is much broader than mine, in the sense that he has a vast knowledge of the whole repertoire, including opera. Over the years, I've learned from his seriousness of purpose. He believes that if you're going to play a great piece of music you owe that work serious preparation on the day of performance, even if you've played it two hundred times. This can be done in any way—practicing, thinking, looking over the score—but you have to spend time in that world."

"We always assume that a performer either has it or doesn't have it," Ax says. "But I've learned from Yo-Yo that there are things you can study about performing, just as there are things you can study about harmony.

You're relating to the audience from the moment you step onstage; you're not there in the abstract. There may be features in the music that, although they are apparent and dear to you, are not actually getting across to the audience. You have to learn how to heighten the expression to just that point where those ideas communicate. You give up something important if you say to yourself that an audience is distracted and you don't care. Because of my work with Yo-Yo, I generally feel more liberated onstage. He's able to turn the nervous tension of a performance into something very positive—into an extra kind of freedom."

Ma and Ax are frequently joined by Young Uck Kim to play piano trios. "We three are completely different, but somehow our music-making truly comes together," Ma said. And it is a special moment for Ma when he can perform with Isaac Stern. "I've known him since I was a child, and now I'm close to his children," Ma told me. "When I was young, he took me under his wing and helped me when basically there was no need for another cellist. I have to try to rise to the level of matching his purity of intention for each note. He has a breadth of conception, where—if we talk of detail versus structure—the detail is so large because the structure is so much larger. When we travel together, he sometimes shares his early memories, as Rubinstein did, and you have a link with a past culture. Even though Manny and I kid him, we treat him with a lot of respect; he's Mr. Stern to us."

Ma enjoys teaching. Wherever he travels, he is willing, when time permits, to give a master class. Many musicians are intolerant of technical or interpretative approaches other than their own. Ma feels otherwise. "I'm the listener who wants to be pleased, and I can be pleased in many ways," he said. "There are as many ways to play the cello as there are different bodies, hands, and minds. But certain components have to be there. If I feel uncomfortable or if I'm bored, I'll let the student know. It's not my view versus someone else's view; it's whether the other view is convincing. I know that the student can find a lesson terrifying. You're playing a piece for someone who's taking it apart, and you have to try to put it back together without sufficient distance and time. This basic process, however, is what performance

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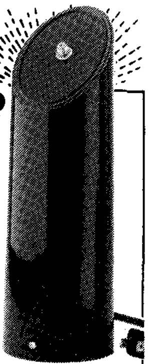

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is made of. A performance is like a sandcastle, which has to be built anew every time. The idea of a 'definitive' interpretation is stupid. All performers know the truth that if you are able to give an exceptionally good performance one night you may not be able to do the same thing the next night. The magic moments are never going to be the same. All you can do is store away the previous performance somewhere in your mind, and rethink the piece in the hope that you can play it well again, even if in a different way." Ma never puts any markings in his music—not a single indication of bowing or fingering; that is a testament to his sense of spontaneity. He feels no need to buttress his sandcastles against change.

Before Leonard Rose died, in 1984, he expressed the wish that Ma teach his gifted student Matt Haimovitz, who was then only fourteen. Ma has enthusiastically fulfilled that obligation. "The next five years are going to be crucial to the kind of musician, the kind of person Matt wants to be," he said. "He will have to go through the process of discovery. I hope that he will dare to take chances—to try new approaches in interpretation and technique. These are the years when one develops resources to draw upon for the rest of one's life."

MA has been fortunate in that since the age of sixteen he has been able to play in turn on three superb instruments. Two are Venetian: a Goffriller of 1722, which had belonged to Pierre Fournier, and a Montagnana of 1733. The third—a renowned Stradivari of 1712 once owned by the nineteenth-century cellist Davidoff, and more recently by Jacqueline du Pré—has been made available to Ma for his lifetime. He alternates between the Strad and the Montagnana. Charles Beare, the instrument expert, knows these cellos well. "The quality of the Montagnana is very fine, but it's not the ultimate warm, natural cello poetry," he said. "I never thought of Yo-Yo as being anything other than a Strad player. Only a Stradivari could express his range of sensibility. What distinguishes Strads from ordinary great cellos is their warmth of tone quality and immediacy of response. This combination gives the player a vast palette of tone color. Almost before the bow touches the string, the instrument begins to resonate. There are modern instruments that have fine tone quality, but the player's variety of nuance filters out to some extent as the sound travels. The volume remains, but not the quality, whereas the tone of a Strad keeps all its complexity right to the back of the hall."

Ma can't resist an enological comparison. "With wine, you talk about flavor, body, finish, and the subtle balance of various elements," he said. "While in the bottle, it remains highly concentrated; when let out, it interacts with the air, it breathes, it opens up, you savor its bouquet. That's just like a cello tone. The Strad has a tenor quality; it's a Bordeaux, while the Montagnana—big, full, and massive—is a Burgundy. Just as a fine wine leaves a distinctive aftertaste, the Strad leaves a reverberation; its overtones linger for a moment after the bow leaves the string."

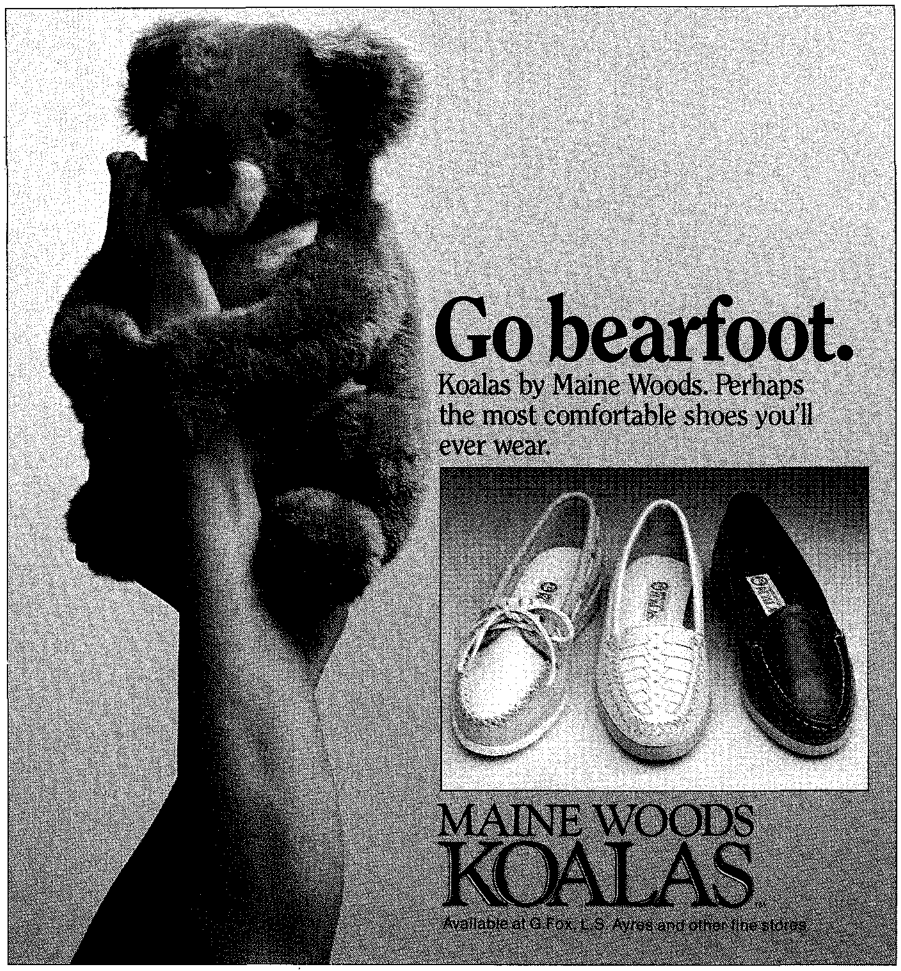
One thing the illustrious Italian stringed-instrument makers didn't have to worry about was air travel—a mode of transport that is becoming increasingly difficult, especially if you play the cello. "I can't risk putting the Strad or the Montagnana in the hold," Ma said. "I'm always told I can't take the cello on board. I then explain patiently that I've paid a full extra fare for the privilege of having it with me. Once, they couldn't find the reservation at all, and, as the plane was full, insisted that the Strad be put in the hold. In desperation, I asked for the flight list and scrutinized it. There it was at last: 'Mr. Cabinba,' short for 'cabin baggage.' When I'm asked, 'Are you going to entertain us on board?,' I say, 'Sure. If you circle for more than forty-five minutes, I'll take requests.' In fact, I've practiced in airports, on trains, on ships, and on the Autobahn when my car broke down—I believe in popularizing art—but not yet in an airplane."

"Travelling with Yo-Yo is such a riot—no holds barred," Patricia Zander says. "Under the duress of travel, I'd sometimes get quite tense. I remember walking down airport corridors, and Yo-Yo making funny noises, trying to embarrass me in order to cheer me up. There were pillow fights in airplanes. We were once in a taxi going to a concert, and shivering with anxiety because the luggage hadn't shown up. But Yo-Yo said, 'Never mind, don't worry; it always makes such a great story afterward.'

He gave that concert in a brown suit."

Charles Beare recently accompanied Ma and Emanuel Ax on one of their American tours. "To say that they're energetic travellers is an understatement," he told me. "After playing a concert in San Francisco, they go to a reception till two in the morning. At half past seven, a car picks us up at the hotel and takes us to the airport. We get to Salt Lake City just before noon. Yo-Yo gives two interviews. After a very quick lunch, he goes with me to a violin-makers' school and sits down with a brand-new cello—unplayed and almost unplayable—and with breathtaking aplomb launches into the Prelude to Bach's Third Suite. Then he pulls out his Strad, shows the students how it differs from the modern instrument, and fields questions for forty minutes. He is utterly informal and approachable. One would never know that he has a 'great name.' Back to the hotel to practice and to snatch a fifteen-minute nap, then to the hall to set the balance and play the concert. After the concert, Yo-Yo and Manny invite me to share a quiet dinner. Tears run down my face—these two are so funny. Yo-Yo is a born storyteller; he mimics with incredible accuracy. We get to bed at half past twelve. The next morning, a flight back to the West Coast: Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, Los Angeles. On a free day, we go up to the Napa Valley and sample the wines. The schedule is a killer, and yet the remarkable thing about Yo-Yo is that each performance is completely fresh. A routine concert would be unthinkable for him. This boils down to the integrity that runs right through his music and his life."

Ma's travels have brought him to China on two occasions, at the invitation of the Ministry of Culture: in 1986, for thirty-six hours, and in 1987, for five days. "These were memorable visits, but hectic," Ma told me. "Extra concerts were added at the last moment. I had to play three concertos in one evening, almost without rehearsal. I met some of my father's colleagues from forty years ago, including three former presidents of the Shanghai Conservatory. The Shanghai Symphony is of fine quality and is well disciplined. They rehearse every day, and managed to do so even during the Cultural Revolution. At the conservatory—which, by the way, manufactures its own instruments—I was made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an honorary professor and gave a master class. I was impressed by the talent and willingness of the students. You sense a vitality in the air. People are ready to do things. That's very exciting. After those five days, it took me a month to decompress."

To what extent does Ma feel himself to be Chinese? "In recent years, I've become increasingly identified with my Chinese origins," he says. "I'm fascinated by Chinese history and the complexities of Chinese culture. I love Chinese art, especially the landscape painting, and want to learn more about it. I understand the Confucian ethic, although I don't abide by it all the time, and I value the traditional Chinese veneration of wisdom and learning. But it's hard for me to say just who or what I am. I'm a person of various influences; sometimes they connect, sometimes they don't."

"WHEN I know that Yo-Yo is coming to perform with the Baltimore Symphony, my first thought is not that I'll have the joy of making music with him, wonderful though that is, but that I'll have the joy of seeing him," David Zinman, the symphony's conductor, said recently. "When I have problems, I call him up and unburden myself. I think he would have made a fine psychiatrist, because he's the ideal listener and always has something perceptive to say—and it's not a cloying sympathy. He's much younger than I am, but he's not a young person; he's an older person. He has always been that way."

Emanuel Ax says, "You know the well-worn saw 'Familiarity breeds contempt.' Yo-Yo is the opposite. With him, familiarity breeds more respect and affection."

"On the personal side, he's incredibly generous," Charles Beare says. "When you go to a restaurant with him, he manages to get his credit card into the manager's hands before anybody else can get through the door. He pays for everything and for absolutely everybody. You have to plan in advance how you're going to outwit him. If he's asked to do a charity concert in Anchorage, Alaska, in February, his instant reaction will be to say, 'Yes, I'll be delighted.' There ought to be a rule against asking him to do this sort of thing."

"Not only does Yo-Yo have abundant good will but it's informed by a

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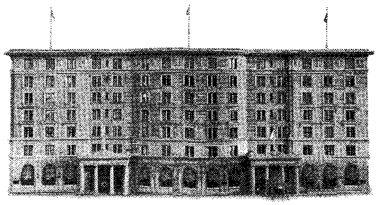

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This March celebrates Bill's 20th year with the gallery. In 1971, he gave a talk to a group of women at the Duxbury Historical Society on American Impressionism. They had never heard of American Impressionism. Bill has spent the last twenty years putting the American Impressionists on the map so that today names like John J. Enneking, Charles Woodbury, John F. Carlson, Gertrude Fiske and Theodore Wendel are all familiar.

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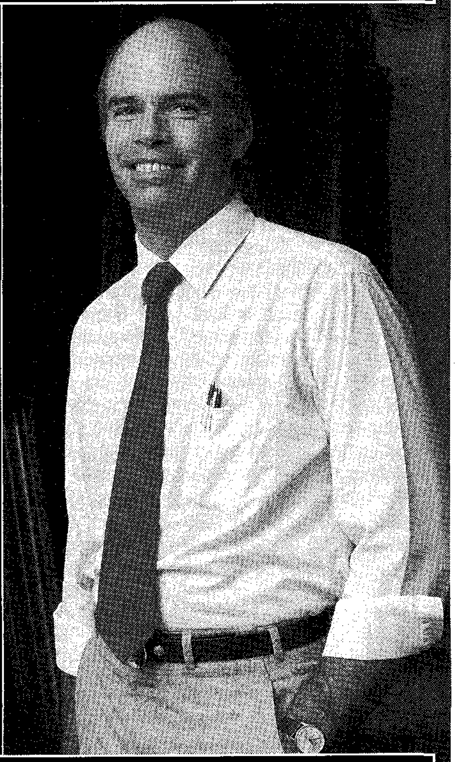

deep sense of relationship," Patricia Zander says. "He has a phenomenal memory for what you've said ten years ago. When we travel, he'll greet someone whom he might not have seen in ages by asking, 'Did your son decide to go to Stanford or Columbia?' His sense of things shared is intensively programmed, and that's one reason people trust him. In an apparently light way, he has an ability to connect. He's always *there* with you."

Ma is now thirty-three. He stands again at a crossroads, one that is more subtle and less appreciated by modern society than the crossroads he faced at seventeen. Given his distinguished career, achieved in such an exceptionally short period of time, one would assume that he could ask for nothing more, and that his problems are solved. But there are still major issues facing him, and he's aware of this. How will he challenge himself? What inner callings must he heed? Are there sacrifices to be made? In the glare of the public spotlight, might he lose the often lonely, often out-of-the-way path that can lead to further development? Isaac Stern has said of him, "Yo-Yo has reached extraordinary heights, but he still has to realize his full potential. He has the greatest success today, but there's more to be looked for. I'm speaking of musical accomplishment over decades. How far he goes depends entirely upon him, and I have enormous faith in his good sense. His potential is limitless."

TO understand Ma's artistry, one must hear him play a major work that challenges the interpreter's power of sustained expression. In Zurich in June of 1988, I heard Ma and Ax in two concerts devoted to Beethoven's complete works for cello and piano. The ensemble fulfilled the players' ideal that "no one follows, but both come together as equal partners in a unified conception." From the first note, these artists set forth unhesitatingly on an audacious journey. They revelled in the composer's gigantic temperament: tempestuous, serene, joyful, painful, vulgar, sublime, strange, and willful—all forged into daring musical architecture, as modern today as when it was conceived. If one considers the cello apart from the music, I have on occasion heard a more beautiful cello sound. But what is the Beethoven sound? Not voluptuous or

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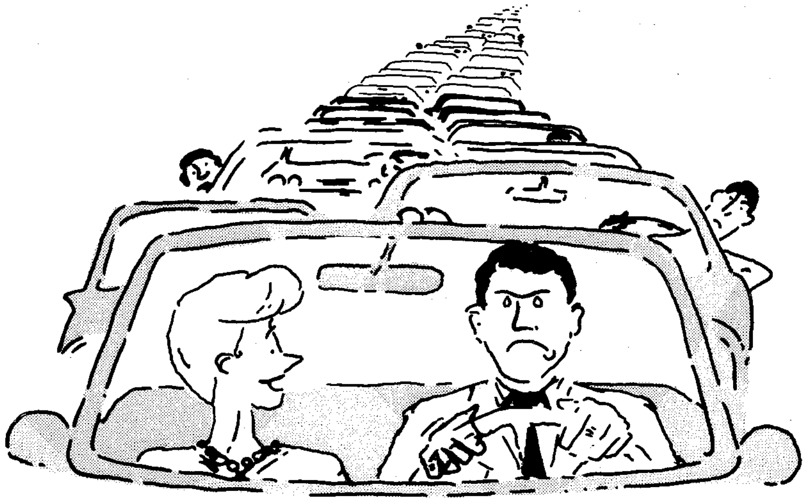

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highly sensual but chaste and noble. Casals had a purity of tone that enabled one, forced one, to focus on the music rather than on the cello. Ma is moving toward a similar goal in his own way, and is willing to sacrifice a too easily obtained beauty for a harder to obtain truth. While listening to these Zurich performances, I was less than ever interested in brilliant instrumental execution or in what is commonly termed "good musicianship"—often used as a euphemism for playing it safe and neutral; least of all was I interested in superstardom. There was only one superstar, and that was Beethoven.

No music is more profoundly human than the slow movement of the last cello sonata. It begins funereally; then it changes to the major key, and a quiet melody, taken up in turn by the piano and the cello, seems to share with us a secret yearning such as that hidden in the postscript to the Heiligenstadt Testament:

> Oh Providence—do but grant me one day *of pure joy*—For so long now the inner echo of real joy has been unknown to me—Oh when—oh when, Almighty God—shall I be able to hear and feel this echo again in the temple of Nature and in contact with humanity—Never?—No!—Oh, that would be too hard.

As Ma and Ax play, this melody embraces them in its gentle folds of purity and devotion. They are eavesdropping on the soul of the composer. Time and space lose their particularity. A spirit, set free from the past, tends us with its power of consolation.

After the concert, Ma and Ax host a dinner party for a few close friends at the Hôtel Baur au Lac. The food, delicious but outrageously expensive, is accompanied by endless jokes, mostly Jewish, some Chinese—all outrageously bad. The dinner ends at one in the morning. In the darkened lobby, Ma embraces everyone in farewell. He must be up at seven to catch a plane to Paris, where Jill, Nicholas, and Emily are awaiting him. There, later in the week, the Beethoven performances will be repeated—not repeated, but renewed.

—David Blum

• •

SUNDAY IN NOVEMBER

And who were they all in your sleep last night
        chattering so
you'd think that when you woke
the living room would be full of friends and ghosts?

But, you see, nobody's here, no one but you
        and the room's nearly bare
except for Paddy's playstring all covered in dust
and a bottle of tinted air.

Pop and Lola, the sullen little clerk from the store,
        and eight or ten more. Now,
which were the dream ones and who did you meet that was real?
You were, for the most part, you.

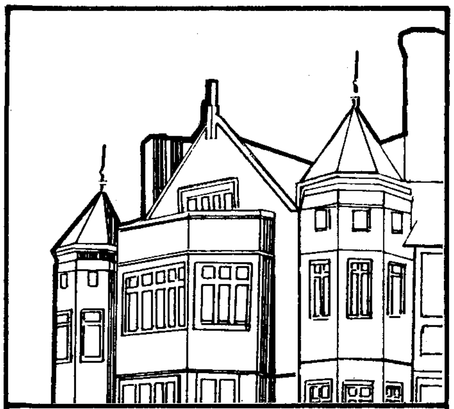
Such a big room: how nice to be alone in it
        with the one lit bulb and dying plant,
the day so large and gray outside,
dogs running through it in circles, buses, shouts.

And later on where will you take her?
        Up to the rock. And what will you see there?
Roofs and the bay. Have you a song to sing her?
The wind will do and she'll think it's me.

But who were they all in your sleep last night,
        first one then the next,
with their menace, wild semaphore, and lusts?
I hardly know where you find the strength

come morning.

—August Kleinzahler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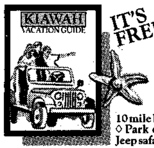

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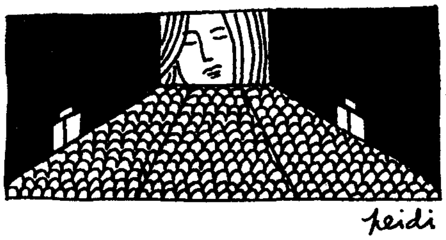
SINCE the beginning of movies, what has made a screen performer a star has usually been that he or she functioned as a dream love object for multitudes of people. There are other kinds of stars, of course, but the glamorous figures have been the lifeblood of the movies. (And possibly American films have been popular around the world because the figures we fetishized travelled so well: they fit right into the amorous longings of many other cultures.)

As a young man, in the nineteen-fifties, the cool jazz trumpeter and singer Chet Baker had the casual deviltry and the "Blame It on My Youth" handsomeness to become a screen idol. He looked like James Dean, with deep-set eyes and a Steve Canyon jaw, and he was slated to appear opposite Natalie Wood in an M-G-M movie based on his own rise to stardom in the West Coast jazz scene. But Baker, who was taking drugs at the age of twenty-four—he later acknowledged that his favorite high was speedballs of heroin and cocaine—was in so much trouble with the police by then that he skipped out to Europe. (Robert Wagner played the jazz-trumpeter role written for Baker; the movie, "All the Fine Young Cannibals," came out in 1960.)

Baker was busted over and over; he served time in Italy, in the United States, and in Britain, and he managed to get himself deported from several countries. He also got beaten up, and on one momentous occasion, in San Francisco in 1968, his teeth were knocked out; it was three years (most of it "on public assistance") before he learned to blow his horn wearing dentures. But with his face caved in he still had his musicianship and his romantic glamour, though in the seventies and eighties it was the glamour of a ravaged dreamboat. In May, 1988, just a few months before "Let's Get Lost," the documentary about him that Bruce Weber was preparing, was first shown, at a European film festival, he died, at age fifty-eight, after a fall from a second-floor window in an Amsterdam hotel near the drug dealers' section of town. His road manager said, "It was a hot night. He was probably just sitting on the windowsill and nodded out. One time too many."

"Let's Get Lost" isn't primarily about Chet Baker the jazz musician; it's about Chet Baker the love object, the fetish. Weber, the photographer who does the advertising spreads for Calvin Klein featuring well-muscled male torsos, has a definite "type." His earlier, 1987 documentary, "Broken Noses," centers on the theme of macho as it's exemplified by a lightweight boxer, Andy Minsker, who coached a club of kids ranging in age from ten to sixteen. But Minsker comes across as a lightweight in too many ways. Whatever Weber was trying to indicate about macho was elusive, and the footage becomes somewhat discomforting when the camera lingers on the little boys' beautiful scrawny chests. Near the start of the film, Minsker is said to look like a young Chet Baker, and he does—he's got the jawline and the build. But he doesn't have Baker's theatrical aura. And when Baker's languorous music—cool but with a pop sweetness—is heard on the track while Minsker and his brother roughhouse, you may feel that Weber is trying to eroticize footage that doesn't really have much kick. My guess is that by the time Weber finished "Broken Noses," and dedicated it to Baker, he'd realized that it was a warmup, and that his real subject was the young trumpeter who had fascinated him since he was sixteen and bought his first Chet Baker record.

Weber proceeded to collect still photographs and film clips from Baker's early days in L.A. with Charlie Parker (in 1952), Gerry Mulligan (1952-53), and others; from TV appearances in the fifties and sixties; and from quickie movies that Baker acted in in Italy and Hollywood. These finds are intermingled with footage of Weber (off camera) hanging out with the older, ruined Baker and interviewing his friends and associates, his mother, his wives and children and lovers. (Sometimes Minsker turns up alongside Baker.) Behind it all is a soundtrack made up of Baker recordings that span more than three decades—the idealized essence of the man. And maybe because Weber, despite his lifelong fixation on this charmer, knew him only as a battered, treacherous wreck, in the two years before his death, "Let's Get Lost" is one of the most suggestive (and unresolved) films ever made. It's about love, but love with few illusions.



Self-destructive beauties like Chet Baker are attractive to us in ways we can't quite pin down. When we see him as he was in the early fifties, on the West Coast, he evokes terms like "Beat," "cool," "dangerous"—all of them tinged with doomy romanticism. And the Santa Monica palm trees, tall against dark skies, are a magical evocation of that smoky era. Weber's visual intuitions are as lyrical and right as Baker's melodic instincts. (I dug through my dusty pile of 45s and found ten Baker records; he doesn't sing on any of them, but you could almost swear you heard the words coming out of his horn.)

You see Chet Baker as a kid who was out for adolescent pleasures: convertibles, pretty girls, booze, drugs. He didn't have to goad himself to master the horn; it came easy to him—he was a natural. He was out for adolescent pleasures all his life. And you see how blank his beauty is and how corrupt he becomes. Weber documents his own obsession with a beauty who had turned into a sunken-eyed death's-head long before he met him. (The film recalls the scene in "Ugetsu" when the artist finds that his dream Lady is an evil wraith.)

The early photographs of the smooth-chested Baker holding his trumpet aren't by Weber, but they have something of the animal magnetism of the expressionless, athletic models in Weber's fashion layouts. Baker's soft voice can be heard on "Imagination [Is Funny]," and he sings in a glossy pastoral scene from an Italian movie, posed among youthful picnickers. In his later years, Baker was given to beating up on women (and he is said to have ratted on his friends to save himself from arrest). All this time, he was singing romantic songs.

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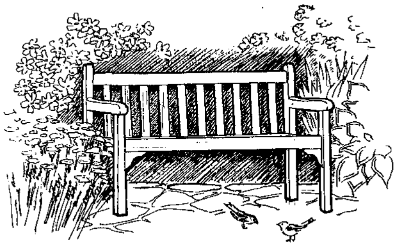

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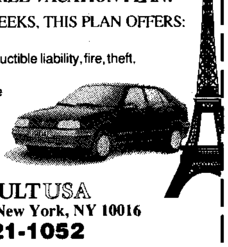

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mistakable whiff of Skid Row con artistry about him, even though he made two hundred thousand dollars his last year. We get to see what drew audiences. He went to the Cannes Film Festival in 1987, when "Broken Noses" was screened there, and his performance at Cannes, singing Elvis Costello's "Almost Blue," is part of "Let's Get Lost." Wrapped in his romantic myth, he was always a jazz crooner—his voice was always small. Now it's a breathy murmur, yet his stoned, introverted tonelessness is oddly sensuous. He sings very slowly, and the effect is dreamy—the impeccable phrasing sounds like something remembered from the deep past (though the song is new). He does what he's been doing for more than thirty-five years, and the crowd is hushed. He's singing a torch song after the flame is gone; he's selling the romance of burnout. (It's a new kind of Dionysian image—not of frenzy but of oblivion.)

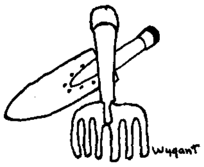
Weber included some rather undistinguished color sequences in "Broken Noses"; this time, working again with the cinematographer Jeff Preiss, in 16 mm., he sticks to black-and-white, and it's reticent yet expressive, impassioned. The film has its lapses, though. At one point, we hear Baker singing on the track while we see him, haggard and sinister (like a Jack Palance villain), in the Santa Monica sunshine bumping carnival cars. The scene is reminiscent of student films, and it sticks out, because Baker isn't being fetishized here—just pointlessly photographed. Toward the end, Weber throws in a collage of celebrities at Cannes (past and present) which doesn't belong here. It's padding, and it wrecks the organization of the last half hour. (At two hours, the film is slightly long.)

There are also lapses in moral judgment: badgering the women being interviewed, and setting them against each other. When the singer Ruth Young, who's from a show-biz family, is questioned about her relationship with Baker, she's delighted to perform for the camera, and she's lively, witty, and tough. (When she sings, it's clear that she modelled her style on Baker's.) But Carol, the Englishwoman who's the mother of three of his children, isn't part of show biz, and she feels awkward when she's asked similar questions. She doesn't want to bitch about her children's father, and she doesn't want to offend Baker's mother. (So she blames Ruth for everything that's gone wrong.) When Carol and also Baker's mother make it clear that they don't want to talk about certain matters, Weber keeps the camera on them while they plead for privacy. Is there perhaps an element of hostility in the way he presses the women? It's obvious that Baker has been hell on those close to him—why pry and compound their pain? Weber is an artist when he directs so that the imagery appears to be one with Baker's music. When he becomes more aggressive (and more petty), as he does with the women, the sequences are just skillful boorish cinéma vérité.

Weber spent his own money on "Let's Get Lost" (over a million dollars), and, of all movies made for obsessive reasons, this is one of the most naked. It's naked even in the way that this man in thrall to his "type" shows no bond of sympathy with the women who are similarly in thrall. Maybe it took a photographer-director to aestheticize his fetish to such a degree that it's impossible here to separate Chet Baker the scrupulously observed subject from Chet Baker the erotic dream. "Let's Get Lost" is shamelessly true to the (perhaps universal) experience of infatuation.

"FIELD OF DREAMS" is a crock—a kinder, gentler crock. If the Reagan era was Eisenhower II, this picture could be construed as the opening salute of the Bush era: Eisenhower III. (Baby boomers talk counterculture and vote conservative.) As a rebellious teen-ager of the sixties, the hero, Ray (Kevin Costner), rejected his father's outlook and the absorption in baseball they had shared. (His father was a minor-league player.) Now Ray is a New Age farmer in Iowa, with a hip, loving wife (Amy Madigan), whom he met at Berkeley, and a bright little daughter (Gaby Hoffman). But he can't get over the way he treated his father, who's dead. Walking among the cornstalks, Ray hears the whispered command to build a baseball field. When he does it, mowing down the corn and sinking the last of the family's money into lights for night games, the spirits of Shoeless Joe Jackson (Ray Liotta) and the other White Sox who were barred from baseball for life after the 1919 World Series scandal arrive and play on the field. Eventually, Ray and his father get their second chance, too, but not until after he has a mystical encounter with James Earl Jones as a reclusive writer who's sacred to the sixties generation (in the 1982 book "Shoeless Joe," by W. P. Kinsella, the writer is J. D. Salinger), and also a mystical encounter with Burt Lancaster as Doc Graham, who played one inning for the New York Giants.

At some level, the writer-director, Phil Alden Robinson, must have really believed in this material and felt he had to make the movie. He may be treating people as if their brains were mush, but he'd just about have to be sincere to work so methodically, putting each new miracle in its narrative slot. It's not difficult to imagine moviemakers setting out cynically to make "It's a Wonderful Life" on the baseball field, but the result wouldn't be likely to have this (perfectly appropriate) stiff, pictorial cinematography or this just-one-miracle-after-another feeling. And it probably wouldn't have this doggerel emotion, these corn-fed epiphanies.



All the clumsy elements go together, and they give the movie a kind of authenticity that puts a strain on a viewer; you may feel like a pariah if you're not moved. After all, Ray's Berkeley-trained wife gets to make a riled-up speech against book burning, and Ray gets to bring his father back and make him happy—gets to make peace with himself. (And you can hear the sobs of people in the audience who haven't been so lucky. Or are these just the usual weepers?) That the film is sincere doesn't mean it's not manipulative; it so desperately wants to be liked that it's manipulative with a clear conscience.

Ray runs around the country (and into the past) carrying out the orders of the Great Whisperer in the sky. He doesn't give any thought to the farm, though it's about to be lost and he and his family ruined. Brainless Ray doesn't have to do much of anything except smile at Shoeless Joe and crinkle his shiny eyes. He's like a flower child who thinks that if you remain a child you'll wind up as William Blake. And that's the point of view of the picture.

The wonderfully hard-edged, bittersweet Amy Madigan does quick, amused line readings, and in the early scenes she and Costner spark each other. He's a first-rate romantic actor, and though for the rest of the movie he's playing an earnest, visionary boob, he does it with conviction. He's James Stewart (who is seen in "Harvey" on the farmhouse TV) and Gary Cooper in their Frank Capra roles; this is the kind of American-hero acting in which only good thoughts enter the hero's mind and moonlight bounces off his teeth. The other stars lend the film their personalities but are misused. James Earl Jones is made such a hearty great writer that his every moment seems fraudulent. And Lancaster is given fourth-rate lines and presented as a noble old man. With that tender, gravelly voice of his, which echoes through our moviegoing lives, and his cloudy eyes, he doesn't need to have the audience's responses programmed.

This whimsical fantasy isn't just removed from all reality; it's removed from its own subject matter. The great baseball players from the past are simply out there in the mowed-down cornfield doing something or other; there's no competitive excitement in it, and no rhythmic beauty. Are Robinson and his producers so afraid of the supposed box-office curse on baseball movies that they don't want to risk bringing baseball into the foreground? We never get to feel for ourselves what it was that made Shoeless Joe and the others love the game so much they had to come back from the grave to play it. We never get to feel what Ray's father could express while tossing a baseball to his son that he couldn't express any other way. The kick of the game is missing.

Maybe that's because baseball here is a metaphor for the "old" American values—conformist values. Asked if there is a Heaven, the spirit of Ray's father replies, "It's the place dreams come true." Ray looks at the farmhouse and his wife and child, and says, "Maybe this is Heaven." And the music soars as Ray and his father play catch—the communion Ray had refused as a teen-ager. Is the movie saying no more than that if you challenge your parents' values you may regret it later? Not exactly, because the religioso context gives Ray's spiritual distress a cautionary impact. The movie is pretty close to saying: Don't challenge your parents' values, because if you do you'll be sorry. It's saying: Play ball.

—Pauline Kael

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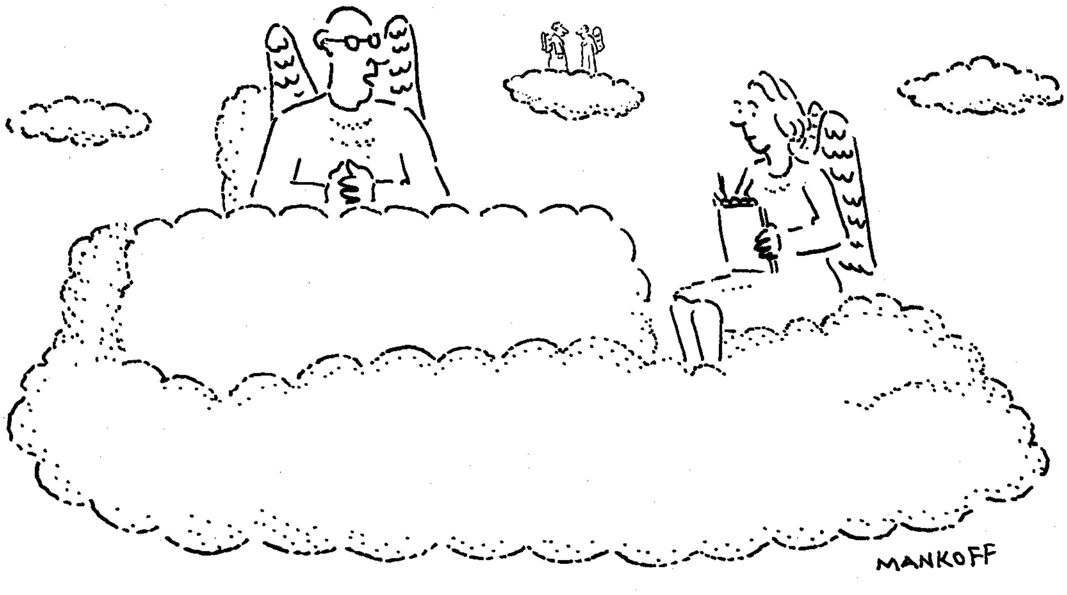
DANCING

Sun and Shade

IN 1987, after he had worked on it for six years, Paul Taylor published his autobiography, "Private Domain." It was a highly professional job, like all Taylor productions, and gratifying in many respects. Without exactly explaining the phenomenon of Paul Taylor, it told us much about his interior life and about some of the external circumstances that may have affected the direction of his work. But to anyone who knows that work there was a certain discomfort with the book's level of talk. Some choreographers who regularly publish their writings—Agnes de Mille, Murray Louis—flourish their critical opinions. Taylor submerged his. As a writer, he was more of a novelist; his main energies went into the construction of scenes and conversations, into character sketches and tart, keep-it-lively descriptions. He handled the introspective stuff less well and made only the most dutiful connections between his life and work. He doesn't really know why he became a dancer, he says, but he recalls having a "flash" as he was devising nonvocal dialogue for a puppet theatre he was given as a boy. Jiggling the strings of his marionettes would produce an agitation that he thinks may have paved the way for the unbearable spasms that shake his dancers in "Last Look." (As if this weren't prosaic enough, Taylor refers to "Last Look" as "a dance of alienation.") More striking is the thrill he tells us he felt whenever he raised the puppet theatre's cardboard curtain: "The expectance was like that felt on picturing the future of some exotic flower's bud before full bloom exposes it to the realities of aphids." No one but Taylor could have written that frighteningly extended sentence. Just as it is Taylor's hand that jiggles the marionettes' strings, it is Taylor's eye that sees flowers blooming only to be devastated by aphids.

Well do we know the workings of that eye: "Private Domain" (the dance), "Big Bertha," "Dust," "Nightshade," "Last Look," and now "Speaking in Tongues," the latest addition to the catalogue, encompass terrors that no other choreographer has set before us. Taylor's book, a mixture of conscious art and offhand revelation, is a tricky thing to negotiate. What one takes away from it is the impressions Taylor worked to convey—the dog's life he endured in twenty years of touring, the time he nearly froze to death on the street after a glamorous opening night, the ordeal he underwent as his dancing career came to an end. It wasn't until I read the book a second time that I noticed that Edgewater Beach, the Maryland community where he summered as a child, is divided into two sections, Sunnyside and Shadyside. The author tells us this in passing, but mightn't the same be said of his sensibility? The black works that I've cited are balanced by innumerable bright and buoyant pieces, mostly set to Baroque music. And between the brightest and the blackest comes the whole range of middle Taylor, in which sun and shade are mixed in unpredictable amounts. Even at the black end of the scale, Taylor is sometimes able, as in "Big Bertha," to show us the whole flower before it is ravaged by aphids. Rarely—"Last Look" is the greater for being so exceptional a vision—does he show us no bloom at all.

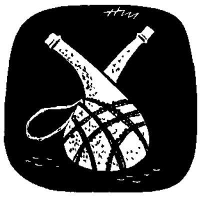
"SPEAKING IN TONGUES," which is now having its first New York showing, at the City Center, is also an exception to the run of Taylor's work, but not in the way you might think. When I heard that Taylor had made an hour-long piece about Jimmy Swaggart, I thought, Uh-oh, Taylor must have something up his sleeve. Religion, bodied forth in symbols or cloaked in movement metaphors, is a subject he has explored before, often satirically. But Taylor has never been flippant about religion, and the peculiar dualism of his moral imagination seemed more than accommodating to Swaggart and his troubles. It is a question whether his musical imagination was stimulated by Matthew Patton's tape score. A young composer previously unknown to Taylor, Patton blended sonics and instruments in a sleekly impressionistic style that sounds to me like high-grade movie music. Chords burst and drift, prepared pianos plunk out hymn tunes, a shimmering haze of evocation envelops each of the score's eleven episodes. The titles for these episodes—"Loomings," "In December," "Book of Wishing"—appear not to have played a part in Taylor's calculations, but a prominent feature of the score is the half-audible voice of Swaggart rising out of the sonic mists together with crowd noise and applause. He repeats a sentence that we never hear distinctly, and that wouldn't make sense if we could hear it: "Their blood will I require at your hands." In similarly cryptic fashion, Santo



"*Posthumously yours.*"

Loquasto has designed a backcloth of horizontal yellow planks densely hand-lettered with what seem to be Biblical slogans or quotes from Swaggart's speeches. They aren't there to be read, and anyway you can't read them and watch the dancing at the same time.

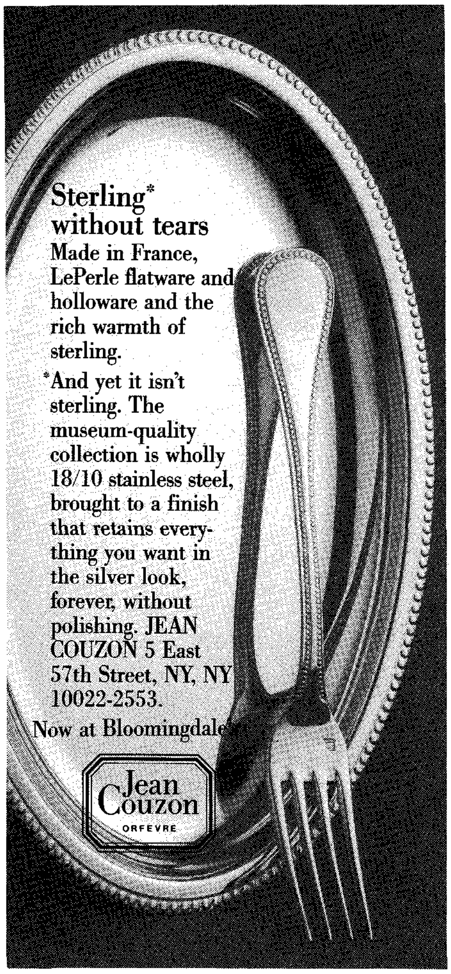
All this is meant, I think, to suggest an abiding but not awesome mystery—a kind of senselessness that passeth understanding. And Taylor's choreography can't be said to probe too deeply into the murk. Although in his book Taylor professes to have no interest in religion, in his art he has expressed a theological world view. The sense in which I apply the word "dualism" to his work is the theological sense: the theory of good and evil existing as equal forces in the world. "Speaking in Tongues" offers us the usual Taylor compound of light and dark—the Man of the Cloth, who is at the center of things, is neither hero nor villain—but it's the darkness at the heart of the ballet's conception that is the real mystery here. The piece doesn't penetrate because it is too literally conceived as a study of a man and his congregation.



Taylor, a genius of figurative compression, has here all but abandoned metaphor and gone in for a newfangled expressionism that fills the stage with recognizable character types. The trouble is, they *stay* types. Since Taylor forswears his usual poetic concision for this new-old mode, we expect him to develop depth by means of dramaturgy, and he doesn't really do that. It's as if he had entered the world of Eugene O'Neill and then cautiously backed out. The preacher divided against himself, the confused flock with depraved or disturbed members and one bright angel who succors them all—the subject may be right for expressionistic treatment, but by Taylor? "Speaking in Tongues" sounds platitudinous as I describe it, and, coming from this complex and inscrutable poet, this maestro of the infernal, it *is* platitudinous. I feel about it the way I feel whenever Ted Koppel takes up TV evangelism on "Nightline." Not that Koppel's reporting isn't shrewd and sagacious. But it's easy for him to be shrewd and sagacious on this subject, and it's easy for Paul Taylor to get theatrical effects out of the same subject. Could Taylor be consciously working in the "writerly" mode in which he produced his book? Would I believe "Speaking in Tongues" if it had some such subtitle as "A Choreographer's Notebook"? I would if I thought that Taylor habitually choreographed by refining raw material to arrive at a statement, as Martha Graham appears to have done. (Graham did keep written notebooks and published a selection in 1973.) As a statement, though, "Speaking in Tongues" flounders. Taylor hasn't managed, over the long haul (the piece actually runs fifty-two minutes), to pull the clichés inside out. Length and repetition and insistent variation don't work for him as those same strategies could work for O'Neill—to transfigure the material and irradiate it with meaning.

Taylor keeps shifting the scenes, and even the action within the scenes, without regard for causality. Early on, we see a young man suddenly appear where the preacher was standing in the midst of the parishioners. (This is done magically, as in "Runes.") The preacher seems to have the man under a spell. Then a young woman appears and dances with the man while the preacher holds a commanding pose off to the side. We expect to see the effect of his influence, but the duet is bland and playful. When it is over, the preacher reclaims the man and they exit together, and we never see them together again or see any more of this "story." Later, a black man is tormented by the others while the preacher stands impassive on a chair. The black man runs to him; the preacher's gesture is some kind of fatuous blessing. Next, the lights come up, and everybody—preacher, victim, tormentors—dances a jig of jubilation. It is all without irony: make of it what you will. Most perplexing is Taylor's decision to split one role—that of a young girl who is attracted to the black and is chastised violently by her mother—between two dancers. Mary Cochran plays the daughter and Kate Johnson the daughter grown up—this according to the program. But there's no visible connection between the two women.

Of course, Taylor isn't really telling stories. He's building his own kind of illogically logical narrative sequence, one that comes full circle, ending as it began, with a barn dance that tells us nothing, after which each member of the cast lies flat on the floor under a



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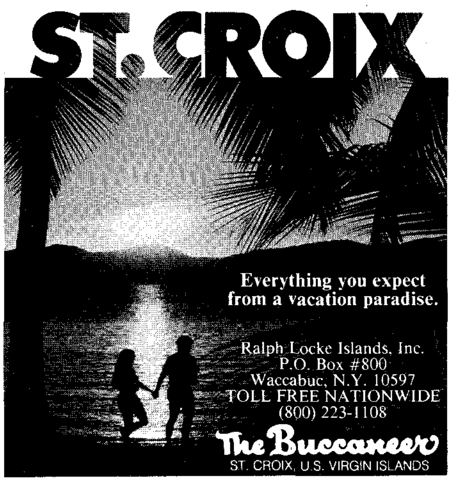

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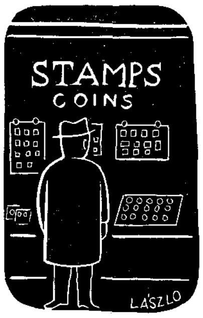
folded chair, which tells us nothing but that in the end we die. Because Taylor is working here with incidents and "significant" movement in place of images, his deliberate skirting of issues that crop up in the course of the piece strikes us as an evasion, and his use of violence is upsetting in the wrong way. I was stunned to see Karla Wolfangle yank Mary Cochran around, and the semi-stylized rape of Linda Kent by Joao Mauricio was another shock. That Taylor, of all choreographers, should be settling for graphic depictions! The enormities he can imagine are a thousand times more awful to contemplate than the ones he can report. In the same way, he can commit non sequiturs all over the place because of the brilliant subterranean sense his figurative patterns make. But "Speaking in Tongues" is a nonfigurative drama—the first such I've known him to attempt—and it has nothing going for it underneath. It's an experiment that Taylor has had to suppress his daemon to make.



The Taylor company has a lot of new or newish male dancers this season, and until the men break all the way in, the women are having to carry most of the dancing. They're doing beautifully. Johnson, Cochran, and Cathy McCann, who give glowingly faithful performances in "Speaking in Tongues," also appear just before it in "Brandenburgs," a Bach ballet new last year. Both times I saw the piece, it seemed that none of the three had ever danced better in her life. Each of them is a muse to Christopher Gillis's Apollo ("Brandenburgs" is a Taylor variation on the theme of Balanchine's "Apollo"), and McCann, in particular, established herself as a fount of fresh and easy lyricism—something she has no opportunity to do as the bright angel in "Speaking in Tongues." Apes outnumber and outdance angels in that piece, and normally I would have said that they do so in any Taylor piece. But, watching "Brandenburgs," I began to think of Taylor's Baroque ballets as his view of Heaven. If "Last Look" is a vision of damnation lying at one extreme end of the Taylor spectrum, surely it is "Esplanade" that lies opposite, with its vision of communal joy expressed in dance terms as elementary as those in "Last Look." In "Last Look," people shudder and thrash, minimal souls all, too horribly shrivelled to dance. In "Esplanade," it is the expansive purity of the movement vocabulary that exalts the dancers; they step serenely or run, fall, roll, and slide with all their might. Taylor has reduced movement metaphor to mere locomotion in "Esplanade," bare convulsion in "Last Look," and just these simple things are polar expressions of good and evil.

Gillis and Elie Chaib are now Taylor's only veteran men, and they alternated in the role of the Man of the Cloth—Chaib more or less an ape, Gillis more or less an angel. If I preferred Gillis, it's because his air of innocence driven to desperation allowed for more color in the preacher's makeup. But Chaib's baleful presence was very powerful, especially when he made a sudden entrance through the door in the yellow wall, and the yellow seemed to blacken and char at his appearance. The lighting was by Jennifer Tipton, and the noncommittally simple costumes were by Loquasto.

The other new Taylor work of the season is again a polar opposite. "Minikin Fair" takes place in a kind of dim-bulb Happyland, where everybody does vaudeville stunts that either don't quite come off or aren't funny if they do. It's the feckless follies of "From Sea to Shining Sea" combined with the sophomoric manners of "From Soup to Nuts," a comic number Taylor made some seasons back that has since disappeared. The odd thing about these pieces is that the audience persists in finding them hilarious, which is, I guess, why Taylor keeps making them. But being funny about not being funny is what I think he originally had in mind, and he accomplished it only in "From Sea to Shining Sea." Like "From Soup to Nuts," "Minikin Fair" is a just plain unfunny funny piece, full of wheezy jokes and borrowed shtick (you'll know from where), and despite the audience's indulgence the dancers seemed uneasy. Some punched up the gags, some tried to rise above it. Only Raegan Wood understood that the embarrassment under the forced jollity could be funny, and she played it and it was.

—Arlene Croce

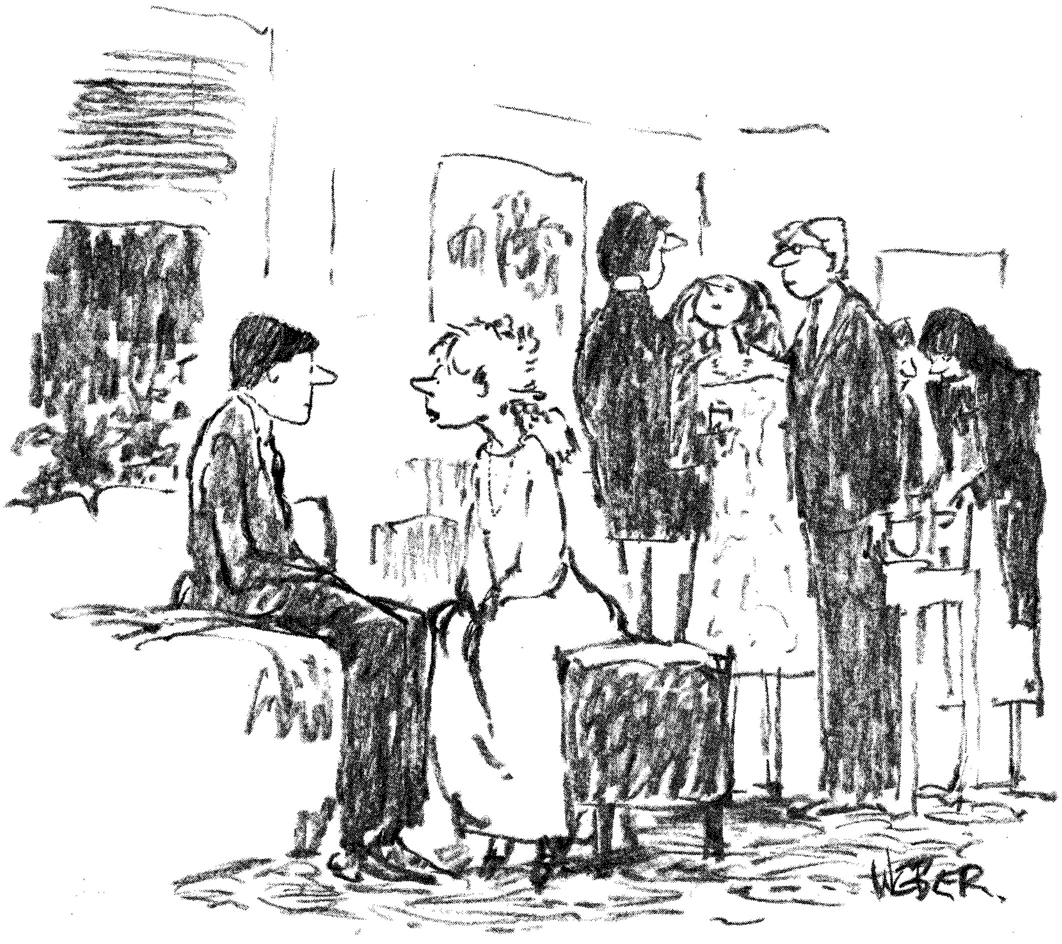
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, APRIL 20

MY friend Paolo Fabbri, the semiologist, says that in his professional opinion the hero of the French Revolution was not "the people" but a local demolition man by the name of Pierre-François Palloy. Paolo Fabbri commutes between his lectures at the Sorbonne, where there is an Institute of the History of the French Revolution, and scholars spend entire careers hypothesizing who the people were (and what they wanted and whether they got what they wanted), and his lectures at the University of Palermo, where no one talks about the people, and the citizens who wander around with knives and rifles seem to Paolo to be interested more in fighting each other than in fighting for the rights of man. The size of Paolo's own Palermo class, Symbolic Efficacity, went from two dour girls to four dour girls after he was listed with the city's leading Mafiosi in a guide to "the sixty most famous people in Palermo." He thinks that spending two weeks a month in Sicily gives him a wholesome perspective on what is referred to here as "the bicentennial discourse."

Paolo got interested in Citoyen Palloy after he and Umberto Eco and an Italian critic named Beniamino Placido had a meeting in Milan to talk about "the people"—about who invented the people, and what was meant by words like *populaire* and *popolare* to describe their world. He decided that, Rousseau notwithstanding, it had taken an entrepreneur like Citoyen Palloy to tell the people who they were—to distinguish them from all the poor people who were not the people, because they loved kings or went to church or simply had never heard about being a force for reason and truth and justice and, of course, history. Citoyen Palloy liked to sign his letters "Palloy, patriote." He was not around when a group of militiamen and a curious local mob, soon to be called the people, stormed the Bastille and liberated the seven prisoners (one was a protégé of the Marquis de Sade, who had just got out himself, and, in his excitement, lost the manuscript of "120 Days of Sodom") and carried off the prison commander. But Paolo says that later on Citoyen Palloy walked over to the prison to have a look, and—along with a lot of other Parisians who had been home finishing lunch when the Bastille fell—got his name on the list of nine hundred "conquerors." After that, he seems to have considered the Bastille *and* the Revolution his property. He recruited a crew of eight hundred workers (he was also a big Paris builder) and cordonned off the prison and set up a *chantier*, and then he tore the Bastille down, stone by stone, and sold it to tourists who were up from the provinces making what could be called the Grand Tour of the French Revolution.

Paolo says that, in his way, Citoyen Palloy was the first deconstructionist. Palloy's theory was that people who helped to tear the prison down—people who paid for the privilege of knocking out their own stones and carrying them home—were going to feel a part of the building of the new French nation. Once he was out of tourists, he went on the road with the Bastille. He took his stones and had them carved into little tabletop Bastilles and sold them to credulous country people as pieces of the real thing. His aim was money in the bank and a country of patriots. (In Paris, his crew got rich selling their work permits to "worker-patriots" on the black market.) He said that anybody with a stone from Citoyen Palloy's *chantier*—or a bust or a paperweight or an inkwell or a candy jar or any of the other objects he began to manufacture out of bits and pieces of the prison—had an investment in the Revolution, and, in a way, he was right, although his entrepreneurial argument was not well taken by the purists. It is said that Robespierre wanted his head—this was after Citoyen Palloy tried to claim the Place de la Bastille and build a monument there—but Robespierre went to the guillotine instead, and Palloy retired discreetly to a private mint and devoted

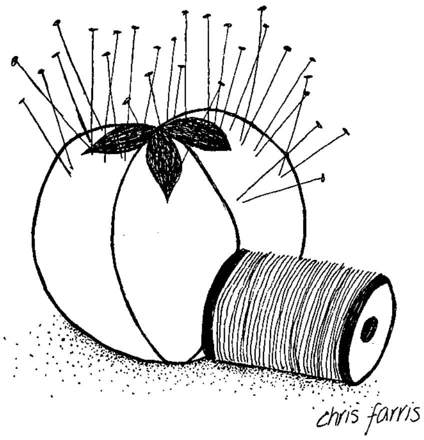


"You have the eyes of a hunted man. Am I wrong?"

himself to casting Revolution medals of his profile and his monument. He claimed that the iron he used was taken from the Bastille prisoners' chains.

Paolo admires Citoyen Palloy. He admires all the shadow characters of the Revolution. He admires Claude-Joseph Rouget de Lisle, who wrote "La Marseillaise," and went to bed with Joséphine Bonaparte, and never produced another song that anyone remembers. He admires the boy who beheaded one of the King's Swiss Guards and, when somebody asked him for his name, replied, "The people." Paolo says that, the people being "*un personnage discursif*"—a sort of cumulative historical concept that changes with the reputation of the players and, of course, the minds of the historians—it is just as easy to say that the people were everybody who bought a stone from Citoyen Palloy, sang "La Marseillaise," and knew that the boy who beheaded the Swiss Guard was on the right side of the revolutionary argument as it is to say that the people were good, wise, and virtuous or that the people were a caricature drawn by Thomas Carlyle, Charles Dickens, and Ronald Colman, and almost entirely composed of crones who sat around knitting hit lists and smiling every time the guillotine fell on the pure, white neck of an aristocrat. Clearly, being poor people or common people or simple people was not enough to qualify for "the people." The people who attacked the Tuileries three years after the Bastille fell were not the same "people" who started killing revolutionaries in the Vendée—although the argument has been that those people were merely "the people in ignorance," acting against their own best interests. What is clear is that once the Bastille did fall, and Citoyen Palloy started selling it, a neighborhood Paris mob became, depending on your point of view, the rabble or the people. And this means that the historians of the French Revolution are right when (for their wildly various reasons) they say that the people of their Revolution, and of the folklore of their Revolution, are something very different from "we the people" of the American Revolution, who manifestly did not include women, slaves, Indians, or, indeed, free white men without property, and that the voice of those people had nothing at all to do with inherited notions of the *vox populi*, which was in fact the *vox dei* represented by a handful of citizens.

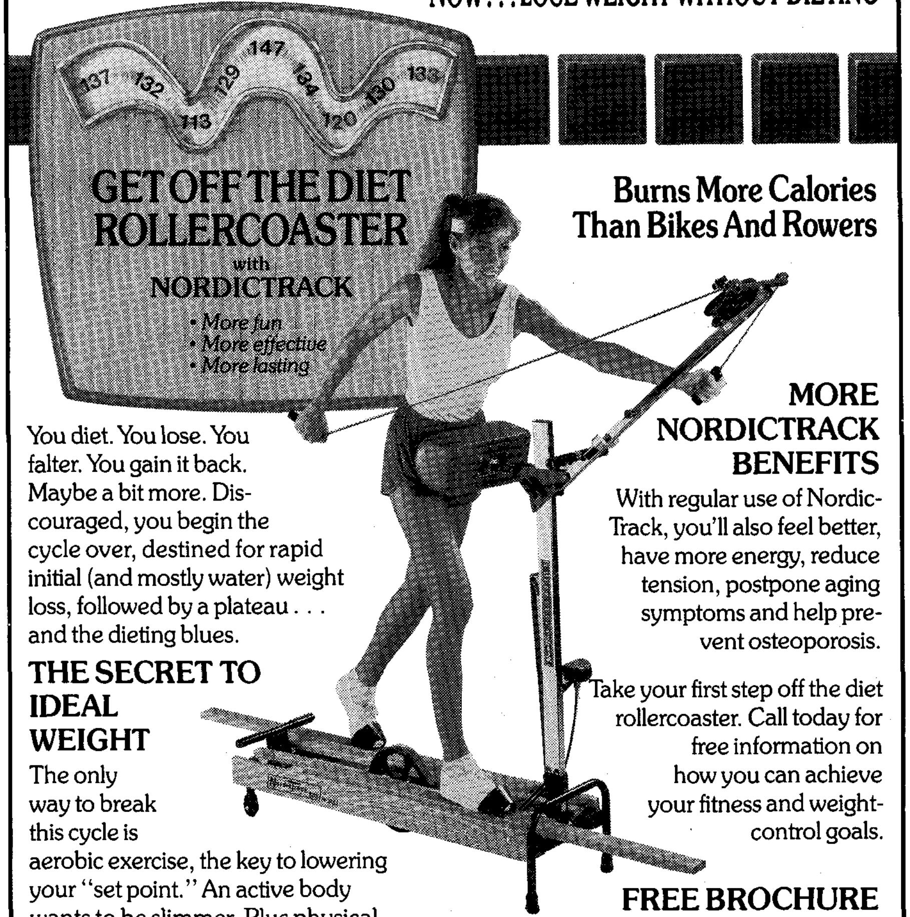
Paolo, who for the clarity of his own categories divides the people into punctual people and late people (and calls the punctual ones "the people"), thinks the problem for historians today is that two hundred years of ideology has "overpopulated the people," opened them up to a lot of linguistic manipulation, and presented them to the politicians for their own purposes. The French are sponsoring two hundred bicentennial conferences in sixty countries this year, so that no one with an interest in 1789 will have to go through 1989 without a chance to reinvent the people or to hear somebody else reinvent the people. For a week in July, just before Bastille Day, four hundred historians will sit down together in the Grand Amphithéâtre at the Sorbonne, under Puvis de Chavannes's charming centennial-celebration mural of a sacred wood where the Spirit of the Sorbonne reigns over the Arts and the Sciences, and Eloquence celebrates the conquests of the mind of man, and try to conquer this problem of the people—to *maîtriser* the argument, as the French say. Michel Vovelle, who runs the Institute of the History of the French Revolution and organized the meeting, says that everybody he invited is coming except the Africans and the Arabs, whose colonial experiences have led them to take a long view when the French talk about "sharing the spirit of 1789" with the Third World. No one, though, expects the meeting to be "popular." The people are rarely historians, and when they are they put on ties and get tenure and produce revolutionary theories of no interest to the people at all. It may be—Paolo's friend Beniamino Placido thinks so—that by now "popular" means simply whatever happens to be on television between eight and nine on Wednesday nights, and that all you need for "the people" is some canned laughter. Certainly, with all the people coming to Paris for Bastille Day this summer, there may be nothing for the real people to do but stay at home and watch television. François Mitterrand is having a summit meeting here. He wants to combine the summit and the bicentennial into one big party, the idea being that the seven summitgoing industrial countries owe their edge in the world to French revolutionary foresight and should be celebrating together, in Paris, with Mitterrand playing paterfamilias to their prosperity. Mitterrand belongs to what the French call the Jacobin school, which holds that 1789 was a bourgeois revolution, supported by "the people" and subject to unfortunate homicidal interludes, and had to do with money and privilege changing hands, and was the first stage in the class struggle that led to the popular revolutions of 1848 and 1871 and, of course, the proletarian revolution of 1917.



The President would have liked to have his party on July 14th. He was planning to open the new opera house on the Place de la Bastille for his visiting Presidents and Prime Ministers with a musical evening on the themes of Liberty, the Revolution, and the Idea of the People. (Pierre Boulez, Daniel Barenboim, Georg Solti, and Zubin Mehta were going to conduct "liberty excerpts" from "Fidelio," "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Carmen.") But the mayor, Jacques Chirac, who had hoped to be President himself by the bicentennial, decided that seven heads of state *and* the people celebrating together in one Paris square would take more security policemen than the city had, and Mitterrand knew that he would have to do his entertaining on the thirteenth, before the annual Bastille ball, and then leave the Place de la Bastille "free for the people." None of this mattered in the end anyway, because that concert was cancelled and the opening of the opera house put in doubt and the director fired in a settling of political scores and campaign promises which was presented to the world as "the people's triumph over élitism and decadence."

IT had always been François Mitterrand's idea to open the new Opéra-Bastille on July 14, 1989. He said that he wanted the people to "seize opera" for themselves (presumably from the rich Parisians who were paying a hundred dollars a seat at the Palais Garnier), the way they had seized the prison two hundred years earlier, and that was why he insisted on building it on the Place de la Bastille, despite the cramped pie wedge of a plot and the absence of any interesting architectural perspective and a dozen other disadvantages. Like Citoyen Palloy, Mitterrand likes to make symbolic gestures. He staged his first inauguration as what he called a Ceremony to Memory—he carried red Socialist roses to the tombs in the Panthéon crypt while Barenboim led the Orchestre de Paris through Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and a chorus of a hundred and fifty voices sang the "Ode to Joy"—and it was clear that the seizing of opera by the people was going to be another one of those ceremonies, lugubrious and earnest. There are Parisians who swear that Mitterrand ran for a second term (thus putting off his plans to write a memoir in the tradition of Montaigne and Michelet) in order to enjoy 1989.

The Opéra-Bastille is one of the seven gigantesque architectural projects that Mitterrand commissioned for Paris, like monuments, to celebrate his Presidency. (The critics, remembering Pascal, call them "les Paris de François Mitterrand.") It was not his favorite project. He is known to prefer I. M. Pei's glass pyramid in the Cour Napoléon of the Louvre—he chose Pei for the Grand Louvre project—and once he said that Johan Otto von Spreckelsen's Grande Arche de la Défense, an enormous open cube at the top of the Avenue Charles de Gaulle, which Parisians call the square bagel, was going to be "the loveliest building in Paris." There is nothing lovely about the new opera. The architect, Carlos Ott, is a Canadian, born in Uruguay, who entered the competition (along with seven hundred and fifty other architects, whose various blueprints took up nearly two miles of wall space) as an exercise in solving the problem of a terrible space at the edge of an eleven-street intersection, and he must have solved it better than any of the other competitors, because his opera meets all the official specifications and has nine set stages and a rehearsal stage that duplicates the real one and freight elevators and conveyor tracks and electric dollies connecting everything and



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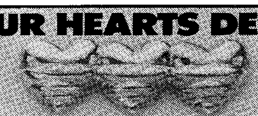

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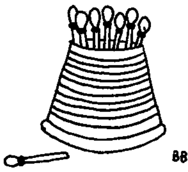
a *grande salle* with twenty-seven hundred seats. But he did not solve it with great beauty or panache. (The rumor in Paris when he won was that the jury mistook his massive and severe façade for the work of Richard Meier, and voted for him in order to get a Meier building in Paris.) Ott's instructions were to build an *opéra moderne et populaire*. He took it on faith that "modern" meant modern theatre technology, and had to do with things like computer lighting boards and automated set transfers, and that "popular" meant a lot of good seats at prices most people could afford. Coming from Canada into the vipers' nest of French cultural politics, Ott had no idea that in Paris words like "modern" and "popular" were fighting words—weapons in the political discourse, and always open to what my friend Paolo would call linguistic manipulation. It never occurred to him that his serviceable, ungainly opera house was going to be the battleground where the rights and imagined taste of "the people" would be defended according to increasingly irrelevant assessments of who the people were.



Paris needed a new opera. There are nineteen hundred and ninety-one seats in Charles Garnier's Second Empire house, and you can't see the stage from four hundred and thirty-eight of those seats, and the balconies are so steep that anyone who can see is barely recovering from vertigo when the performance ends. Then, there are what the professionals call the *real* problems, the most serious being that there is no room for them in the Garnier—no room to rehearse, no room to store the sets, no room to keep one opera in production while they prepare another. The Garnier was built in the days when a set was a painted paper backdrop that could be rolled up and put away after a performance was over. No one came to the Garnier for the sets, anyway—or often, indeed, for the music. People came for each other. They came to look at each other's lovers and each other's rivals and each other's clothes (which may be one reason the Garnier has too many boxes and not enough good ordinary seats), and for their purposes the important rooms at the opera were the pretty gilded salons where they walked around at intermission and showed off and drank champagne. (Gerard Mortier, who runs the opera company at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, in Brussels, says that the best sight line at the Palais Garnier is the one up the main staircase.) There was obviously no way to convert those Second Empire salons into workshops or to change sets by running tracks up and down the stairs. Michel Guy, who produces the Paris Festival d'Automne and has been trying for years to save opera at the Garnier, claims that with a hundred million dollars, a little invention, and some renovation at the back of the building it would be possible to transform the Garnier into a fresh and serviceable house, like the restored opera houses in Dresden and Munich. But not many opera people agree with him. People have been talking about a new house for Paris since the nineteen-sixties, when Jean Vilar, the director who founded the Théâtre National Populaire, published plans for a "popular national lyric theatre" with seats in its two halls for forty-five hundred people. Vilar asked Pierre Boulez and Maurice Béjart to help him with the project, and the government said to go ahead, because opera here—the Opéra de Paris, at the Garnier, and the Opéra Comique, at the Salle Favart—was even then costing the government tens of millions of dollars a year in subsidies. Vilar worked on his national lyric theatre until the *événements* of May, 1968, when he gave up on the government, and the government abandoned the project. Eventually, Rolf Liebermann was hired away from the Hamburg Opera to produce "modern and popular" opera at the Garnier. He interpreted his assignment idiosyncratically as opera "in a royal tradition."

Liebermann had a legendary contract. It was said that he was paid in Switzerland, and it was known that he was paid a fortune. He set a standard in state salaries which made it hard to replace him when he retired; everyone the government approached after Liebermann wanted a Liebermann contract, too. The Paris Opera was opulent and chaotic while he was running it. It was an object lesson in state subsidy—a troublesome *ménage à trois* of art, money, and politics. Liebermann produced what his critics called a "festival opera"—an invitation opera for star performers in expensive productions that ran for a week or two and disappeared. He never made an administrator. Georges Pompidou was behind him, but when Pompidou died and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing took over, the government tried to restrain Liebermann—some said ease him out—by turning over the management of the Garnier checkbook to an opera administrator and a controller from the Ministry of Culture. Liebermann lasted seven years. He had his triumphs, including the first complete "Lulu" anywhere, but he didn't build a company, or even the beginnings of a repertory. He was not interested in repertory opera in the tradition of, say, the Metropolitan or the Berlin Opera or the Vienna State Opera. His model was La Scala, and the European houses that had adopted some version of the Scala system of *stagione*—seasonal, or serial, productions.

The Socialists, coming to power in 1981, decided to settle the arguments about French opera. They said that the Garnier was "élitist" and "not popular"—although the truth was that it was often merely awful. The orchestra was awful. The conductors leading it *looked* awful. The directors who came to the Garnier confronted some very nasty unions, which the state was unwilling to challenge—in the interests of the opera or the people. Visiting companies found the Garnier Kafkaesque in its bureaucracy, and most of them had to depend on Frenchmen working with their productions to steer them through that bureaucracy to opening night and to soothe the various union shops so that someone actually dimmed the house lights and raised the curtain. When Liebermann left, in 1980, the government hired a director named Bernard Lefort, who had run the music festival in Aix, and then it hired Massimo Bogianckino, who had run La Scala, to try to do something about making "modern and popular" opera at the Palais Garnier. Bogianckino was Italian. He was schooled in the art of arts politics in a country where culture is literally divided up, like pie, among the political parties, but the Paris Opera exhausted him, and he left in two years to become the mayor of Florence—a job he says is calmer—and was replaced by Ernest Fleischmann, from the Los Angeles Philharmonic, who got out in ten days, before he was even officially appointed. Then a Paris director named Jean-Louis Martinoty was hired—mainly, it turned out, to fill the seasons until the Opéra-Bastille opened.

Pierre Boulez, who was on the architectural jury for the Opéra-Bastille and still sits on the board of the *établissement public* building it, says that the project was always in trouble. For one thing, none of the politicians involved in the Opéra-Bastille seemed to know what they wanted from a national opera or what kind of administration was appropriate to what anyone else wanted. None of them seemed to understand that you have to plan an opera season three or four years in advance—that you cannot commandeer a season, or order up a company that arrives rehearsed and in good voice and ready to start tomorrow. None of them appreciated how *hard* making opera was, especially with no real tradition comparable to the opera tradition in, say, Italy or Germany, and nothing that could properly be called an opera cadre. If opera was élite in France, it was not because tickets at the Garnier cost a hundred dollars but because there was not enough of an audience for opera, or even an interest in opera, among the people the government chose to call "the people." The composer Iannis Xenakis, who lives in Paris and, for his part, doesn't write opera or want to write opera, or even go to opera, says that you can talk about popular opera in Italy, because for Italians opera is a *chose de base*. It is part of the common culture, and has to do with the melodies people whistle on the street and the songs they sing in the shower and the fact that in Italy a handsome tenor is as much a celebrity as a soccer player or a movie star. He says that the government here takes this literally, to mean that with enough Italian operas in its repertory the Opéra-Bastille will be a popular opera. But the truth is that opera will not be "popular" in France until people go to the opera the way they go to the movies now—to have a good time.

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Daniel Barenboim was named musical and artistic director of the Opéra-Bastille in July of 1987, one year into the uneasy compromise between left and right which kept Mitterrand in the Élysée and put Chirac into the Matignon as his Prime Minister—the compromise the French called "cohabitation." In March of 1988, Barenboim announced a schedule for his first three seasons, and then in May, three days before the elections that for all practical purposes gave Mitterrand back the government, he signed a five-year contract with Chirac's Minister of Culture, François Léotard. He was the third real director of the new opera since building started. The first director—his name was Jean-Pierre Brossmann, and he had helped run the Lyons Opera—quit after nine months as *directeur désigné*, saying the project was too incoherent and too political for his tranquillity. The second director—it was Gerard Mortier, from Brussels—lasted five months before *he* gave up and went home, saying not only that the project was incoherent and political but that, given its problems, there was no way a director of the Opéra-Bastille would be able to guarantee any of the contracts he signed or any of the performers he hired. Even so, Barenboim wanted a chance to run the opera. He was used to Paris. He was forty-four when the government approached him, and he had conducted the Orchestre de Paris since he was thirty-three, and while there was some argument about the way he conducted it—a lot of critics said the Barenboim sound was loud and muddy—there was no argument about his own musicianship. Parisians are not sophisticated when it comes to music. Xenakis says they are better at sampling sauces than at sampling symphony orchestras, and, besides, symphony audiences tend to think of "loud" the way theatre audiences think of "long"—as more for their money. What Parisians knew about Barenboim was that in twelve years he had turned their fledgling symphony orchestra into a respectable ensemble that made records and went on tour and had a reputation abroad. They were proud of Barenboim. People who knew nothing about music knew that Daniel Baren-

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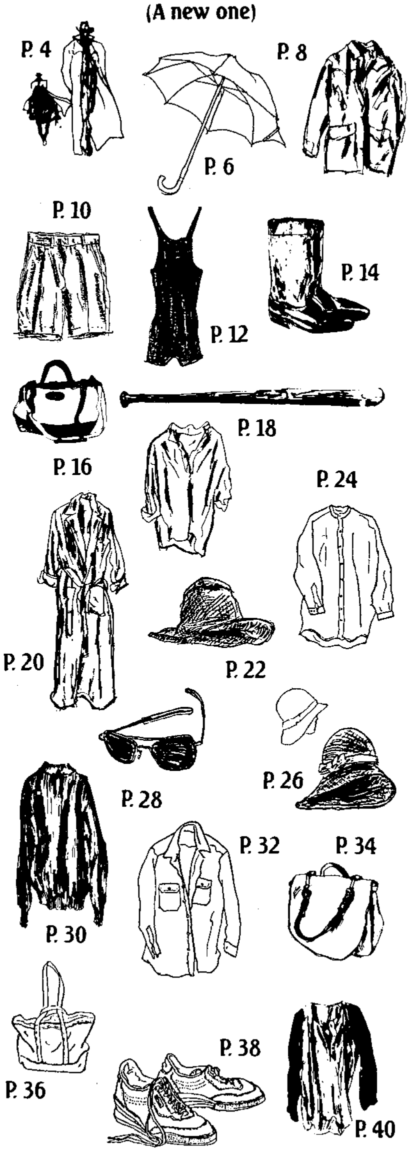

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boim was considered one of the best pianists in the world and that his first wife, Jacqueline du Pré, who had died at forty-two of multiple sclerosis, had been arguably the best cellist in the world. They knew that Barenboim was gallant and wistful and attractive and that he had recorded all the Mozart concertos and all the Beethoven concertos and piano sonatas and was going to conduct a "Ring" at Bayreuth, and that Paris "had" him. Mitterrand seemed to appreciate that Paris had him. Barenboim had never been attached to an opera house, but he had already conducted operas in Paris, Bayreuth, and Berlin, and Mitterrand never questioned his experience or, for that matter, his contract, which guaranteed him a minimum of eight hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year. It was a lavish salary (a Liebermann salary, people said), and maybe even Barenboim was surprised by it. He had asked for a lot of money, figuring that Léotard would come back with a low offer, and that eventually they would arrive at something in between. What happened was that Léotard agreed to everything Barenboim wanted, and Barenboim signed—and the newspapers said that at last the people were going to have their opera.

THERE was not much work at the opera *chantier* while Jacques Chirac was in office. Chirac disliked the Opéra-Bastille, mainly because Mitterrand was building it. He was not notably musical to begin with. The first time anyone in Paris saw him at a concert was in Bobigny in 1981, at the French première of Boulez' "Répons"—a work for chamber orchestra and digital signal processor—and he was sleeping, and the last time was in 1987, when he went to the park in Sceaux to see Madonna. Chirac thought the people's opera ought to be in a "people's place," the way the Madonna concert was. He talked about "putting opera" into the auditorium of one of the big convention centers off the *périphérique*, or into the Palais Omnisports, in Bercy, where there were seventeen thousand seats and a lot of extra room in the basement. When he couldn't actually move the opera to an auditorium—the government had already spent two hundred and fifty million dollars on the Opéra-Bastille and was in no position to give it up entirely just because Jacques Chirac was Prime Minister—he decided to turn the Bastille into an auditorium instead. He started stripping down the blueprints. He began by taking away the rehearsal rooms and the ateliers, and then he cancelled plans for the *salle modulable*, which was a structurally and acoustically adaptable hall designed for modern music and, specifically, for the music of Boulez' orchestra, the Ensemble InterContemporain—and finally he stopped the construction altogether. The builders and contractors, who were getting their money whether they worked or not, said that the only thing on schedule at the Opéra-Bastille was the payroll.

Jacques Chirac was a coalition Prime Minister. He led a narrow conservative majority that included his own party, the Rassemblement pour la République, and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's party, the Union de la Démocratie Française, and it was the problems between them, more than anything else, that kept the opera alive at all during his two years in office. François Léotard was a Giscardien, and at the time he hired Barenboim he was fighting with the Finance Minister, Édouard Balladur, who was a Chiracien. Balladur was refusing to give up his offices in the Richelieu pavilion at the Louvre, so that the renovation of the museum could continue, and Chirac was doing nothing to persuade him—and this was very embarrassing for Léotard, who was supposed to be keeping up Paris's appearance as a cultural capital. It was true that Léotard's idea of art ran to computer graphics, and it was true that when someone asked him about his favorite revolution he replied, "The audiovisual revolution." But politics made an opera lover out of Léotard. Faute de mieux, he took up the Opéra-Bastille. He talked about restoring the practice rooms to the project, and the workshops, and, finally, Boulez' *salle modulable*. His last act in office was signing Daniel Barenboim's contract. He knew that the right was on its way out of power, and that he was certainly leaving with it. By hiring Barenboim at eight hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year, he managed to settle his scores with Chirac and Chirac's party and Chirac's ministers, and at the same time leave Mitterrand with the bill.

Boulez says that Barenboim worked for a year "in a desert." He had no one to help him with the opera except his friends, and nothing to offer anybody else except his word and his reputation. Most of the people who had fought Chirac to keep the opera going were exhausted, and none of them had the authority to address the opera's problems now—the status of old Garnier singers and musicians and technicians and stagehands at the new opera, the transfer of contracts and salaries, the negotiation of new *conventions collectives* for a high-technology house that no one yet knew how to use. In France, people who work at opera houses are civil servants: they work for the state, and they have all the protection and privilege that come with working for the state. The Paris Opera, in its various incarnations at the Palais Garnier, the Salle Favart, and, now, the Opéra-Bastille, has a complicated charter but no mandate for autonomy the way national opera houses and theatres do in places like Belgium and Britain. Legally, it is as much a part of the bureaucracy as the Bureau des Ponts et Chaussées or the post office. Once you are there, you can stay forever. If you lose your voice, you keep singing in the chorus. If your wind goes, you keep playing trumpet in the orchestra. The state protects you, and the unions protect you. The stagehands' union at the Garnier is known to be so difficult that a lot of foreign directors and designers and performers have simply stopped coming to the opera to work at all.

Barenboim worried that he would have to open the Opéra-Bastille on terms disastrous for the new house. He worried that anywhere from nine hundred to twelve hundred people from the various opera unions would end up working at the Bastille under old Garnier shifts and old Garnier statutes. It took the Chirac government six months to provide him with what in France is called an *association de préfiguration*—a kind of management planning and negotiating board. And once he had one nobody on it had any authority. He says now that what he needed was a general manager for the Opéra-Bastille—someone to run the office for him. He was in Bayreuth last spring, after the elections. (He was rehearsing his "Ring" with the East German director Harry Kupfer.) But he flew home late in May to see Jack Lang, Mitterrand's old and, provisionally, new Minister of Culture. He wanted to "sound the fifteen-month alarm," he says, and was dismayed

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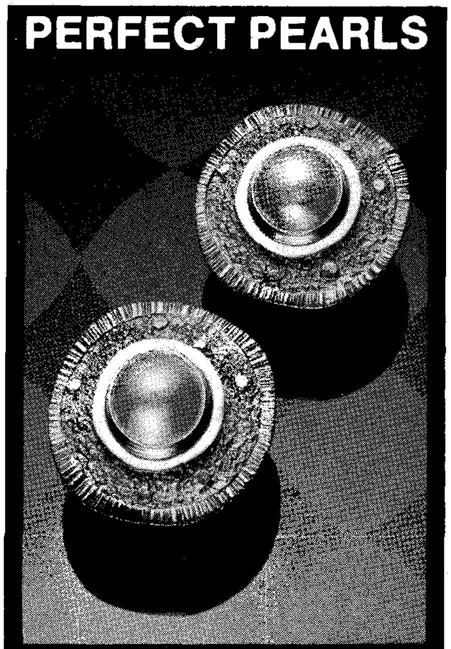

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when nothing happened. A lot of his friends think he should have quit then.

Barenboim decided to open the Opéra-Bastille in January of 1990. He scheduled a short spring season of four operas—"Don Giovanni," "Tosca," "Pelléas et Mélisande," and "Tristan und Isolde"—and planned to revive them in the fall, adding five new operas that season, and five the next, so that by the third full season there would be a hundred and sixty nights of opera at the Bastille, and the possibility of fourteen different productions. This was less opera than some people expected. Mortier, during his five months with the Bastille, had talked about having a repertory company and five different operas every week and a forty-week season—two hundred opera performances a year in the *grande salle* and a hundred and twenty in the *salle modulable*. But Barenboim said there was no way to have more opera at the Bastille—not at first, anyway. He said that an opera house, even a technically sophisticated house like the Bastille, needed to breathe—physically and financially—between operas, that this was why the Metropolitan had a ballet season every year and why half the performances at Covent Garden were ballet, too. He could not put ballet into the Bastille (the government was going to turn the Garnier, with its terrible sight lines, into a full-time ballet theatre once the opera moved), so he decided on concerts. He invited the Berlin Philharmonic and the Munich Philharmonic. He exhausted his list of friends and his agent's clients. He called in his favors. People signed up for the Opéra-Bastille on what one of the singers called "love, debts, and promises." Boulez, Mehta, Solti, and Christoph von Dohnányi signed up as guest conductors. Patrice Chéreau signed up to direct a Mozart–Da Ponte cycle. (1991 is the Mozart bicentenary.) Harry Kupfer signed to direct Wagner. Peter Stein agreed to come from Berlin and Carlos Saura agreed to come from Madrid, and most of the critics acknowledged that the artists were impressive, even if the program was not very adventurous—especially since the house was only half built and Barenboim had yet to put together an orchestra or test the stage and the acoustics and the complicated machinery or educate the teams of technicians to make it all work properly. Some critics complained that Barenboim was planning to run the Opéra-Bastille the way Liebermann had run the Garnier—as a festival opera—but it may be that there was no other way to run it. These days, opera stars and conductors are packaged like movie stars. They come with half their agents' other clients in the package, or they play Munich or La Scala as part of a deal that sends them to Portland, too. On the other hand, building a good resident repertory company takes years. A repertory company depends on new, young talent, and the job of discovering that talent has always belonged to the impresarios of opera—to people who do not lead orchestras or administer budgets or negotiate with unions, and who have the time, the patience, and the necessary obsession to spend half the year on the road, covering opera festivals and provincial opera houses, and the other half at home auditioning the singers they have found. (There have not been impresarios like that around since Rudolf Bing ran the Metropolitan.) You cannot conduct an opera orchestra, run an opera house, commute to a symphony orchestra abroad (it was well known that Barenboim would be replacing Solti at the Chicago Symphony), and rehearse for record companies and still make the rounds of opera festivals and provincial houses. Barenboim couldn't do it, any more than, say, Riccardo Muti, who runs La Scala and the Philadelphia Orchestra, could do it. But the choice was never between Barenboim and an impresario. The choice, after Mortier quit (and various administrators started getting hired and fired), was very likely between Barenboim and someone who knew nothing about opera at all.

It was pretty much agreed among opera people outside France that Barenboim was doing well by the Opéra-Bastille. He was choosing operas he knew and recruiting people he knew from places he knew—from places like Bayreuth, where he had conducted opera—and putting together a program that he could gauge with confidence. But inside France, where "the people" were supposed to be getting ready to seize opera, it was rumored that Barenboim's program did not fit the bicentennial discourse. Mitterrand's friends said that it was not "popular." It was "too German." They meant not that it was disturbing or difficult or experimental—which, regrettably, it was not—but that it had too much Mozart and too much Wagner and not enough of what are known in the trade as "the big Verdis." (The common wisdom in France is that the élite likes "Figaro" but everybody likes "Traviata.") Barenboim said that from his point of view a popular opera house was one that took the great works and made them so interesting and accessible that everybody wanted to see them. And Boulez, who was eager to open the house and move his orchestra into the *salle modulable* (which no one ever thought of calling popular), said that Barenboim was right, adding that from *his* point of view "popular" had nothing to do with elephants on the stage or with Italians versus Germans or with five hundred back-to-back performances a year. It had to do with Barenboim creating what Boulez called "a Beaubourg of the opera"—a place that was open all day, so people could wander around and feel at home and get acquainted with opera, a place with record libraries and practice rooms and opera videos and little theatres, a lively, welcoming place where appreciation and discernment would grow. The problem, of course, was that there was not much room in a lively, welcoming "Beaubourg of the opera" for the eight or nine hundred people sitting on their jobs at the Palais Garnier. It was known that Barenboim wanted a new orchestra for the Opéra-Bastille. He had promised the musicians in the old Paris Opera Orchestra "priority" at auditions, but that was all he promised, and what saved the orchestra in the end was mainly that the old administrator had stopped filling openings—and Barenboim was left with forty-eight orchestra jobs at his disposal, including two solo oboes, two solo horns, one concertmaster, and a principal trumpet. He said later that once he got to know the orchestra he discovered that it was a good orchestra, "willing to work but not worked properly"—like a racehorse with a bad trainer. No one believed him. The musicians, at any rate, kept on complaining. They complained because Barenboim was going to scrap all the French woodwinds (which have a terrible reedy sound) and replace them with *foreign* woodwinds, from Germany. They said that German wood was so different in timbre from French wood that it was going to take them two years, at least, to learn to play their new instruments. They wanted Barenboim to pay them to go back to school.

François Mitterrand thinks of himself as a literary man—an *homme de lettres*—and by all accounts he is no more interested in opera than Chirac was. But he is serious about Culture. He has fashioned himself as a cultivated man, and he likes to surround himself with people he considers cultivated. He eats lunch with Régis Debray and takes walks in the woods with Marguerite Duras, and for a while he was inviting important foreign artists and writers to the Élysée and having ceremonies and giving them titles like Friend of the President. He doubled the culture budget. He gave Jack Lang carte blanche with the Ministry of Culture. While the money lasted, Lang was the most "popular" man in Paris.

Lang, for his part, worshipped culture. He was not brilliant, but he was an enthusiast. (People say he wanted to rename his Ministry the Ministry of Culture, Beauty, and Intelligence.) He had lists of artists and intellectuals from all over the world. He would consult his lists and choose a few people he wanted to get to know and fly them to Paris and give them parties and medals and money for their plays and conferences and concerts, and have a terrific time. But during the elections last year he apparently started thinking about other jobs. It may be that he had exhausted his lists—that he knew everybody—or it may be that he wanted a job the other politicians in the Socialist Party would take seriously. There were rumors that he wanted to be Minister of Education, or even—he was trained as a lawyer—Minister of Justice. There were also rumors that somebody more important "wanted Culture," and that was Pierre Bergé, Mitterrand's most conspicuous patron.

BERGÉ is the president of Yves Saint Laurent. He is one of the richest businessmen in France, and, in a country where most rich businessmen hedge their loyalties by distributing money neatly and discreetly among the various parties, he is an outspoken, and even feverish, supporter of François Mitterrand. It was clear that Mitterrand owed Bergé, and clear that Bergé expected something. He has a curious power here. In his own way, he is an impresario. People who like him talk about a glamorous and exuberant Paris world of clothes and "culture," where the rich feel chic and the chic feel rich, because Pierre Bergé has introduced them. People who dislike him say he is vain, shameless, spiteful, and controlling. He has made his way orchestrating other people's talent. He managed the painter Bernard Buffet, and then, in Paris, at the age of twenty-eight, he met a young designer named Saint Laurent and took him over and began to build the business that by now brings in nearly a half-billion dollars a year. He virtually runs French couture. (He is the power behind the Chambre Syndicale de la Haute Couture and the Chambre Syndicale du Prêt-à-Porter and the money behind the Musée des Arts de la Mode, and he controls so much fashion patronage that when *Women's Wear Daily* put Christian Lacroix instead of Yves Saint Laurent on the cover during the 1987 collections Bergé gave the trade a choice between genius and a *feu de paille*, and expected everyone to make it.) But he is a restless man, and he takes up causes—he lists them as art, AIDS, music, theatre, SOS-Racisme, politics—with the same energy and ambition he applies to the reputation of his brilliant but reclusive couturier. He is, in his words, "very attracted to culture." He frequents literary restaurants like Récamier, and cultivates Bernard-Henri Lévy and the other local media philosophers, and talks to reporters about whether hanging pictures in museums is *contre le peuple*

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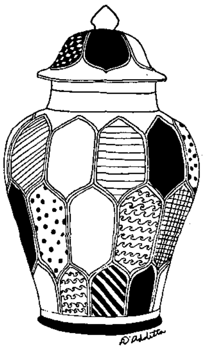
and whether thinking about the moon and then about the reflection of the moon on water when you listen to the Moonlight Sonata means that you have understood the progression of the three movements. Twelve years ago, he took over the old Théâtre Athénée and started holding Musical Mondays for his friends—theatres in France are closed Mondays—and inviting famous performers like Placido Domingo and Joan Sutherland to give recitals. (He presented the theatre to the state, for a symbolic franc, after Mitterrand's election.) Three years ago, he started a magazine called *Globe*, devoted to publicizing those friends and to putting himself at the center of Paris taste and Paris culture and Paris politics. He attached himself to François Mitterrand. He wrote a column for *Globe* called "Politics and Style," and went on record enumerating Mitterrand's virtues. His style was lurid (the head of the French *Elle*, for whom he once produced a piece called "The Secret Gardens of Yves Saint Laurent," says he writes like Proust), but his ambitions were clear. It did not seem odd to him that a purveyor of ten-thousand-dollar suits and jackets hand-beaded to resemble van Gogh flowers should take up Socialism and start talking about "the people." He liked to say that his politics were new but that he had always "felt left." He astonished his clients' husbands—some of whom had been nationalized by Mitterrand—with a letter urging them to spend their money on Mitterrand's campaign. Some of them threatened (vainly) that their wives would never shop at Saint Laurent again.



Bergé says that he was simply in the avant-garde, and that people who couldn't make the connection between beaded jackets and French Socialism were like the people in 1789 who couldn't see the Revolution coming—like Louis XVI, at home in Versailles the day the Bastille fell. In the end, Mitterrand kept Jack Lang at the Ministry of Culture, but by then half of Paris had heard that Pierre Bergé "wanted Culture," and Mitterrand had to do something special for him. He made Bergé the Président de l'Association des Théâtres de l'Opéra de Paris. A friend of mine at *Libération* says to call it "chief executive officer of the lyric arts."

Daniel Barenboim was born in Argentina and raised in Israel, but he conducts a lot in America and knows it well—and he likes to tell Americans that Mitterrand's giving the Paris Opera to Pierre Bergé was a little like George Bush's giving the Metropolitan to a big Republican fund-raiser. He had only met Bergé once before Mitterrand gave Bergé the opera. He says that Bergé never came to the Orchestre de Paris during all the years he was there. But he says he was optimistic, and even excited, at the prospect of working with Bergé, because most of the people picked for jobs like "president of the opera" were *hauts fonctionnaires* out of the École Nationale d'Administration who knew nothing about art *or* business, and here was a brilliant businessman, a multimillionaire, who by his own admission was attracted to culture and who would certainly know how to sell opera, not only to "the people" but to the record companies and the video companies and all the other companies interested in making mutually profitable arrangements with the Opéra-Bastille. Here was a businessman who claimed, with some pride, to "do business like an artist." Barenboim says now that Bergé wanted to *be* the artist. ("*Ich bin ein frustrierter Künstler*," Bergé told *Der Spiegel* months later. "I am a frustrated artist.") He wanted Barenboim's job. He wanted to choose the operas and the directors and the famous performers. Barenboim thinks that he was "tired of being a businessman to someone else's 'artist' "—that he wanted to design something of his own. He wanted to be able to snap his fingers and say, "This work needs Jessye Norman. I'll call her up. Send the plane!"

Pierre Bergé became president of the opera on August 31st, and the next day the paper said that "with him, the left takes up the Bastille where they left it in '86"—when Chirac was elected. Bergé was worried that Barenboim, with so much on his calendar, might not be able to devote the proper time to the opera—but he did not seem worried about his own time, running, as it were, opera and clothes. (He liked to brag that he never had any union problems at his place, but the fact is there are no unions at Saint Laurent; the technicians at the Garnier went on strike this week and shut the house down before a première of Busoni's "Doktor Faust.") He met with Barenboim nearly every day last fall, and, according to Barenboim and his friends, it was always "*mon cher Daniel*," always very friendly. Barenboim says they never discussed his salary—and they certainly never discussed "the people." Barenboim would ask Bergé about things like rehearsal guarantees, and Bergé would ask Barenboim why, for instance, they were going to open with a little opera like "Don Giovanni" when they could be opening with something spectacular, like "Don Carlos," which was written for a full orchestra and chorus. Barenboim insists that he was confident. He says it never occurred to him that once he had accepted a job from a Minister in Jacques Chirac's government he was going to be regarded as "the right's man." It never occurred to him that Mitterrand might think of him the way Chirac had thought of the Opéra-Bastille—as the other side's project. He thought that Mitterrand liked him. He had played at Mitterrand's inauguration. He had got his job at a Cabinet meeting with Mitterrand presiding. In September, Mitterrand had even presented him with a Légion d'Honneur. Mitterrand had kissed him on one cheek and then the other and congratulated him on his wonderful plans for the Opéra-Bastille.

Barenboim's friends were not so confident. Patrice Chéreau saw Bergé in September, and says that Bergé told him he had taken the opera job assuming *he* was going to be the artistic director—that Mitterrand asked Bergé and Bergé said yes, and never thought to look up Barenboim's contract. Chéreau was committed to Barenboim. He wanted to do his Da Ponte cycle. He had worked with Boulez on a Bayreuth "Ring" that took him five years and made his reputation, and now he was looking forward to five years with Barenboim. It was a luxury, he says—the time to plan and the time to rehearse and then the chance to work, opera by opera, with the same people—and he was grateful for it. He is passionate about opera, but not, he

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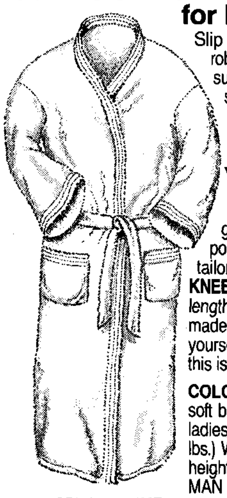

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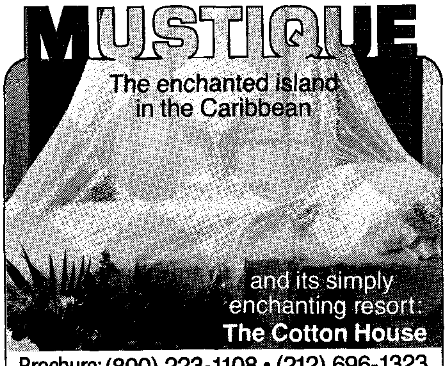

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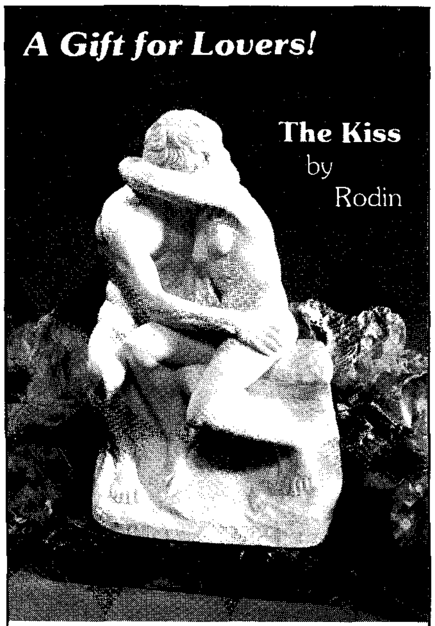
says, "*à tout prix*." He says that for him the exciting thing about Barenboim's house was going to be the quality and what Barenboim liked to call the integrity of the productions. It had to do with proper work conditions and with making good opera "popular" by reviving a production with its original cast and its original conductor, so that more people could see it as it was intended to be seen. Chéreau got nervous when Bergé started saying that maybe Barenboim wasn't "popular," that maybe his operas were too small or his taste was too German. As far as Chéreau was concerned, popular was not some "formula of anticipation." Popular meant "Let it go, get it off the ground, and if it plays it's popular." He figured that all this talk about "popular" was really Bergé's way of trying to take the artistic control of the opera away from Barenboim—and, indeed, from Chéreau and Boulez and Stein and all the other artists involved in the first three seasons—because after a while "the conversation got *délirant*" and had nothing to do with good opera *or* good business. Bergé thought that more performances would make the opera "more popular." According to Chéreau, he didn't understand that—whether or not it was advisable, or even possible, to have two hundred and fifty nights of opera during your first few years in a new building—having two hundred and fifty cost more money than having a hundred and sixty. It meant doubling the size of your orchestra, and maybe your chorus. It meant doubling your rehearsal time and your payroll and adding a third stagehand shift, before you even knew how much of an audience your house had or what kind of audience it was. There was no way to compare the Bastille with the houses in Munich or Berlin—which, he says, was what Bergé kept doing—because the musical culture in those cities was enormous and the houses themselves had been around for years. Barenboim had put together a formidable group of people and three clearly profitable seasons, and here was a businessman, the head of Saint Laurent, talking about popular opera as if it were 1889, and Jean Jaurès was the reigning Socialist, and the only operas most Frenchmen had ever heard were the ones that played in little *théâtres du peuple* in the provinces. Chéreau told him that today anybody interested in opera knew good opera from bad opera, that today people in the smallest towns bought compact disks and listened to France Musique and would be ashamed if the Opéra-Bastille were merely "popular," the way Italians would be ashamed if La Scala shut down, or started having amateur productions. Chéreau is not austere, like Pierre Boulez. Boulez says that people with political power have no right to think of themselves as experts in anything else. He talks about dilettantes and amateurs invading music. But Chéreau and Boulez say the same thing about the Opéra-Bastille. They say that "the people" are a smoke screen—that in France when the lines are drawn it is never art against the people, it is art against power.

LAST fall, as a kind of conciliatory gesture to the Paris Opera Orchestra, Barenboim went to the Palais Garnier and put the musicians through a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—the symphony he had played on the Place du Panthéon for François Mitterrand's inauguration. It was, by all accounts, a disastrous performance. The most that even Barenboim could say was that it had been instructive—that it taught him how much "potential" the orchestra had. Pierre Bergé was in the audience, and so were Jacques Lonchampt, the music critic from *Le Monde*, and Maurice Fleuret, from *Le Nouvel Observateur*, who had been "in charge of music" at the Ministry of Culture during most of Mitterrand's first term. They had come for Barenboim, and it didn't much matter that the orchestra was weak and in its last season, or that it was not Barenboim's orchestra, or even that Barenboim had never conducted it before. Barenboim says that a few weeks later, in a cab on his way to see the new music director at the Ministry, he unfolded *Le Monde* to a front-page article entitled "Daniel Barenboim, Oui ou Non?"—and that the answer was no. Lonchampt wrote that it was time for vigilance at the Opéra-Bastille. Barenboim was not popular. His plans for the opera were not popular. There was no Verdi scheduled until the third season, and, even so, the only "truly popular" opera in any of the seasons was "Carmen." There was too much money for Barenboim—Lonchampt put Barenboim's salary at a million four hundred thousand dollars a year, which was apparently what

Jack Lang's press secretary was telling reporters—and not enough opera for everybody else. On the other hand, there was Pierre Bergé, a man with "square shoulders" and artistic *connaissance*, who wanted to give the people a real Beaubourg of the opera and put on two hundred and fifty performances a year, and who had no time to waste on "decorators" (he meant fancy directors). Barenboim says he knew right then that the job was over. He suspected Bergé was using the critic as a porte-parole, because that was what the President's friends usually did when they had something to say and wanted to test the waters: they called someone at *Le Monde* and planted it. Most opera people here suspected this. (Lonchampt said later that he had spent an hour with Bergé, and pronounced him charming.) Chéreau replied to Lonchampt, point by point, in the paper. Eventually, Boulez replied, and so did François Léotard. But in January the attrition started. Alain Pichon, the new general director for the Paris operas, left two weeks after he had started working, and then Bergé fired Henri Hoechlin, the technical director at the Opéra-Bastille (who has one of the best reputations in Europe), and, of course, he fired Barenboim. Barenboim said later that Louis XIV had better manners firing Bernini.

Bergé had a press conference about Barenboim. He said that he had tried negotiating with Barenboim, but Barenboim was intractable—about time, about money, about his artistic control—and that anyway Barenboim's contract was worthless. (Later, he said he was not obliged to honor contracts made by a government that was out of power, and Léotard said, "*Attention!*" and wrote to *Le Monde*, "The word of France is involved.") Barenboim replied with his own press conference, and *he* said that he was very tractable—that the only thing he was unprepared to do was let the head of a dress company tell him whether Pierre Boulez could conduct a "Pelléas" or Herbert von Karajan give a concert. Then Bergé said that by insulting him Barenboim was insulting Yves Saint Laurent, who was the best-known Frenchman in the world and represented France and had done more for the country any day than Daniel Barenboim—and that that was contemptible. (One of the first things Bergé did at the Opéra-Bastille was cancel the curtain for the *grande salle*,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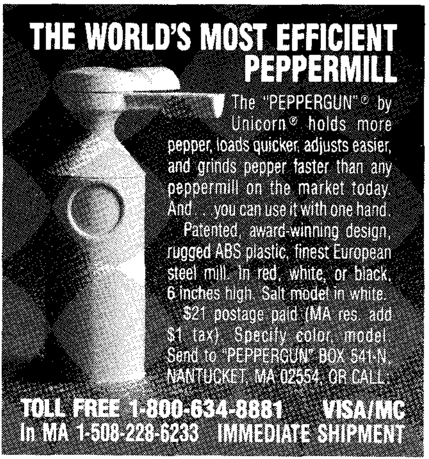
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which had been designed by Issey Miyake.) Reporters who followed the story said that it was a classic Paris-culture *événement*. Each side came with its celebrities. Bergé had Lévy (who is always referred to in Bergé's magazine as BHL, like a set of designer initials) at his press conference, and Barenboim came with a famous cancer specialist named Léon Schwarzenberg. And each side came with its testimonials, the most important being a telegram to François Mitterrand from eleven of Barenboim's opera colleagues, who wanted the President to know that they had agreed to work at the Bastille because of Barenboim, and because of their friendship for Barenboim, and that they would not be working at the opera without him. Considering who they were—Pierre Boulez, Patrice Chéreau, Christoph von Dohnányi, Carlo Maria Giulini, Herbert von Karajan, Harry Kupfer, Zubin Mehta, Jessye Norman, Richard Peduzzi, Georg Solti, and Peter Stein—and the influence they carried, it was unlikely that anyone very remarkable would be playing the Opéra-Bastille unless the President changed his mind. Barenboim asked Mitterrand to change it. He asked him to choose between those artists and Bergé. Mitterrand replied by eating at Lipp that night with Mme. Mitterrand and some friends and family—his sister-in-law, her husband, the Jack Langs, and Pierre Bergé. In Paris, the matter was considered closed.

Daniel Barenboim obviously had choices, and quitting fast was only one of them. Some opera people say that he should never have taken the job at all—that he knew the history of the Opéra-Bastille and the impossible politics involved and was either cynical or arrogant or naïve or irresponsible or simply greedy to have wanted it. Some opera people say that, having taken it, he should have had a much more varied program. Some people say that his program was "ordinary" and "bourgeois," not so different from what you would expect at a good provincial house. Some say that it was too difficult, too "demanding"—that a season like Barenboim's third season, with a "Così," a "Falstaff," a "Moses und Aron," and a "Samson et Dalila," was too sophisticated for a Paris audience. Gerard Mortier thinks there should have been Baroque operas, and more modern operas than the two Barenboim did schedule—Berg's "Wozzeck" and a new Luciano Berio. Neil Peter Jampolis, the American opera designer, who came to look over the stage at the Bastille, thinks that Barenboim "should have gone for it"—that before putting on his Mozarts and his Wagners he should have scheduled a really daring and provocative first season, a season with the kinds of connoisseur opera that would have got the house a steady, serious international audience and a lot of critical attention. Barenboim's Paris friends say no, that the daring was already there—it was there in the way Barenboim had thought about his operas and chosen the directors and conductors for them. None of them agree about the Opéra-Bastille, but then none of them use "the people" to support their arguments.

No one really knows how the Bastille can open, or who can be persuaded to run the house. Bergé has brought in a theatre director named René Gonzalez, from the Maison de la Culture in Bobigny, and supposedly he is going to name a music director in a few days—but nobody doubts that the important decisions at the opera will still be Bergé's. Artists are wary of the Bastille now. They are wary of breaking rank with the directors and conductors and singers—thirty-one singers had contracts with Barenboim, and eight more were about to sign contracts when he was fired—who had thought they were coming to Paris on "love, debts, and promises." Robert Wilson is going to stage the President's summit party on July 13th, but there is still no one to open the house in January (Giorgio Strehler refused to replace Chéreau for the opening), so it is hard for anyone to say that right now "the people" are served.

IN February, a man from Manosque named Raymond Tétart wrote to *Le Monde* with a solution to the problem. He said that everybody in the provinces who loved music and had no orchestra or concert hall or opera house within, say, sixty miles should come to Paris on July 14th and tear down the Bastille, stone by stone, and carry a stone home with him and place it solemnly in a good spot and start building an opera house. That would be a good way—a people's way—to celebrate the Revolution.

—JANE KRAMER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Touching Pitch

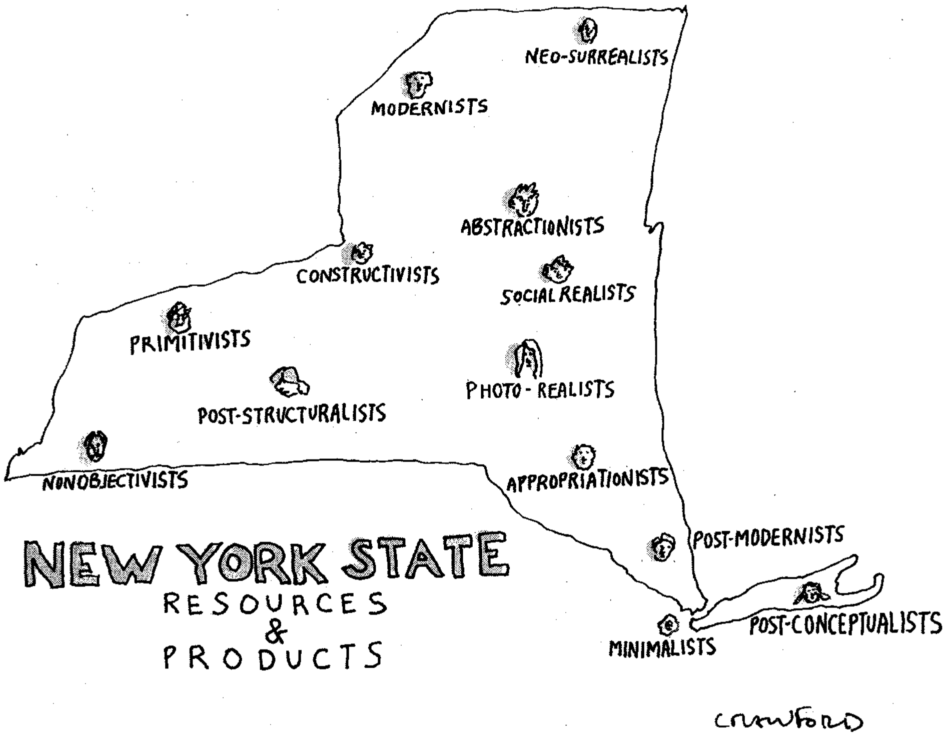
PITCH is climbing again, from the A=440 internationally enjoined at an 1885 congress of Vienna and reaffirmed several times since. Many American orchestras play a little sharper than that, many European orchestras sharper still. Yet 440 was already high, it seems—the result of misunderstanding or manipulating evidence at the Vienna congress. French *diapason normal*, A=435, promulgated in 1859, should have been the result. Verdi, an insistent advocate of low pitch (stipulated in licenses for performing "Aida"), would have liked A=432, but he wrote to Boito—Italy's delegate to the conference—that a compromise on 435 would be acceptable: the difference was negligible; the important thing was to defeat the proposals for an unacceptably high A=450 that some were championing.

Pitch has never been fixed for long. In 1619, Praetorius called A=about 430 "this present-day pitch of ours" but acknowledged the existence of pitchings as much as three semitones higher and three semitones lower. Tuning forks show that Praetorius' general pitch was again general in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Then it began to climb. At La Scala in 1856, an A above 451 was measured. By the late nineteenth century, orchestra pitch in London, New York, and Vienna was up to or beyond A=455, higher than any today. In 1880, Theodore Thomas's tuning fork in Cincinnati vibrated at 456, and Steinway tuned pianos to 457. Conductors wanting their bands to sound "brilliant" encouraged the rise. Singers, not able to screw up their vocal cords as a fiddler or piano tuner can the strings, protested. The Paris Opera company in 1822 got the pitch there lowered for a while (from 431.7 to 425.8). At Covent Garden, Adelina Patti's influence helped to get the house pitch, which had climbed toward A=450, lowered to *diapason normal* for the 1880 season.

Today, singers are again up in arms. The Schiller Institute—part of the Lyndon LaRouche network of organizations—has launched a campaign for lowering operatic pitch not simply to A=440 but to Verdi's A=432, and has enlisted in support, among many others, Elly Ameling, Gabriel Bacquier, Fedora Barbieri, Carlo Bergonzi, Richard Bonynge, Grace Bumbry, Montserrat Caballé, Piero Cappuccilli, Maria Chiara, Fiorenza Cossotto, Giuseppe Di Stefano, Placido Domingo, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Mirella Freni, Gianandrea Gavazzeni, Marilyn Horne, Alfredo Kraus, Pilar Lorengar, Christa Ludwig, Sherrill Milnes, Leona Mitchell, Kurt Moll, Birgit Nilsson, Louis Quilico, Ruggero Raimondi, Joan Sutherland, and Renata Tebaldi. With such a cohort, victory could surely be won. All that the singers and conductors need do is insert a pitch clause in their contracts, such as Tebaldi (even though down to only A=440) used to have written into hers: any higher, and I won't sing, won't conduct.

Some aspects of the institute's conservative agenda might surprise the author of "Die Räuber" and "Don Carlos." Good ideas, however, can be shared by strange bedfellows, and at least in its campaign to lower pitch—to reduce strain and stridency, to replace "automatic" brilliance by fullness, naturalness, and eloquence—the institute is likely to have musicians' support. The mathematical difference is small—less than a semitone—but singers claim that it makes a big difference: puts the breaks between registers and the *passaggio* notes where the composers put them. However, a Town Hall recital this month presented by the institute did little to demonstrate the musical and vocal benefits of lowered pitch. There were two pianos onstage, one tuned to Verdi's A=432 and the other to A=440. At the start of the evening, a message from Miss Freni, commending A=432 as a preserver of vocal *bellezza*, *colore*, and *facilità*, was read. But only one number—Verdi's Carlos-Posa duet, the first piece on the program—was sung at both pitches. Any aperçus that resulted therefrom could not be checked by the subsequent items, for they were all done at the lower pitch. The troupe of singers—a mixed bag, mainly members of the Lubo Opera Company (which is based in Guttenberg, New Jersey, and has Jodi Laski-Mihova as general manager and, it seems, prima donna)—evidently welcomed it. But we had no way of telling how tense modern pitch might have affected their offerings.

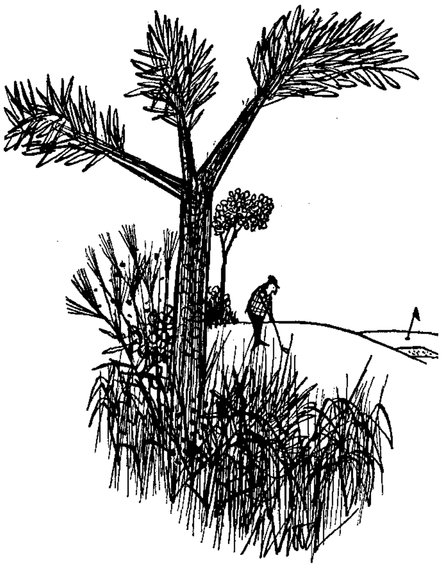
The principle, on the other hand, can hardly be in dispute. Alexander Ellis, in his famous "On the History of Musical Pitch" (1880), castigated those who sought to enforce instrumental brilliance at the expense of singers—"as if the price of whole orchestras of instruments bore an appreciable ratio to the loss caused by the



premature ruin of one great singer's voice." Today, pitch has again become variable, as original-instrument orchestras, tuned low, seize Bach and Handel, Mozart and Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert, Berlioz and Schumann—soon, perhaps, Brahms, Wagner, Verdi, early Strauss—away from our steel-stringed symphony orchestras. Anyone with "absolute pitch" fixed at A=440 must be disconcerted by much of what he now hears. But a Brünnhilde who does not have to throw her voice quite so high to hit high C's will surely welcome the campaign.

ROGER NORRINGTON made his New York début conducting Beethoven's Eighth and Ninth Symphonies in Carnegie Hall, with not his own London Classical Players (with whom he has recorded seven of the symphonies) but the Orchestra of St. Luke's. This "modern" band has worked with many specialist conductors, in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century repertory, and has in its ranks players who can be seen on the other nights with "original instruments" in their hands. Tuning was A=440, but the timpanist used hard sticks, which produced defined strokes, not a boom, and everyone played with light, clear tone and lithe articulation. Mr. Norrington is a conductor who invites instrumentalists to "dance" rather than to "sing." The Eighth received one of the boldest, liveliest, most captivating performances I have heard. In the finale the conductor almost attained the composer's allegro vivace at whole note=84. The Ninth was arresting but not overwhelming. It did have freshness and vigor. Nathaniel Watson was an ardent baritone soloist. (The other soloists were weak.) Mr. Norrington took the alla marcia of the finale at half speed, I think, but at least he accepted the challenge of the indicated metronome mark and tried to discover whether it could be made to work. I wrote about Beethoven's metronome and the Ninth some years ago; since then, much more has been written, both in speculation and in assertion. The basic evidence—contained in a conversation book, two letters, and a fair copy of the score—remains the same. The most interesting new interpretations have been practical—especially those carried out with instruments kin to those Beethoven knew. I'll say no more until after "The Beethoven Experience"—two August days at PepsiCo Summerfare with scholars, Mr. Norrington, and the London Classical Players, culminating in a performance of the Ninth.

ENJOYABLE Beethoven in what we may call—though perhaps not for long—the "standard modern manner" was provided at a Beethoven Society concert this month in Alice Tully Hall. The program was the "Namensfeier" Overture, the First Piano Concerto, and "Christ on the Mount of Olives." Manuel Alvarez conducted the Symphony Orchestra and Chorus of the Hartt School of Music, at the University of Hartford. The overture, Beethoven's closest approach to Rossini, was amiably done, even if Mr. Norrington and his fellows are leading us to expect drier drumbeats and less plump horn tone. (The overture has a striking four-horn episode.) I am not suggesting that all hornists should forthwith take up natural instruments for Beethoven: in-tune modern is preferable to out-of-tune salvos on the old instruments. But "authentic" horn tone, with the varied colors that hand-stopped chromatic control induces, is a striking sonic feature of the newly revived classical orchestra. Jeremy Menuhin was a neat, fluent soloist in the concerto; there was not much interplay between him and the band. The heroic oratorio—Beethoven's first big dramatic work—is a rum piece. The protagonist has the accents of Florestan; a coloratura Angel of the Agony has the accents of the Queen of the Night; they sing a duet in sixths. The score contains stirring and beautiful things but is oddly and awkwardly shaped. The best soloist was the first cello, Benjamin Meyers, who added a romantic line to the duet.

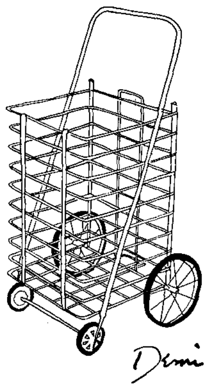


THE members of the Emerson String Quartet, quartet-in-residence at the Hartt School, played a twentieth-century concerto apiece at a Sunday-afternoon Town Hall concert last week, with the Hartt Wind Symphony, conducted by Stanley DeRusha. Each soloist displayed the qualities of polished technique, true intonation, expressive tone colors, and, embracing all, alert communicativeness that make the Emerson the most consistently satisfying of our string quartets. The program was chronological, coherent, and rewarding. Eugene Drucker was an incisive soloist in Kurt Weill's Concerto for Violin and Wind Orchestra (1924)—a disturbed, disturbing piece, inhabiting what T. W. Adorno described as "a dangerous, surrealistic realm." David Drew, the (unacknowledged) author of the program note, points to "fleeting echoes" of Stravinsky and Hindemith and "chance affinities" with Berg; he finds "a sense of hunter and hunted" in the tarantella-finale. Busoni and Mahler are other influences. But everything is compact, direct, crisply phrased, and scored in sharp colors.

In Hindemith's viola concerto "Der Schwanendreher" (1935), Lawrence Dutton was a poetic soloist. This is "a concerto after folksongs," the finale being a set of variations on "Seid ihr nicht der Schwanendreher." The title means the poultry keeper (literally, the wringer of swans' necks); perhaps there is also a play on "*schwanen*" in the sense of "impart a foreboding." Hindemith writes in his program note, "A minstrel visits a happy company of people and plays for them the music he has brought from far away." He played the work in Amsterdam, London, Washington, Venice but not in Germany. It is a swan song in being a German composer's farewell to the country that he loved but was soon to leave.

Both the Weill and the Hindemith concertos present deep emotions contained by strict form. In Boris Tishchenko's Concerto for Cello, Seventeen Wind Instruments, Percussion, and Harmonium (1963), which followed, emotion is closer to the surface. David Finckel, the soloist, had the work by heart; his performance was impassioned and affecting. The concerto, composed for Rostropovich, begins with six minutes of solo musing: a single note repeated, sorties of increasing range. Then a trumpet enters, in a long paragraph of solemn dialogue; next, an oboe; gradually, the full ensemble. Two recurrent motifs are a pizzicato slow, sad arpeggio from the soloist and a thin, bleak chord from the harmonium (represented at this concert by a synthesizer of unpleasant tone and horribly abrupt cutoff). The work is firmly constructed—the opening solo lays a ground plan for what is then built—but it seems rhapsodic: suddenly impetuous, then despairing.

The concert ended with Paul Epstein's new "The Adventures of Matinee Concerto, Broadcast Live from the Late Twentieth Century, with Notes." This is a half-hour gallimaufry, suggested by (the composer says in a program note) "the pileup of songs, sets, commercials, patter, promo, programs, and so on" of a single radio station, by "the listener-produced 'montage' that results from twirling the dial," by "the indiscriminate and antihistorical presentation of music one finds on television, film, and radio." I quite liked Weilly and Gershwiny episodes but felt that Epstein was making a point in a long and elaborate fashion without producing much in the way of real music. Philip Setzer was the soloist, and brilliant in a codswallop cadenza just before the close. His violin was painfully overamplified (part of Epstein's argument?). That and the synthesizer wheeze were the only bad sounds of the afternoon. What an admirable place for music Town Hall is! Arriving a minute or two late, I was permitted to creep in up at the back row of the balcony, and felt no urge to move down later: the stage seemed close; everything was at once distinct and well balanced.



BELLINI'S "Il Pirata" (1827), his first opera for La Scala, reached New York in 1832. Maria Callas sang it in Carnegie Hall thirty years ago. Montserrat Caballé sang it there in 1966. In March, Eve Queler's Opera Orchestra of New York performed it, with different casts, in the John Harms Center, in Englewood, New Jersey, and then in Carnegie. It is a curious opera. Bellini had not yet discovered what he was best at, and tried a bit of everything: the long, supple melodies for which today he is chiefly prized; the energetic *canto d'azione* for which he was first prized, and which Donizetti and then Verdi developed; the formal experiments based on Rossinian precedent. The librettist, Felice Romani, inaugurating a collaboration that continued through six more operas, chose for him a wild, whirling subject: the Reverend Charles Maturin's play "Bertram," which Walter Scott commended, in vain, to Kemble as "one of those things that will either succeed greatly, or be damned gloriously"; which Byron commended to Kean, who played it with great success at Drury Lane, in 1816; which Goethe scorned as a farrago of *Menschenhass* and *Rachegeist*, coincidence and turbulence, a nonsense that only the Byron-mad English could fall for; to which Coleridge devoted a condemnatory chapter of the "Biographia Literaria." Romani's immediate source was a French version of "Bertram" (1822), produced in Paris with Théophile Gautier in the leading role. The librettist toned down extravagances and conventionalized the characters. The protagonist of Maturin's play wrings reluctant tribute even from a Prior:

High-hearted man, sublime even in thy guilt,
Whose passions are thy crimes, whose angel-sin
Is pride that rivals the star-bright apostate's.
Wild admiration thrills me to behold
An evil strength, so above earthly pitch—
Descending angels only could reclaim thee!

But Romani's Gualtiero is no Satanic hero, merely a passionate and impulsive tenor. Imogene does not commit adultery, or murder her child. Saint-Aldobrand is changed from a fairly decent husband into a fierce baritone villain, Ernesto. The dramatic plot is subordinated to the "musical" plot; not until "La Sonnambula" and "Norma" did Romani and Bellini achieve a sure balance of theatrical and musical structures. But their ambition, their striving, and their achievement keep "Il

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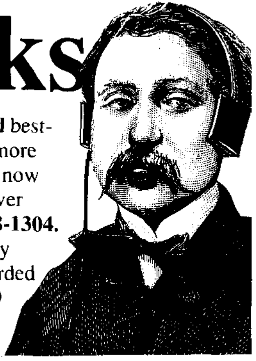

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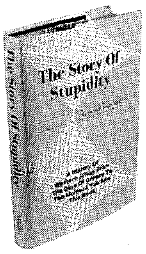

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Pirata" alive when its contemporaries are forgotten. (The other new Scala operas in 1827 were Pacini's "Gli Arabi nelle Gallie" and Mercadante's "Il Montanaro," the latter also with a Romani libretto.) There are passages that left a mark on "The Flying Dutchman" (the opening storm chorus, with shouts answered by silence), on "Lucia" (the tenor's last aria), on Bellini's own "I Puritani" (the refrain of Imogene's cavatina). And there are many strokes of true Bellini inspiration—shapes at once beautiful and eloquent.

Despite individual merits of execution, in neither New Jersey nor Carnegie did the opera prove quite as stirring as one hoped it would be. It may have been that Miss Queler and her singers had concentrated too much on details of vocalism at the expense of character and musical structure. The New Jersey performance had a pleasing heroine in Renée Fleming—fluent, pure in tone, not quite lively enough in recitative. Gregory Hopkins, the Gualtiero, has a tenor that rises full, free, and effortless to high D. Having established that he had the note, he should perhaps then have been less prodigal with it, reserved it for special, surprising moments. Christopher Robertson, as Ernesto, and Brian Mathews, as the hermit Goffredo, sang well. In Carnegie, Aprile Millo, the Imogene, gave a carefully studied, serious, and impressive performance, crowned by a delicate and accomplished account of the famous mad scene. Sometimes she tended to throw more weight into phrases than the music required; then recitatives became slow, and clarity of tone was compromised. For the male leads, Miss Queler had engaged two singers who have been making headlines in Italy. Giuseppe Morino, the Gualtiero, was disconcerting. He has cultivated a dulcet falsetto, such as Rubini (for whom Bellini wrote four operas), we are told, employed. He also commands a bright trumpet blare at the top, up to D. Switches between one and the other were sudden, and not charming. He is a prodigy of a kind. Paolo Coni, the Ernesto, tipped as a successor to Cappuccilli and Bruson, revealed a firm, smooth, agile baritone of excellent quality, dark yet forthright. The Pro Arte Chorale, muted on the cramped Harms stage, came into its own in Carnegie. —ANDREW PORTER

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

APRIL 20

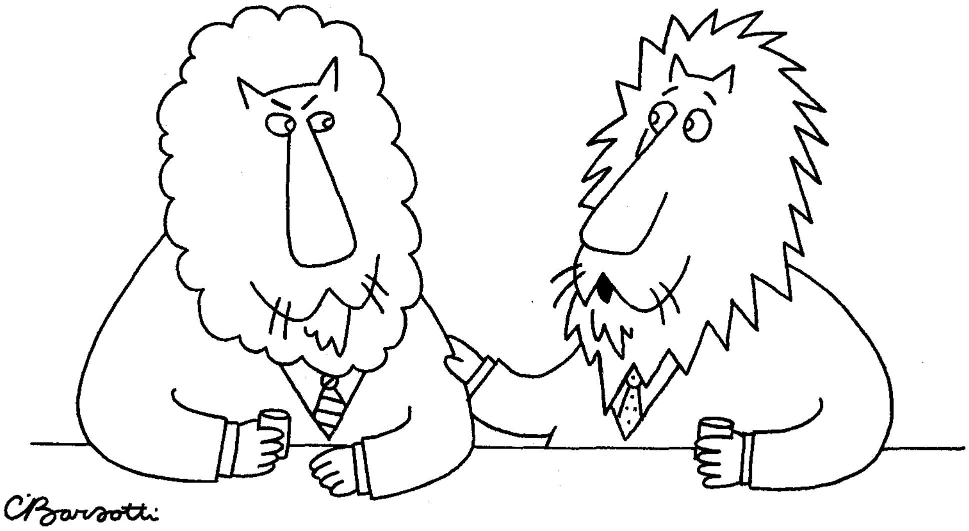
THE distemper that has been coursing through our politics has now surfaced in the House of Representatives, where the agony of Speaker Jim Wright is a symptom of the deep anger on both sides of the aisle. The Wright affair was brought on by Republican frustration with being the minority party in the House for thirty-five years—a frustration Wright nurtured by his high-handed tactics as Speaker—and by the increasing resort these days to slash-and-burn politics. Once again, Washington is in the midst of a scandal, and the pattern is becoming familiar: the press (not all of it, of course) is egged on and sometimes manipulated by those who have a stake in the outcome, and driven by competitive pressures to get more goods on the latest figure involved, and this leads to a hypedness that makes it difficult to make distinctions about the importance of each alleged misdeed and, inevitably, puts rumors into circulation. Each time, it's like watching a tornado build and then swoop down and carry someone away. Sometimes, afterward, we wonder whether he really had to go. That Wright, an anachronistic figure in several respects, had, as it turned out, conducted his political life in a less than thoroughly pristine manner, to the point where his Speakership is now in jeopardy, was a boon that his Republican enemies did not find wholly welcome: they wanted a wounded Wright in place as Speaker, not his removal as an issue.

Wright, who has been caught in a time warp, did much to bring on his problems; but it's not clear, as of now, whether he was engaged in major venality (the facts are still coming in). He does, however, appear to have engaged in schemes to enhance his income, and some of the schemes appear to have violated the ethics rules of the House. But there is some ambiguity at this point about some of the charges, and the whole business has made a great many House members nervous—whether or not they have much use for Wright (and most don't). They fear that new standards are being set, ones that they themselves might trip over. Many of Wright's alleged transgressions occurred while he was Majority Leader of the House, and some continued into his Speakership, which began in 1987, when, as one of the top leaders of his party, he should have been more careful, and a number of the allegations seem valid enough. Wright was in an exposed position, and did things (whether or not they are finally found to be violations of House rules) that a great many other members would have avoided. Because of his exposed position, the punishment for these deeds could be dire—costing him the post he had aspired to for so long and which is the pinnacle of his life.

In talking with House members, of both parties, one often hears the phrase "in the post-John Tower era"; the phrase conveys the accurate point that standards on ethics have been raised, and the inaccurate point that all transgressions are of an equal magnitude. (It also conveys the thought that Republicans are seeking vengeance for the Senate's treatment of Tower.) "Everyone does it" is no answer, of course, nor does "everyone" do it, but it is not hard to understand how Wright fell into the trap. He is of a political generation where deals and angles and sleazy associations were the norm, and comes out of Texas politics, which had developed state-of-the-art transactional politics. Wright has been charged by the House ethics committee, formally named the Committee on Standards of Official Conduct, with possibly having violated (the final verdict isn't in) House rules dealing with the receipt of gifts from someone with "a direct interest" in legislation—and with failing to report them as gifts—and with seeking to avoid the limits on honoraria for speeches by receiving royalties from bulk sales, largely to interest groups, of his book "Reflections of a Public Man," a paperback collection of his speeches and other writings. Wright is a piker compared to, say, Lyndon Johnson, and perhaps other Texas politicians. And, to one degree or another, figuring the angles to get around the limitations on outside income is a major pastime in Congress.

Wright contributed to his own troubles through some crossing of the lines of acceptable behavior and through his own personality. It does not help him at all that he has few friends in the House, or that his style, which is old-fashioned and elaborate, and tends toward the oleaginous, has been an embarrassment to numerous House members, particularly the younger ones, who are modern, crisp, and telegenic. At least at first, for a number of these people, an opportunity to open a trapdoor under Wright seemed hard to resist. Wright is essentially a loner, and a hard man to get to know. He tends toward unilateral action, depriving his flock of the interchange with the top House leader it has come to expect. Tip O'Neill, Wright's predecessor, was just as out of date as Wright is, if in a different way, but he was a warm and friendly man who kept in touch with his people.

The House Democrats divide into several factions, and Wright has never had a terribly broad base of support. He attained his place on the House Democratic leadership ladder at the end of



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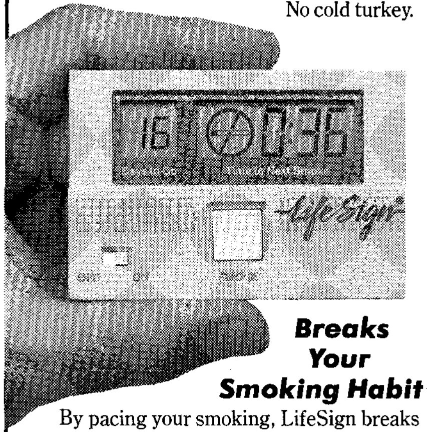

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1976, when he defeated three rivals for the post of Majority Leader, receiving only one vote more than the runner-up. When O'Neill retired, at the end of 1986, Wright took his place. Wright's caving in to the strong pressure against the congressional pay raise earlier this year was the last straw for a number of Democrats, though it has nothing to do with the question of how much he should be punished for whatever violations of House rules he may have committed. (Wright was supposed to stand alone in preventing, and take the hit for preventing, a House vote on the pay raise, but when the pressure, and demagoguery, on the issue became intolerable, Wright, apparently consulting no one, caved.) A few weeks ago, a Democratic member said to me, "Critical to all this is the pay raise. I don't think Jim Wright understands that. The morale of the House of Representatives collapsed over the pay raise. Many members are under financial pressure, and they felt that Wright's action was totally unnecessary, and that they were deceived and let down." (Few members are willing to talk on the record on the subject of Wright.)

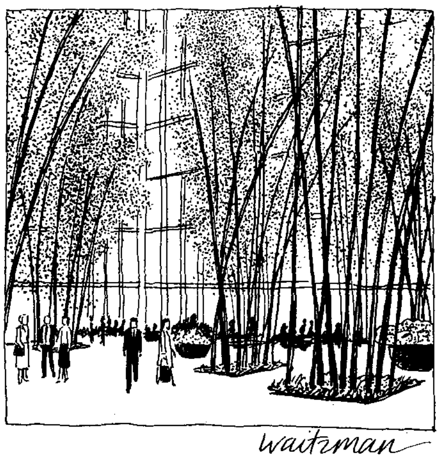
The difficulty members of Congress have had in getting their salaries more commensurate with their responsibilities, or even keeping up with inflation, has, on the other hand, led some members to have some sympathy for Wright. One member said to me a few weeks ago, "It all gets back to the pay raise. Everybody's got a compensation problem, and everybody has a scheme to deal with it. Everyone who doesn't have a trust fund has devised a way of making more money. Anyone who thinks that because we didn't get a pay raise we have reduced our living standards is wrong. If we have to pay for our children's education and for a second home, we'll find ways to deal with it. One way or another, we all find ways of addressing our income problem—to the detriment of our job here. Everybody's got a scheme. I don't care what any of the members say, they all have a scheme. That doesn't mean they violate the law, but the schemes aren't good for the country—they take time, and they invite conflicts of interest. If the only question is over whether Wright used book sales to substitute for honoraria, the House will be sympathetic and the result will be more bad publicity." There was also, sub rosa, some sympathy for Wright on the part of a number of members who thought he had got into trouble as a result of his marriage to Betty Wright, his second wife (who used to work in his office), who has expensive tastes. (Much notice was taken of her wearing a lynx coat to one of this year's Inaugural events.)

Wright, a bona-fide Texas populist (as were Johnson and Sam Rayburn), also angered some of his Democratic colleagues by unilaterally announcing, just after he became Speaker, that he favored an increase in income taxes, just after a huge tax-reform bill had been passed, and at a time when most Democrats were hiding under the bed on the subject of taxes. His populism is no more fashionable than his rococo speech: Wright, as a Democratic colleague puts it, believes that God created the Democratic Party in order to make the government tax and spend. Last Friday, when President Bush, surrounded by congressional leaders, proudly announced an agreement on the outlines of the budget that has to be adopted by Congress (a fraudulent agreement, but that's another story), Wright, whom Bush called on first for comments, undauntedly and pointedly commented that the budget failed to meet national needs because of the agreement not to raise substantial new taxes. And Wright, through arbitrary and forceful use of the majority's powers, managed to anger House Republicans—to the point that he may now be facing the ruin of his political career.

THE Republicans were quite ready to be angered. Being a minority member of the House isn't very satisfying if one is interested in legislating, or in having much power of any kind. Only a few Republicans manage to work themselves into positions of influence. (The Senate, being smaller and having much looser rules governing floor debate, provides greater opportunities.) The House Republicans have been divided for some time between the temperates, who are more inclined to accept their situation, and even coöperate at times with the Democratic leadership, and the hotheads, who figure that the only way to get attention is to throw bombs. Until very recently, the temperates, headed by House Minority Leader Robert Michel, of Illinois, a relaxed, genial man who believes in tradition, prevailed. But Michel was under increasing challenge from the hotheads, led by Newt Gingrich, of Georgia. Michel was constantly trying to pacify both groups, and occasionally, to avoid being beheaded, he bowed to the hotheads' demands. All along, the Republicans' internal differences were more over tactics than over substantive legislation. Dick Cheney, who was the Republican Whip until he left the House last month to become Secretary of Defense, often acted as translator between Michel and the hotheads, and as an emissary to the Democrats; but Cheney, a smart, thoughtful, and very tough and partisan man, occasionally turned his anger on the Democrats. (The Democrats, who essentially like Cheney, thought that his sallies against them usually arose out of his perceived need to stay ahead of his troops.) Within an hour of Bush's naming of Cheney to the Pentagon post—which took place the day after the Senate rejected Tower, so as to change the story—Gingrich was off rounding up support to replace him as Whip.

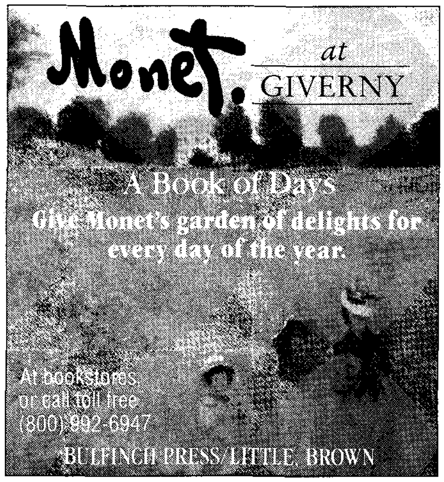
In a body of not exactly shy people, Gingrich had long excelled at thrusting himself forward. The forty-five-year-old, six-term member was one of the founders of the Conservative Opportunity Society—a group of younger conservatives who stress economic opportunity and have a libertarian streak—and the star of C-SPAN, having figured out, along with a few compatriots, the possibilities of exploiting the new (as of 1979, Gingrich's first year in Congress) use of television cameras in the House of Representatives. Gingrich is part intellectual (he used to be a history professor), part anarchist; he also has a streak of the messianic in him. He deals more in ideas than in legislating, and some of his ideas are visionary and some are off the wall. (One of the few bills he has introduced was to establish procedures for admitting space colonies to statehood in the United States. Gingrich compared this to Thomas Jefferson's Northwest Ordinance.) For the Whip fight, Gingrich started with the base of the thirty-odd members of the Conservative Opportunity Society, activated the right-wing network, and successfully reached for support from some of the more moderate members, who backed him because of their increasing frustration, and also out of a combination of ambition and fear. Some of these people want to run for the Senate, and will need conservative backing—or at least a lack of conservative opposition. Gingrich's victory, by two votes, was more a generational one than an ideological one. And Jim Wright's conduct of the Speakership made Gingrich's case easier. A House Democrat says, "Jim Wright helped create Newt Gingrich."

Actually, Gingrich and some of his Republican colleagues have a history of tormenting Democratic Speakers. They nearly drove O'Neill crazy. Wright sometimes intervened in the fights between O'Neill and Gingrich, which didn't help him with Gingrich later. And Gingrich has quite openly stated that he intends to make ethics a partisan issue in the 1990 congressional elections, with the hope that this will help the Republicans gain seats in the House. (The 1990 elections just precede the next reapportionment of House seats by state legislatures, so Republican gains down the line could help the Republicans in their effort to shed their minority status in the House. The current lineup is 260-174.) Gingrich believes that portraying the Democrats as the party of corruption is good politics, but not all Republicans are convinced of this. They realize that their party had its own ethics problems during Reagan's Presidency, and figure the odds are that there will be some ethics problem in the course of the Bush Administration, and are not sure in any event that "corruption" is a cutting issue. Gingrich is keen on "wedge" issues; he wants to raise issues that have less to do with governing the nation than with driving a wedge in the Democratic coalition—the kinds of symbolic issues the Bush campaign exploited so successfully in the last election. In February of last year, Gingrich announced that he would bring charges against Wright, and in May he filed formal charges before the ethics committee. Gingrich's charges questioned the propriety of Wright's book deals (he receives a whopping fifty-five-per-cent royalty) and his efforts on behalf of certain oil and gas interests.



Edward Rollins, a Republican strategist who was hired earlier this year to direct the National Republican Congressional Committee (at a four-year salary of more than a million dollars), told reporters in February that Jim Wright would be the Republicans' "target number one." He also said, "My responsibility is to go out and try to knock out as many Democrats as I can." A number of people, including some leading Republicans, did not think that that was a particularly smart thing to do. For one thing, it's not a good idea to telegraph your punches. For another, it's not clear that a Speaker matters much one way or another to most voters. For a third thing, making the Speaker an issue isn't a very good way to get anything done in the House—that is, if one wants to get anything done.

When Gingrich filed the charges against Wright last year, he was essentially free-lancing; a group of Gingrich's allies had looked over his charges and advised him not to go ahead, that he didn't have enough material to make a good case. But Gingrich pursued the matter, and then he got a break. A week before Gingrich filed his charges, Common Cause, the "citizens' lobby," wrote to the ethics committee asking it to investigate Wright's book deals and his involvement in trying to help savings and loan institutions. A number of Democrats were angry at Common Cause, and figured it was straining to maintain its bipartisan credentials. Common Cause's joining the case led the ethics committee, which sifts through charges, deciding which ones are serious, to take up the Wright matter. Even Republicans close to Gingrich had their doubts about his going after Wright. Vin Weber, Republican of Minnesota and a Gingrich ally, told me recently, "I never supported Newt's filing charges against the Speaker. We have a genuine disagreement over the role of partisanship in ethics issues. I believe that each party, and the ethics committee, should deal with it. I told Newt that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we shouldn't attack ethics on a partisan basis, and that if there wasn't much weight or substance to the charges it might trivialize him." Weber added, "The evidence is beginning to show that Newt was more justified than I thought at the time."

THE yin-yang relationship of Gingrich and Wright is such that Gingrich's obviousness about going after Wright for partisan reasons has worked to Wright's benefit, as numerous Democrats began to rally around him and form a partisan line on the ethics issue. Some Democrats think that Gingrich had this very thing in mind—that he wanted to cause Democrats to rally around Wright, which would enable the Republicans to cast more of them in the "unethical" mold and could keep a wounded Wright in place. In recent weeks, as the Wright affair built toward its climax, both parties in the House have exhibited schizophrenia over the desired outcome—over whether or not it would be better to have Wright ousted from the Speakership.

For the Republicans (at least those interested in going after Wright), the choice was less difficult; they wanted a damaged Wright in the chair, visible to the world. The possibility that they had overshot—that Wright would end up being removed from the Speakership—was a cause for concern, if not panic. The widely (but not unanimously) held view that if Wright went he would be succeeded by Majority Leader Thomas Foley, of Washington, only deepened the Republicans' distress. Foley, one of the most liked and respected members of the House, would give the Democrats a second attractive spokesman, along with Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell. A temperate Republican said to me not long ago, "I can't see how getting rid of Wright helps the Republican Party. Foley is so good." When I asked a Gingrich ally in the middle of last week what outcome his group actually wanted, he replied, "Most Republicans feel that right now we're in the best position we could possibly be in—Jim Wright hurt, you people in the press writing about him—and if the thing could drag on forever we would have an unpopular, wounded, distracted Speaker to deal with. Though he's not popular on our side, we'd like to see the leadership of the Democratic Party off balance." This Republican congressman said that it was the strategy of most Republicans to keep quiet for the time being—a strategy Gingrich only occasionally followed ("Newt never keeps quiet about anything")—so as not to appear to be prejudging the case before the ethics committee issued its report, and also to leave it to the Democrats to struggle with the problem. Republicans considered it a victory when, last Thursday, Gingrich cancelled a scheduled press conference. When I asked this Republican congressman what his party planned to do if and when it came to votes on the House floor on questions of what punishment should be meted out to Wright, he replied, "We have yet to face that issue. Republicans don't want to face it. Other Republican leaders, especially Michel, don't want to act against the Speaker; it's not their style. On the other hand, they know if they don't move, Newt will, and that would be the most inflammatory, incendiary way to deal with it."

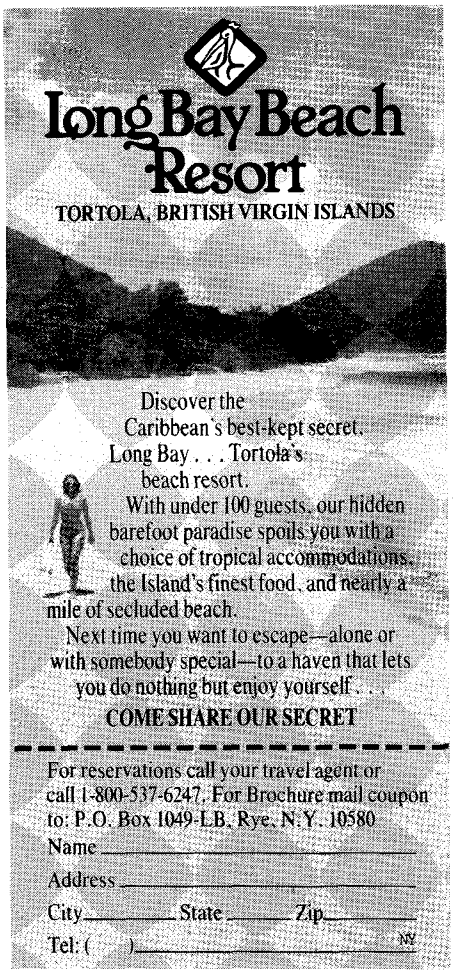
But the Republicans' dilemma is nowhere near the size of the Democrats', who had been in a state of high anxiety. The House Democrats are more fragmented than the Republicans, divided by region and age-group as well as by philosophy, and also among subgroups within the larger groups. On the question about Wright, they have been of many minds—and ambitions. The ouster of Wright would open up a vacancy on the leadership ladder, and since not all Democrats favored Foley's succeeding to the Speakership—and since some saw an opportunity to claim the gavel for themselves—the House in the past few weeks became a caldron of rumors and plots, of whispered conversations behind marble pillars. One member said to me, "We're all talking out of the side of our mouth." Not everyone believed the disclaimers of certain potential candidates to replace Wright if he either stepped down or was ousted from his job. Foley has no choice but to defend Wright publicly, as he is doing; Foley grew up in the old school of political loyalty, and also is not a very audacious man, so just about everybody believes that he wouldn't challenge Wright as long as Wright chooses, or is able, to remain Speaker. The complaint some of the younger members have against Foley is that he is not aggressive enough; but Wright is aggressive, and they don't much like that, either. A very aggressive Speaker is going to alienate some faction of his own party. Foley, being in an awkward position, refused to discuss with colleagues the possibility of anyone's, much less his own, challenging Wright.

Tony Coelho, of California, the Democratic Whip, disclaims any thought of challenging Wright—or Foley, should Wright evaporate—but not everyone believes him. Coelho, as he himself knows, has a lean and hungry look and, one of his allies points out, "is the only member with the beginnings of a machine within the House." A House Democrat with a wide range of contacts said to me a couple of weeks ago, "What I hear is that Tom's loyalty could make him very vulnerable to a very ambitious Tony Coelho." This man continued, "From the beginning of this leadership regime, when things have gone wrong on the floor, if there has been a miscount on a vote, Tony's people have spread the word that it was Tom's fault." The member, who counts Coelho as one of his friends, said, "I have never seen Tony miss an opportunity; that would be a departure from normal Tony Coelho behavior—unless he had a hard count that told him he would lose—and I would be dumbfounded."

There has been talk of the possible candidacies for Speaker of two powerful committee chairmen: Dan Rostenkowski, of Illinois, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee; and John Dingell, of Michigan, chairman of the Energy and Commerce Committee. In fact, committee chairmen can make numerous enemies through "turf" battles. Both men are said to have told Wright that they would not challenge him, but that doesn't rule out making a move should an opening occur. (There was speculation about which House barons might also, in the new atmosphere, have a cleanliness problem.) More than one member thought he detected different behavior on the part of certain would-be Speakers. "No one can ask for commitments now," a member said. "But potential challengers are trying to shore up friendships and deal with any problems they might have. When someone is contemplating a complicated political opportunity, he struts differently down the hall." For a while, some of the younger members talked about backing Richard Gephardt, of Missouri, in a challenge against Foley should an opening occur, but this idea faded upon the realization that Gephardt had received strong support from Foley and Coelho in his Presidential quest last year, so a challenge of either one of them would be awkward indeed, and also that Gephardt's mind remains on a higher office than the Speakership.

The House Democrats have had a bad year. First, there was the defeat of the pay raise, then they watched with concern as the Tower episode turned ugly, and there has been precious little legislating thus far. Most of them have felt that the Wright matter could have no good outcome, that a damaged and disliked Speaker remaining in place would be bad for the Democrats, and that the process of getting him replaced could well be bloody. One key Democrat predicts a "maelstrom" if Wright vacates his post. Many, probably most, of them had hoped that Wright would solve their problem for them in the least difficult way, by stepping down, but Wright, like John Tower, appears at this point to have little interest in obliging others and relieving them of unpleasantness by getting out of the way.

One Democratic member said to me about a month ago, "This place is like a morgue. People have sat here now for the better part of three months, endured the pay-raise firestorm, and now see the plank being stretched out for them to walk in the case of the ethics committee report on the Speaker. A lot of them are saying, 'I'm not going to walk the plank for this Speaker.' The mildest form of punishment, a reprimand, would be the end of the Speaker in this term; the worst outcome would be the committee laying out a seamy record of deeds but saying none of them are serious enough for punishment. If we oust the Speaker, there will be blood on the floor, recriminations, and acrimony. It's a lose-lose situation." Most of the Democrats assume that Wright will not survive as Speaker if he is reprimanded (or worse). An influential member said to me a couple of weeks ago, "I think the Republicans wanted a wounded Wright around and they're not going to get that. They'll either get an exonerated Wright or no Wright." He added, "Ambiguity would be good for them and bad for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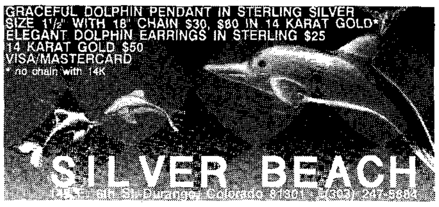
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us." There was great danger, the Democrats knew, in setting out to kill the king. Wright does have his allies in the House, made up of the Texas delegation; members of the Public Works Committee, on which Wright used to serve and which he continues to favor by backing big public-works programs; and a few others who simply felt that Wright was getting a raw deal. The price of going against the Speaker on any roll-call vote concerning his fate could be very high; politicians have long memories. One of the more senior members says, "Those are highly emotional votes, both in terms of partisanship and among the Democrats. This isn't idle business. Those are votes that are remembered for years around here—*years*."

So, for a variety of reasons, as the time for dealing with the Speaker's fate drew nearer, many of the Democratic members became more cautious. In the last couple of weeks, many of them came to feel increasingly uncomfortable with the prospect of destroying his career. The feeling was only in part based on principle: many of the members found in the course of the Easter recess that their constituents weren't interested in the Wright matter; and in recent weeks the Democrats won two special House elections. Rollins and Lee Atwater, the new chairman of the Republican National Committee, had put high priority on winning those seats (one of them used to be Dan Quayle's) as the beginning of the Republican resurgence in the House. Still, some members not only dread the prospect of casting roll-call votes on the Wright issue but fear—as they are meant to—an all-out assault by Rollins and Atwater in 1990, using generic TV ads and direct mail, on Democrats who voted to support Wright. One House Democrat said to me recently, "No one has to draw a picture for a Democrat who has his lights on upstairs that reapportionment and the politics of it is really becoming a table-shaking battle. We know what Atwater means, we know what Rollins means, we know what Gingrich means."

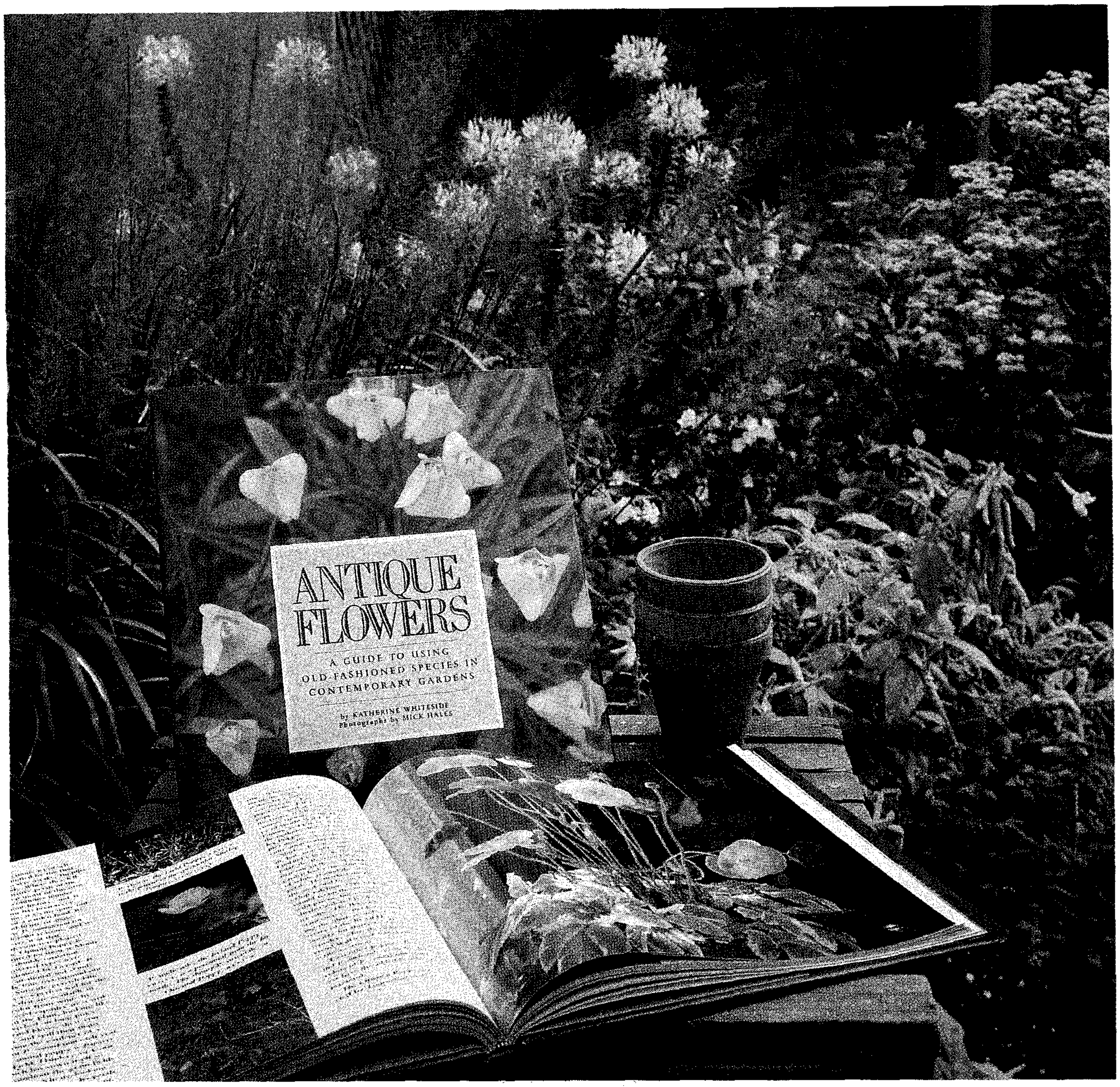
WORD last week that the ethics committee (whose proceedings have been in private) had voted to consider certain charges against Wright as sufficiently serious to possibly warrant disciplinary action—to adopt, in the committee's terminology, "a statement of alleged violation"—shook many House members. The statement is akin to an indictment, with the committee then holding a hearing on whether there is "clear and convincing evidence" that the rules of the House have been violated, and if so, then considering what degree of disciplinary action should be taken. But, according to congressmen who have served on the committee, in most cases once the committee adopts a statement of alleged violation it is ninety per cent of the way toward deciding that the violation occurred. (Some members think that the processes of alleging the violations and judging whether the violations have in fact been committed should be carried out by two different groups of people.) The committee can admonish the accused member, which would require no further action by the House, or it could vote for a reprimand or, worse, a censure or, still worse, expulsion from the House. Anything more severe than a letter of reproval goes to the House floor, where any member (at any time) can move to raise the level of punishment. Also, a motion to oust the Speaker from his post, or to expel a member from the House, can be brought up at any time. Service on the ethics committee is a dog's work which wins the gratitude of few and can make lifelong enemies. The members appointed to it are usually steady, unflamboyant, and respected. The current chairman, Julian Dixon, of California, is very respected. Other members of the House are usually reluctant to vote against the ethics committee's recommendations. So Democrats may be faced with unpalatable choices.

What troubled many members last week was the news that the committee had adopted statements of alleged violations involving Wright and his wife's receipt of what it termed "gifts"—including a salary and car for Betty Wright, and the use of a condominium—from George Mallick, a Fort Worth real-estate developer. The committee had further ruled that Mallick had "a direct interest" in legislation, and therefore the gifts violated House rules. Wright and his allies, who went on the offensive toward the end of last week, argued that the committee seemed to be adopting new standards: that Mallick, a longtime friend of Wright's, did not fit the official definition of someone having "a direct interest" in legislation, that the rules only prohibit taking a gift from a friend if the member knows that the friend has a direct interest in legislation, and that even if Mallick's beneficence amounted to gifts (which Wright and his allies do not concede), and even if Mallick had a direct interest in legislation (which they also do not concede), Wright did not know that.

TGoddard

The ethics committee, unlike any other House committee, is evenly divided between Democrats and Republicans; two Democrats voted with the six Republicans on the question of whether Mallick had a direct interest in legislation. (Those Democrats' lives will not be easy ones.) The Wright forces took some comfort from the fact that neither Dixon nor Vic Fazio, also of California, and also respected, agreed that Mallick had a direct interest in legislation. The majority focussed in particular on the fact that Mallick had a loan of $2.2 million from a failing Texas savings and loan, and Wright, with Mallick's advice, had helped the savings and loan industry; and that Mallick had a stake in a project to revitalize the historic Fort Worth stockyards area, for which Wright was instrumental in getting federal funds. Wright and his allies also argued that even if Mallick did have a direct interest in legislation the supposed taking of gifts occurred in earlier years, before Mallick's alleged direct interest, so the rule is being applied retroactively. (The chronology does not appear to bear this out.)

If the committee was establishing new standards, a number of members felt, no one would be safe; moreover, a great many members help their friends, and looking out for constituents' interests is part of their job, so those charges against Wright, who may have gone further than the average congressman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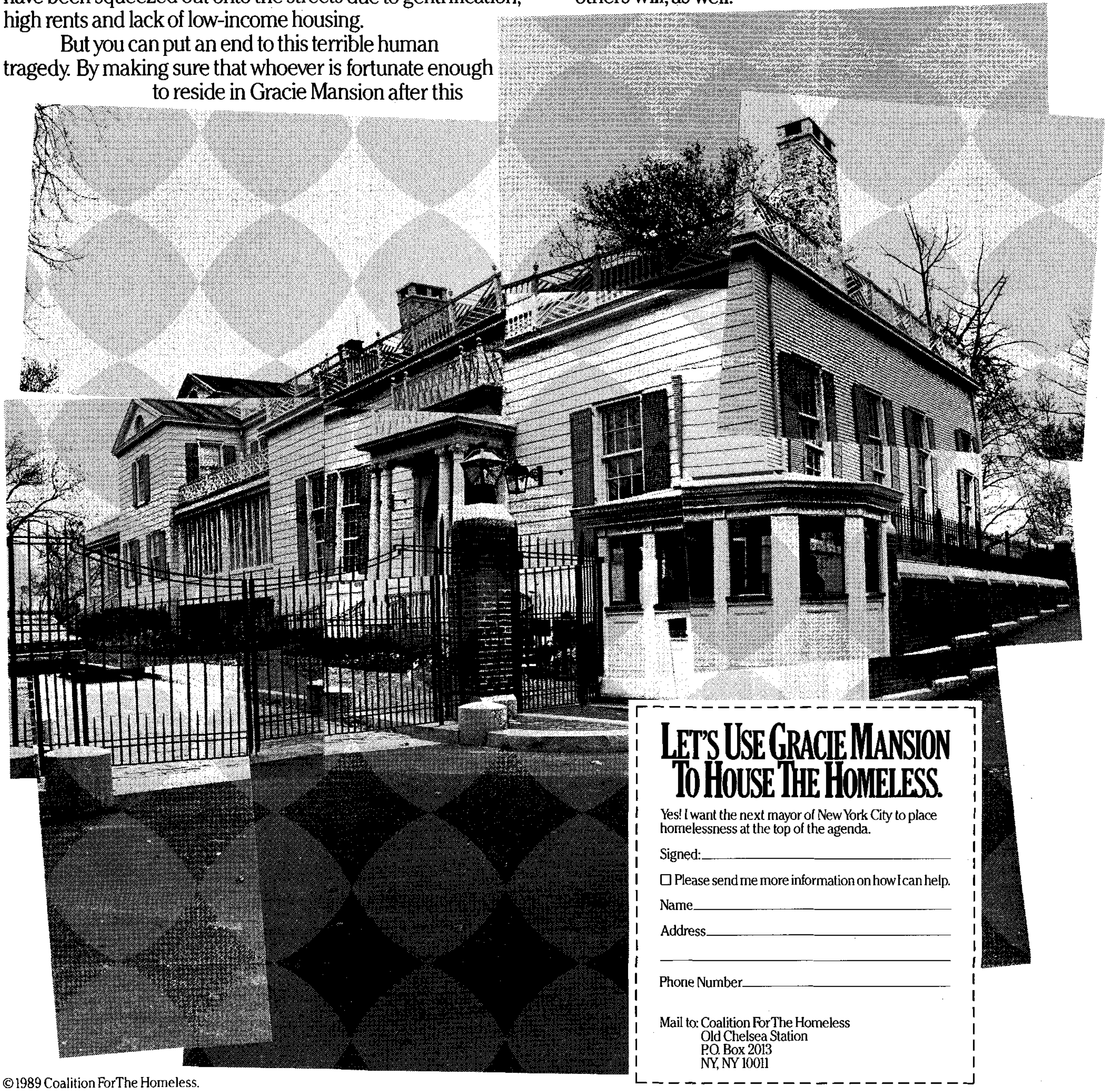

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(but that is not clear), made them nervous. One of Wright's defenders says that the committee, which has a rapid turnover of members (who only serve for six years) and staff, sometimes does establish ex-post-facto rules. He also argues that the committee doesn't pay enough attention to what its counsel is doing, so that things get out of hand. In this case, the committee, under Republican pressure, hired an outside counsel, Richard Phelan, a Democrat from Chicago. Wright's defenders are not alone in feeling that Phelan approached the case as a prosecutor, and didn't seem familiar with the way politics works. The committee rejected charges by Phelan that Wright acted improperly in intervening with the government on behalf of certain Texas S. & L.s, although the committee's report did say that Wright, who was apparently rough on the federal regulators (and tried to get some fired), may have been "intemperate in his dealings" on the matter; on this set of questions, some Republicans joined the six Democrats. The committee also rejected, unanimously, a charge that Wright had improperly used a staff member to help prepare his book; if such a charge had held, Capitol Hill would be empty.

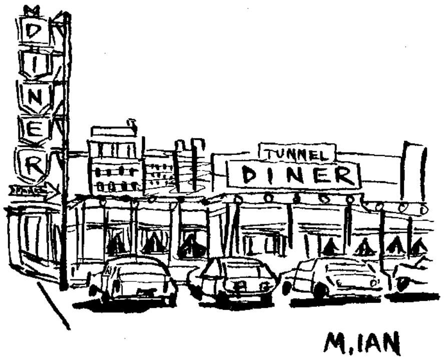
But what really set members' nerves on edge was the prospect that the job of any congressional spouse would come under greater scrutiny. Increasingly, in part because of insufficient congressional pay and in part because of changing mores, members of Congress and their spouses are two-earner families. The opening up of this whole area suggested that if a spouse practiced law, or sold real estate (as several of them do), the members could end up facing charges that some client had done the spouse a favor—in effect gave a gift—by throwing business the spouse's way, or in some other manner. Few welcomed the idea that Congress would check on how hard the spouse really worked. Wright's emotional press conference last Thursday, which followed a detailed presentation of his rebuttal to the reported charges, plus the proselytizing on the part of Wright's allies, did have an effect on other members, at least temporarily. Wright's getting choked up at the press conference over the charge that his wife hadn't worked ("I'll damn well fight to protect her honor and her integrity against any challenge") met with a certain, and predictable, cynicism—we've seen a lot of choked-up politicians by now—but may have been genuine. Also, he and his allies emphasized that issue knowing it would trouble many of their colleagues. (Wright was surrounded behind the lectern by a wide array of powers that be in the House, not all of whom are his fans and some of whom could still challenge him.) And on the House floor (the House was at last legislating) there was a lot of concern, on both sides of the aisle, that things were getting out of hand.

A key Democrat said to me last Thursday, "We understand about the salary, the car, and the condo, but people outside the House understand it differently. Members are saying, 'Wait a minute, now.' Today, it's not as much Jim Wright as themselves they are concerned about." He said that all that the members were talking about was the questions that could arise in the case of a spouse's working. "Because of the salary problem, you have couples that need dual income—in a company town." Another member said to me, "A lot of members have spouses who are smarter than they are and who have jobs in the private sector. Now we'll have the question, Did she get it on the merits? That's a very troubling judgment for the Congress to make. If the committee found Betty's salary to be a gift, it has to go behind the salary and say she didn't do enough work. That's a very dangerous thing to do." Last Friday, a younger member who had been all keen for, and had been predicting, Wright's departure as Speaker sounded very different. "It's turning around," he said. "I'm beginning to think my original view of declaring a vacancy in the Speaker's chair is not going to happen." This member said he and others were concerned about the possibility that the rules as interpreted by the ethics committee were a moving target, and about spousal income. "We don't want to get into the question of whether the wife worked," he said. The book deals were more troubling, he said, but he questioned whether they were of a magnitude sufficient to warrant wrecking someone's political career.

Gingrich's obvious pleasure in Wright's troubles—Gingrich would try from time to time to act the detached statesman, but this never lasted long—angered Democrats, as did Gingrich's making threats to challenge certain other members' ethics. Also, in a bizarre twist, it came out in late March that Gingrich had a book deal of his own that raises questions. So last week Bill Alexander, Democrat of Arkansas, filed charges against Gingrich with the ethics committee. Suddenly, the House was facing the prospect of a great deal of mud being thrown around, with all of them getting splattered. A Republican close to Gingrich said to me that Republicans were enraged by Alexander's filing of charges against Gingrich. "We're getting into an all-out war," he said. "So both sides are being drawn to a level of conflict over Wright that neither wants to be in."

THE reality of the committee's reporting, on Monday, that it had unanimously decided to bring sixty-nine charges against Wright came as a sharp blow in the House of Representatives. The unanimity may have been caused by the ethics-committee members' wanting to hang together though they differed on specific charges, but it had a strong effect on the House. Reality is usually more vivid than the hypothetical, and the committee's press conference on Monday morning, followed by the release of its report (as well as a longer one by its outside counsel, Phelan), made the members feel that they were going inextricably down the chute—ending where, it was not clear. The large number of charges was produced by the accumulation of charges for each of the five counts against Wright. Thus, there was a separate charge for each of the various years of the alleged violation; Wright was charged for each of the times he allegedly failed to report each of the "gifts" (he had reported his wife's salary as income), and of eight instances regarding the sale of his book. The committee is still investigating another charge, having to do with the fact that last year, in a single day, Mallightco, the company formed by the Mallicks and the Wrights, completed the purchase of an interest in an oil well, the Sabine Lake project, for $9,120 and sold it for $440,000; this good fortune benefitted the Speaker when Mallightco a month later, as planned, bought his stock back. Wright says that his holdings were in a blind trust and he knew nothing about the oil transaction. The committee had voted six to six, along straight party lines, against bringing a charge against Wright for a separate oil transaction, in which, Phelan argued, Wright received favorable terms in exchange for trying to help the owners with some problems with the government of Egypt. The committee's report lays out a case that Mallightco existed for the purpose of funnelling money to the Wrights. Betty Wright's eighteen-thousand-dollar salary was paid by Mallightco (the committee report says that she was the only paid employee of the company and that at times the company was so strapped for funds that it had to borrow from another Mallick company to pay her), and the car (a Cadillac Seville) that was provided to Mrs. Wright was Mallightco's car. The report notes that Mrs. Wright took the car to Washington in 1983, although, the report says, "there is no record supporting or establishing that she performed any duties for Mallightco in the District of Columbia." (Mallightco's headquarters was in Fort Worth.) Though Mrs. Wright left Mallightco's employ in 1984, she kept the car. (The six charges on this count, which the committee adopted unanimously, are that Wright failed to list the car, and its maintenance, as a gift.) In February of this year, when the ethics committee's investigation of Wright was coming to a close, and the outside counsel's investigation had revealed the existence of the car, Jim Wright's blind trust bought the car from Mallightco. As for Mrs. Wright's salary from Mallightco, the committee's report says that during her four years on the payroll "there was no evidence either supporting or establishing that the money paid to Mrs. Wright was in return for identifiable services or work products." The report gives some colorful details of the complex set of arrangements by which some interest groups bought Wright's book in bulk instead of paying an honorarium, and concludes, "The sales demonstrated an overall scheme to evade the outside earned income limitations," which limit a House member to thirty per cent of his salary in overall outside income but expressly exempt income from royalties. The Phelan report says that ninety-eight per cent of the books sold were sold in bulk orders. In the case of a 1986 speech by Wright to the Fertilizer Institute, the report says, the Institute wanted "to do something" for the congressman, and "it was suggested" that the Institute purchase copies of his book; it purchased two thousand and twenty-three dollars' worth of books. (The limit on each honorarium is two thousand dollars; an honorarium in exchange for a "speech" before some interest group—sometimes all a member has to do is turn up—is one of several methods of ingratiating oneself with a member of Congress.)

The stickiest, and most ambiguous, issue arises over the committee's conclusion that Mallick had "a direct interest" in legislation before Congress. The House rules forbid accepting gifts worth a hundred dollars or more from anyone (other than a relative) with such an interest. The rule defined such a person as a registered lobbyist, an officer or a director of a registered lobbyist, or any person retained by a registered lobbyist for the purpose of influencing legislation before Congress. But the committee went on to interpret the rule as being governed by an advisory opinion of the committee in 1977 (when it adopted the gift rule) which said that there are individuals and groups who aren't registered lobbyists and don't retain lobbyists, or maintain a political-action committee, "who have a very direct and substantial interest in legislation before the Congress," and said members should not accept gifts worth a hundred dollars or more "from any individual or organization that the member knows has a distinct or special interest in influencing or affecting the federal legislative process *which sets such individual or organization apart from the general public*" (emphasis added) and advised members to be "alerted to the need to exercise care . . . in accepting gifts from all sources." From this the committee drew the conclusion that because of his various business interests Mallick, "much more so than the general public, could be deemed an individual who would take a great interest in . . . federal legislation affecting the real estate development industry and oil and gas investments, including . . . the tax consequences arising therefrom." In a passage that disturbs many members, the committee went on to say, "In this regard, it is sufficient to simply observe that during the period of time of his real estate and other investments, major legislation was passed that affected, either directly or indirectly, Mr. Mallick's business activities." Wright and his defenders argue that this is an excessively broad and unprecedented interpretation of the rules. Wright further argues that Mallick never lobbied him on anything. To many other members, this interpretation of the rules suggests that the bell may be tolling for them. It raises questions about the everyday hazards of political life. A member said to me on Tuesday, "It's hard not to have your head turned by people of great wealth, and having them be cozy with you, when you're figuring out whether you can afford a new car. You don't want to be troubled with that, but the vast majority of American people are troubled with that every day of their life; we forget that. We've been asked to make the great decisions of the day but to be above the temptations that come with the job every day." The mutual affinity of the wealthy and the politically powerful offers a seduction that not all members of Congress are able to resist. The member said to me, "I have friends who are wealthy and who say, 'Let me help you.' I have to say, 'Are you kidding? We'll both end up in jail.' "



Wright took his battle to the Democratic caucus on Tuesday, giving a detailed response to the committee's charges (he offered affidavits by other

Texans saying that Betty Wright had indeed worked for Mallightco, and had explored potential investments for the firm). On Sunday, he had asked the ethics committee to let him appear before it as early as possible. (He wanted to appear on Monday afternoon, not long after the committee issued its report.) But the committee, which also has a lot at stake, refused to be rushed.

MEANWHILE, the members have been circling around, consulting each other and assessing the damage. Typically, the prevailing reaction was one of wait-and-see—see how the story plays in the press rather than make up their own minds. One key Democrat says, "I think members will wait as long as they can before making up their minds." Another member said to me on Tuesday, "The operation of Congress is completely debilitated in this process. Members come up and say, 'I did this,' and 'I did that,' and some of it's not too smart. You're not dealing with the élite intellectual society of America, and many of them are looking for ways to make money. The talk that we're going ahead with legislation as normal is nonsense. All we do is read the report and talk to others. No one wants to be on point here, because they get killed, and the squad just behind them gets killed. So everyone is saying, 'What do you hear? Where are you on this?' Everyone wants cover, and the cover is the ethics committee."

Thus, a number of Democrats cite the fact that Dixon stressed that the charges brought on Monday do not represent a final decision by the committee, which requires a higher standard of proof. Some speculate—and hope—that the committee will back down on the charges pertaining to Mrs. Wright's salary and Mallick's supposed direct interest in legislation, leaving just the book deals, which, while difficult to ignore, might not, they say, cost Wright his Speakership. Some Democrats think that Wright could survive only for this term of Congress, if at all, and should, perhaps as an implicit or explicit deal, agree to step down at the end of this year. Several are certain that even if Wright keeps the Speakership for this Congress he will be challenged for his job in the next Congress. One member said to me earlier this week, "We had about two hundred members in the caucus listening to a man explain the details of his wife's job. We're not here for that." He added, "Members reel under the details about Mallightco, but why did he do it?"

A number of Democrats felt that it was inappropriate for Wright to call the caucus meeting, with the clear intent of rallying support and of putting heat on the ethics committee. (At least four of the six Democrats on the committee stayed away.) One Democrat says, "The caucus was creating a certain blind, stampeding effect. The caucus interfered with the process." There are those on both sides of the aisle who think that Wright and his most vociferous supporters are making a mistake in attacking and even bullying the committee, or, aware that the longer the matter drags on the worse it is for Wright, trying to rush it. Today, he accused Phelan of "dragging his feet." And there are signs that the committee's back is up, and it is refusing to deviate from its regular process, which could take weeks. Wright apparently thought he could bowl the committee over with his rhetoric at an early appearance before it, but he is dismaying more people by his actions than he probably realizes. A Democrat says, of the caucus and of being forced to listen to the details of Mallightco and of Betty Wright's job, "It was unseemly."

The members are becoming increasingly concerned about the likelihood that the controversy over Wright's problems will tarnish them all. A Democrat who has been in Congress fifteen years said to me yesterday, "The theme of Jim's defense—'I was just acting like any other member of Congress'—makes people here mad or very depressed. The realization is growing that, notwithstanding what happens to Jim Wright, the whole thing is going to turn into a hunting exercise for all of the members." He went on, "I've heard more people talking about quitting in the last week, including on the part of some of the younger and brightest members, than I've heard in years. They may be just ventilating, but I haven't heard that kind of talk in years." He added, "This question will probably be resolved in our congressional districts. If the public reaction is bad, Jim Wright's goose is cooked, whether or not he technically violated the rules. If not, he'll get off."

The Republicans are in the happy position of watching the Democrats squirm. They are formally taking the

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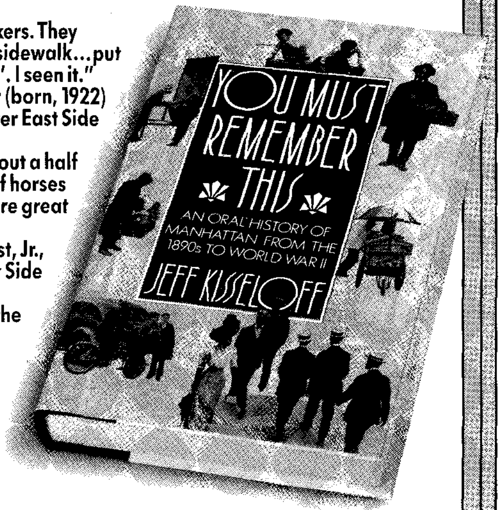

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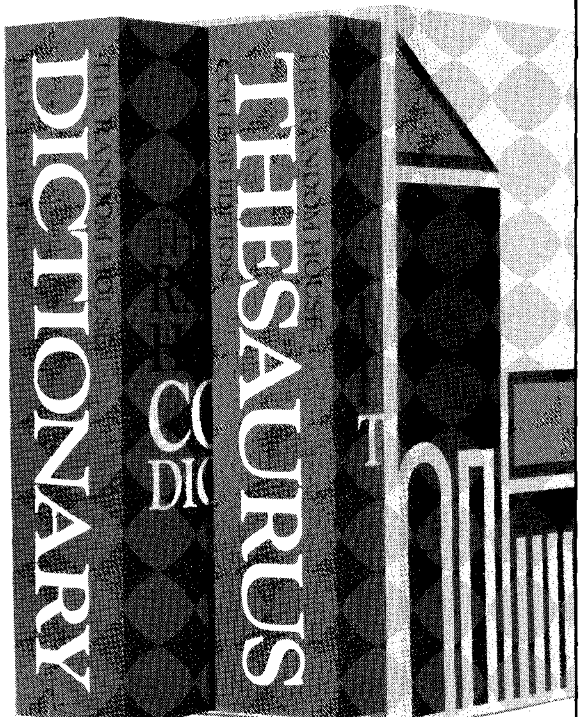
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position that it is premature to judge the outcome of the ethics committee's deliberations, and they managed to keep Gingrich quiet until today, when he said that if Wright's case comes to the House floor, Republicans would reopen the question of Wright's intervention in the savings and loan issue. A Republican close to Gingrich told me earlier in the week that some of the Republicans on the ethics committee had urged that Gingrich not comment on the case, but, he said, "that's probably asking the impossible." The Republicans were delighted that some of Wright's defenders were in effect—and sometimes outrightly—criticizing the ethics committee. This Republican said, "The dilemma for us is how we say nothing about this or help it develop without appearing to be putting the knife to the Speaker for partisan purposes." But, with Democrats criticizing the committee, he said, "we can say we defend the committee, and the process—that we're behaving judiciously and the Democrats are acting in a partisan manner. The Democrats have framed the issue in a way that gives *us* the high ground. Who'd have thought we Republicans would end up defending the committee?"

But, behind all the argument over the technicalities of the correct interpretation of the rules, a lot of members know that something deeper is wrong. The rules of the House say, "Members of Congress are expected to adhere to standards of conduct far more demanding than the bare minimum standards established by our criminal laws. In order to protect the integrity of our governmental processes, public officials must take care to avoid even the appearance of impropriety." Wright, who should have known better, and who occupies very high office, did not take such care. Wright's transgressions may be small—especially considering the extent to which the entire Congress is legally on the take through campaign contributions and honoraria—but that's irrelevant. The members, on both sides of the aisle, know that the institution itself is being tried, and could be found wanting by the public, which is already, and with good reason, sensitized to the issue of "corruption" in Congress. However it disposes of the Wright problem—and of Wright—that issue won't go away. Meanwhile, there is a country to be governed.

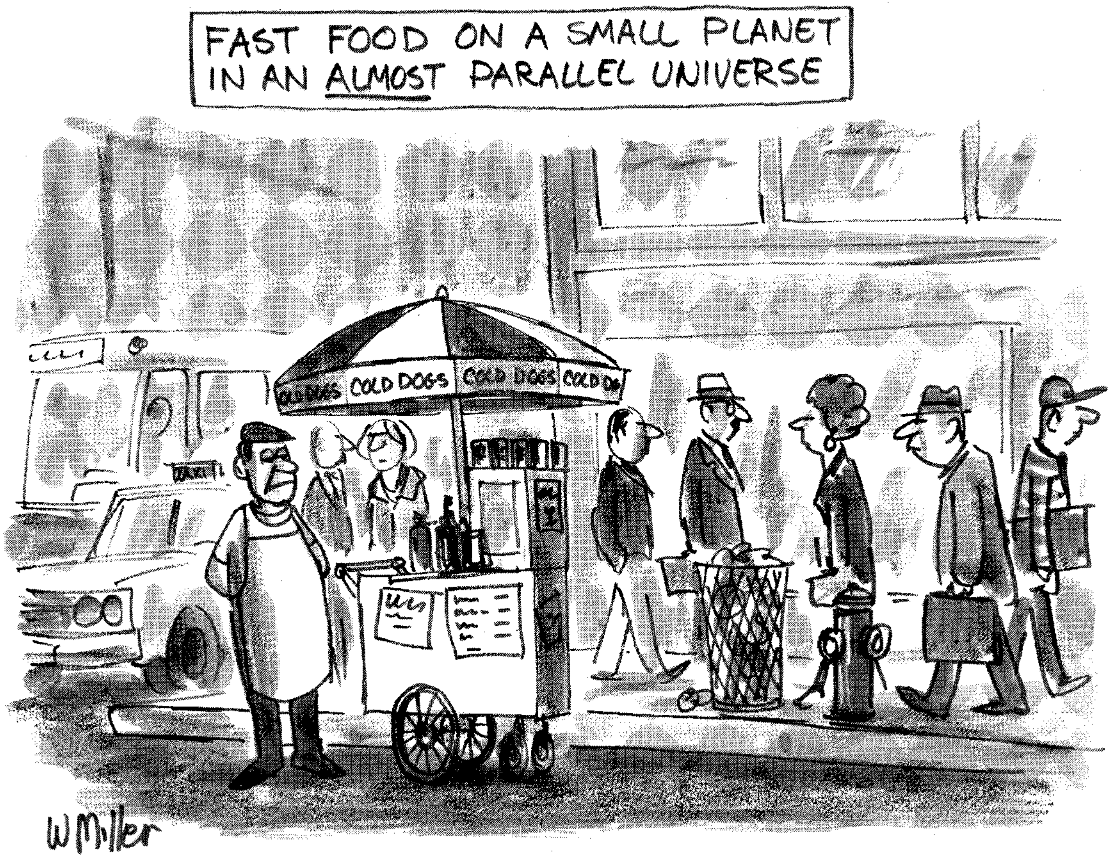
—ELIZABETH DREW

BOOKS

Nice Tries

IN a decade when the differences between the sexes are on the one hand being minimized (equal pay for equal work, males should learn to dust and cook, females are scoring better in spatial-relations tests all the time) and on the other schematized (women want relationships, men want achievements, their wavelengths are so different the signals pass right through), it takes some nerve for an author to attempt a protagonist of the opposite sex. Tolstoy did it, George Eliot did it, but that was long ago, when classics walked the earth and women and men were simpler mechanisms, as their hoopskirts and stovepipe hats signified. Yet here, right on my bedside table, two bright, brave, bay-laden novelists whose names begin with "B" have boldly barrelled into the territory beyond the gender barrier. Anita Brookner's "Latecomers" (Pantheon; $16.95) concerns the enduring friendship of two men who as solitary boys escaped to England from Germany, and Saul Bellow's "A Theft" (Penguin; $6.95, paper) seizes upon the psyche of a middle-aged, four-times-married New York fashion editor from the Christian wilds of Indiana. The first sentence of each novel defiantly stakes its claim in alien turf: "Latecomers" begins, "Hartmann, a voluptuary, lowered a spoonful of brown sugar crystals into his coffee cup, then placed a square of bitter chocolate on his tongue, and, while it was dissolving, lit his first cigarette," and "A Theft" announces, "Clara Velde, to begin with what was conspicuous about her, had short blond hair, fashionably cut, growing upon a head unusually big." We get a decided picture, and although in the end both novelists appear more solicitous and knowing in regard to characters of their own sex, the novels have nevertheless gained the liveliness of exploration, and an energized scope.

Anita Brookner, who teaches at the Courtauld Institute of Art, has published seven other novels as well as four books on such artists as Watteau, Greuze, and David. She writes thrillingly well, in lucid, balanced sentences that owe something to the scrupulous qualifications and dry moral vigilance of Henry James. She sees human beings, if one may generalize, as most active on their own behalfs, and the ruthless drive of her characters, as filtered through the rueful sensibility of one of her female observers, can shock us into laughter. She is, in the English tradition, a thoroughly social novelist, for whom there lies beyond the human spectacle nothing but death and scenery, yet she brings to the English scene an outsider's precise eye—her parents were born in Central Europe, and her characters tend to be, with the most delicate of exotic shadings, immigrants. Thomas Hartmann, our voluptuary, was sent as "a frightened boy" from Munich to London before the war, "to live with his father's sister, Marie, who had providently married an Englishman named Jessop." At a bleak boarding school in Surrey he encounters Thomas Fibich, who was even more abruptly severed from his past; Fibich has no childhood memories except of himself—very plump, though he has become a slender man—sitting in a large wing chair called "the Voltaire," and of his mother fainting in his father's arms as they see him off at a Berlin railroad station. The two war orphans, forbidden to speak German to each other at school, form a lifelong bond, "although their temperaments were diametrically opposed and they rarely thought alike on any matter." Hartmann's Aunt Marie informally adopts Fibich as well. Both young men enter the printing trade after the war and then, under Hartmann's inspiration, found a company producing "greetings cards, of a cruel and tasteless nature, which paid their way very nicely for about twenty years, until Hartmann, who did little work but was valued for his *Fingerspitzengefühl*, his flair, his sixth sense, suggested that the market in this commodity was self-limiting, and that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TAXI
W Miller

there were fortunes to be made in photocopying machines." The prospering partners find mates who reinforce their aura of orphanhood: Hartmann marries an inept secretary for the company, Yvette, whose father met a mysterious end in Occupied France, and whose mother, to escape destitution at the end of the war, married in Bordeaux the representative of an English wine shipper; and Fibich, after considerable prompting from Hartmann, takes to wife Christine Hardy, whose mother, before her early death, had been Mr. Jessop's sister, and thus created a tenuous link with Aunt Marie's household and its two young Germans called Thomas. The couples come to occupy two flats, one above the other, in Ashley Gardens; the Hartmanns are blessed with a beautiful daughter, Marianne, and, six years later, the Fibichs with a robust son, called Toto, for Thomas. If it has taken this reviewer a while to spell out these arrangements, rest assured that the book takes even longer, and that, indeed, their stately and witty spelling out composes most of the plot.

The novel spans more than fifty years, and gently moves through an atmosphere thick with inertia and melancholy. Much is told, little is shown. Not until page 85 do we begin to get runs of dialogue, though an earlier brief spurt comically dramatizes Christine's brusque abandonment by her stepmother after her father dies:

> One day Christine came home to find four suitcases in the hall, and beside them Mrs. Hardy, in a fur coat that had belonged to Christine's mother, waiting for her.
>
> "Well, Christine, I'm off," she said. "You can stay here. He left you the flat. You'll have enough to manage on for life if you're careful."
>
> "But where will you be?" asked Christine.
>
> "I'm off to Bournemouth. I'll leave you my address, although I can't promise to be in touch. I'm going into the hotel business with my brother-in-law. My first husband's brother, that is. He's on his own, like me." The light of remarriage was already kindling in her eye.

The four principals' childhoods, just sufficiently populated with adults to keep them from being wards of the state, burden them with suppressed memories and an ineradicable desolation; the London they inhabit, despite Ms. Brookner's gift for lively visual details, feels like a ghost town. The Second World War, with its millions of severances, spared their lives but left them not much ability to live, except by forced hedonism (the Hartmanns) and wan stoicism (the Fibichs). The latter's state is analyzed in a passage not untypical of the heavily expository prose:

> Both had been so deprived of childhood that in a sense they were both still waiting in the wings, unaware that, happy or unhappy, this state must be passed, that all beginnings are to a certain extent situated in limbo, and are only an introduction to the definitive actions to which they are a prologue. What, in [Fibich's] view, incapacitated both Christine and himself and constituted their inalienable but unwelcome bond, was that they had been deprived of their childhood through the involuntary absence of adults, that his own parents and Christine's mother had vanished without a trace, spirited away by a turn of events that wholly excluded their offspring, without being known, and that they had been left in the charge of strangers who, though tolerably well disposed, were uninvolved, uninterested. They had grown up, therefore, without true instruction, without the saws and homilies, the customs and idiosyncrasies, that, for children, constitute a philosophy.

"Definitive actions" are what don't forthcome, though the second half of the book abounds with aborted possibilities. Christine dreams of leaving and going to a land of sun, but doesn't. The couples talk of acquiring in common a Mediterranean retreat, and in the end don't bother. The possibility that their two children, opportunely of opposite sexes, though of inconvenient ages, might unite their lines comes to naught; the Don Juanish Toto does try a little date rape on Marianne two days before her wedding, but the bruising moment does not save her from a frumpy marriage or him from an isolated life of film stardom and self-centered celibacy. Climactically, Fibich at last dares his long-meditated return to Berlin, but nothing much happens; he pursues no search for his lost family's identity or home, and experiences no revelation until back in Heathrow Airport, where a strange woman faints. In Berlin, he remembers afterward, he felt "on the verge of a great discovery. But perhaps that was the discovery, quite simply that life brings revelations, supplies all the material we need. And if it does not supply it in the right order, then we must simply wait for more to come to light." A modest moral for a loving and expert but eerily tentative fiction. Like many excellent modern novels, "Latecomers" supplies everything but a catharsis.

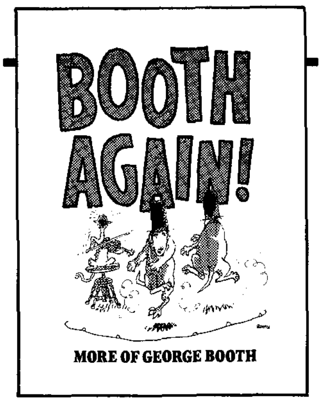
Perhaps a more intrinsic moral is, as Fibich perceives during his five aimless days in Berlin, that "nobody grows up. Everyone carries around all the selves that they have ever been, intact." Ms. Brookner sensitively measures out emotional deprivation and traces its results in subtle bereavements and disappointments. She, as author, seems to set herself to give the characters the love they cannot give each other. The two male heroes are coddled to the point of remaining rather milky; their fussy self-regard and essential passivity begin to exasperate us, and we feel less spark between them than we would like to. They would seem to be Jewish, but this is never stated, or used to illuminate their melancholy and grateful wonder at being alive. It is the women who really brighten the author's eye and pen: flashy and chattery and yet frigid Yvette; "shadowy" yet deeply feeling Christine; Hartmann's too perfect mistress, Elizabeth, through whose ministrations both parties come "into contact with their lesser selves"; Aunt Marie, with her Germanic tweed cape and "pheasant feathers in the band of her brown felt hat"; Yvette's aged mother, with "that hardy appearance of French women past the age of pleasure, still flushed, thin-lipped, the head held high, dour, unsmiling"; and even a passing monster like Rita Hardy on her way to Bournemouth, or Fibich's psychoanalyst, "Mrs. Gebhardt, with her transfixing but fallacious maternal aura and the kindly smile built on a foundation of indifference." The heroine of Anita Brookner's "Hotel du Lac," a writer of romances, at one point thinks, "I have been too harsh on women . . . because I understand them better than I understand men. I know their watchfulness, their patience, their need to advertise themselves as successful." The world of the novel is usually a world of relationships, and in this world women do star. Ms. Brookner's female characters glow through the crepuscular light of her wry understanding, and fill the pages of "Latecomers" with a mood of helpless caring.

SAUL BELLOW's "A Theft" also bestows more love than the recipients seem to earn. A novella of scarcely a hundred pages, it is a curious work in several respects, not least the manner of its publication—in quality paperback, forgoing the hardcover profits that even a minor offering by our preëminent fiction writer would blamelessly generate. Bellow, at this point in his career, has sat atop the American literary heap longer than anyone else since William Dean Howells; it has been over thirty-five years since the publication of "The Adventures of Augie March" established him as our most exuberant and melodious postwar novelist, and as the most viable combination of redskin and paleface in our specialized, academized postwar era. Street-smart and book-smart with an equal intensity, he has displayed, in a salty, rapid, and amazingly expressive idiom, heroes grappling with and being thrown by the great ideas of Western man. Until "A Theft," he had not presented a woman as an autonomous seeker rather than as a paradise sought; his women have tended to be powerfully tangible and distressingly audible apparitions warping his heroes' already cluttered intellectual horizons. This venture into the female soul has made both the redskin and the paleface jumpy, the idiom becoming gruff and the great ideas sinking into a peculiar form of celebrity-consciousness.

For gruffness, take these sentences from the opening page, introducing Clara Velde: "So there she was, a rawboned American woman. She had very good legs—who knows what you would have seen if pioneer women had worn shorter skirts. She bought her clothes in the best shops and was knowledgeable about cosmetics; nevertheless the backcountry look never left her." Got that backcountry look? I'm not sure I did, nor did the hurried case history at the end of the paragraph fill my mental dossier: "A disappointing love affair in Cambridge led to a suicide attempt. The family decided not to bring her back to Indiana. When she threatened to swallow more sleeping pills they allowed her to attend Columbia University, and she lived in New York under close supervision—the regimen organized by her parents. She, however, found ways to do exactly as she pleased. She feared hellfire but she did it just the same." She has had, we are told, quite a life—four husbands and three daughters by the age of forty, and a meteoric career in journalism that has left her high and rich: "In the boardroom she was referred to by some as 'a good corporate person,' by others as 'the czarina of fashion writing.' " Who is confiding all this, with such aggressive breathlessness? A curious tone has been adopted, a gossipy tone, as if fictional characters were a subdivision of the rich and famous. These certainly keep fast company—for instance, Clara's third husband, Spontini, "Spontini the oil tycoon, a close friend of the billionaire leftist and terrorist Giangiacomo F., who blew himself up in the seventies." F. for Feltrinelli, in case you missed the news that day.

The celebrity parade doesn't begin to roll, however, until we meet Clara's true love, who bears the name, fit for an angel, of Ithiel Regler. "Ithiel Regler stood much higher with Clara than any of the husbands. 'On a scale of ten,' she liked to say to Laura, 'he *was* ten.' " He never got around to marrying her, we presume, partly because there's nothing, as the Princess of Cleves perceived long ago, like marriage to spoil a perfect love, and partly because he was too busy chasing around in his curious profession of free-lance big shot, "a wunderkind in nuclear strategy," based in Washington but treasured and telegenic wherever he goes. "People of great power set a high value on his smarts. Well, you only had to look at the size and the evenness of his dark eyes." For all his "classic level look," Ithiel is, like Bellow heroes before him, subject to "brainstorms" and fitful explosions of geopolitical opinion. He jets about sharing his wisdom with Henry Kissinger, Anatoly Dobrynin, the late Shah of Iran, "Betancourt in Venezuela," and "Mr. Leakey in the Olduvai Gorge." To Clara, at least, there appears no limit to Ithiel's abilities. She reflects, while doting upon him in a Washington restaurant:

> Why, Ithiel could be the Gibbon or the Tacitus of the American Empire. . . . If he wanted, he could do with Nixon, Johnson, Kennedy or Kissinger, with the Shah or de



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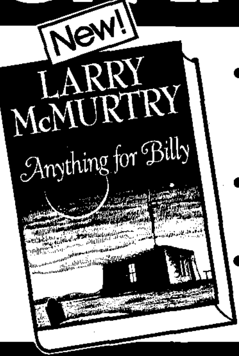

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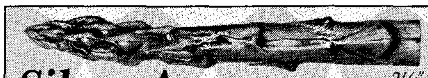

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> Gaulle, what Keynes had done with the Allies at Versailles. World figures had found Ithiel worth their while. Sometimes he let slip a comment or a judgment: "Neither the Russians nor the Americans can manage the world. Not capable of organizing the future." When she came into her own, Clara thought, she'd set up a fund for him so he could write his views.

If Ithiel's brilliance fails to flash out in the judgment above, and Clara's adoration boggles belief, we are persuaded beyond doubt that Bellow's fascination with the seriocomic world of international power has not abandoned him in the years since he wrote "Herzog."

Plot: The alleged countrywoman once upon a time induced the alleged wunderkind, at the height of their romance, to buy her an engagement ring, an emerald "conspicuously clear, color perfect, top of its class." The engagement founders, but the sentimentally priceless ring remains in her care, is stolen once, recovered (though she doesn't give the insurance money back), and then stolen again—by, Clara thinks, the sexy, slinky Haitian boyfriend of her solidly bourgeois but not unsexy au pair from Vienna, Gina Wegman, for whom she has strong motherly feelings. This is Bellow's first fictional visit since "Mr. Sammler's Planet" to New York City, which "A Theft" calls "Gogmagogsville"; it is bracing to share his updated view of how the decline of the West is locally proceeding. Clara surprises a party Gina is giving for her new friends: "The room was more like a car of the West Side subway. Lots of muscle on the boys, as if they did aerobics." But Gottschalk, the "minimal sleaze" private detective whom Clara hires, sums up the Haitian boyfriend as "Casual criminal. Not enough muscle for street crime." He does do one plainly wicked thing, though: while petting on the sofa with Gina, he puts his combat boots up on Clara's silk pillows.

The simple story is told in a purposefully dishevelled way, much of it by means of Clara's confidences to an ill-defined Manhattan neighbor, Laura Wang. We are often reminded of Ithiel's rather abstract wonderfulness and of Clara's loyalty, which she shares with her creator, to a theological perspective but learn almost nothing about Wilder, her present husband and the father of her three girls, or about her job, which seems all glamour and no performance. The book is jumpy and skimpy, and feels like a set of signals to someone offstage. The clearest thing about Clara is her sparkling view of Ithiel; the murkiest, her maternal feeling toward Gina.

For all this, "A Theft" holds a gallant intention and a great gift. Who but Bellow can swoop in with a coinage like "Clara found Ithiel in a state of sick dignity" or unashamedly physicalize an emotion in such a trope as "She felt as if the life had been vacuumed out of her"? A Biblical spirit is in him, giving vitality a severe grandeur:

> Gina was shaken. Both women trembled. After all, thought Clara, a human being can be sketched in three or four lines, but then when the sockets are empty, no amount of ingenuity can refill them. Not her brown, not my blue.

The brain fever that races through a Bellow narrative can always catch fire into poetry, a poetry present in the otherworldly names he bestows—Odo Fenger, Etta Wolfenstein, Wilder Velde, Bobby Steinsalz. Marginal characters can suddenly flare into an arresting vividness: Clara, visiting her psychiatrist, Dr. Gladstone, notes his "samurai beard, the bared teeth it framed, the big fashionable specs," and while visiting Ithiel's lawyer, Steinsalz, she "could not help but look at the lawyer's lap, where because he was obese his sex organ was outlined by the pressure of his fat." The pressure of an overflowing sense of life keeps Bellow adding touches to his central characters, too—filling them in, or refreshing old touches. In a taxi to her last conversation in the narrative, Clara leans "her long neck backward to relieve it of the weight of her head and control the wildness of her mind." Her big head weighs on her; we are still learning about her, she is still being created, she is unfinished, in process, and perhaps that is the point. "Won't the dynamic ever let you go?" she asks herself. Evidently not, if her lover is to be believed when he tells her, "Well, people have to be done with disorder, finally, and by the time they're done they're also finished." —JOHN UPDIKE

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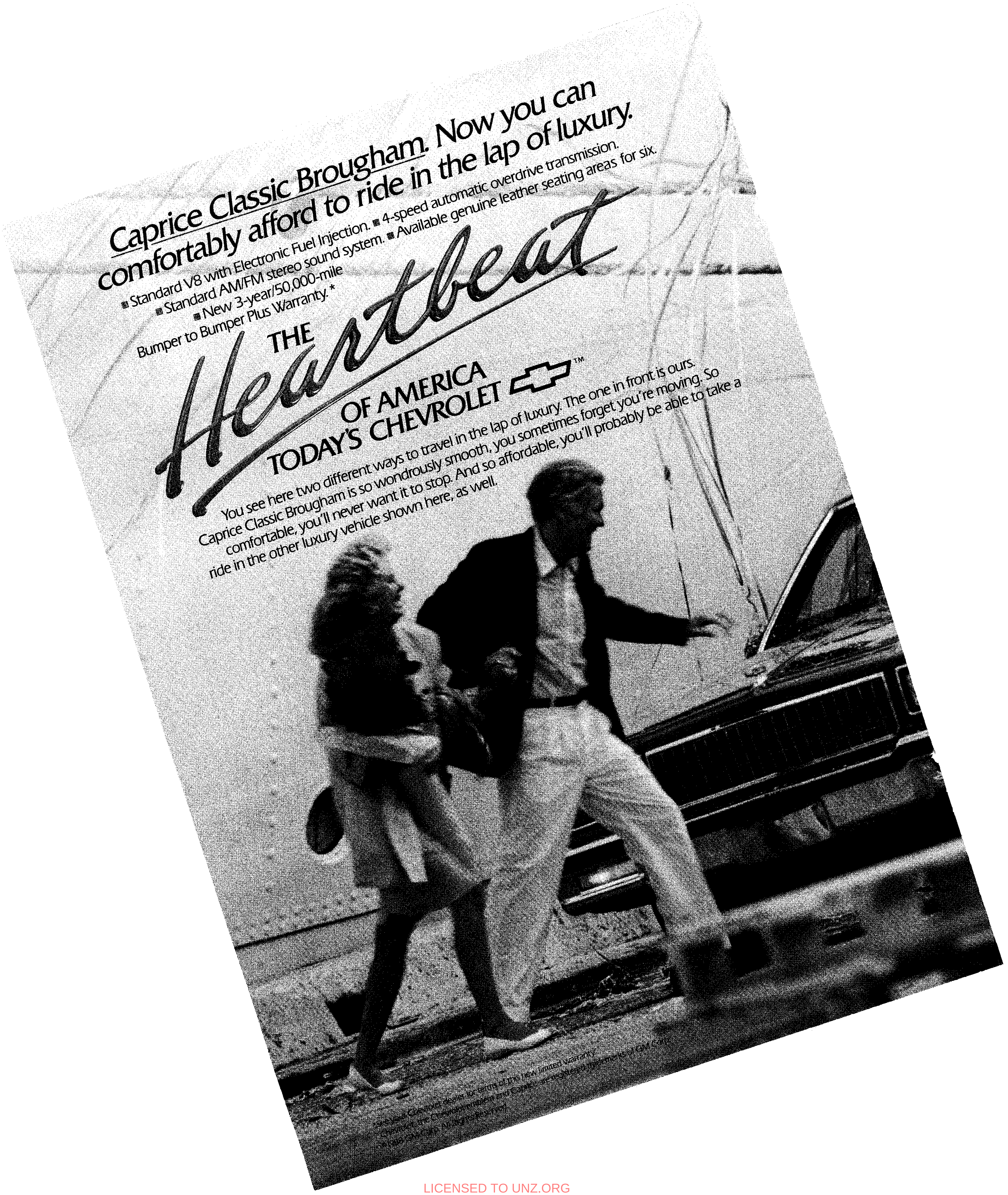

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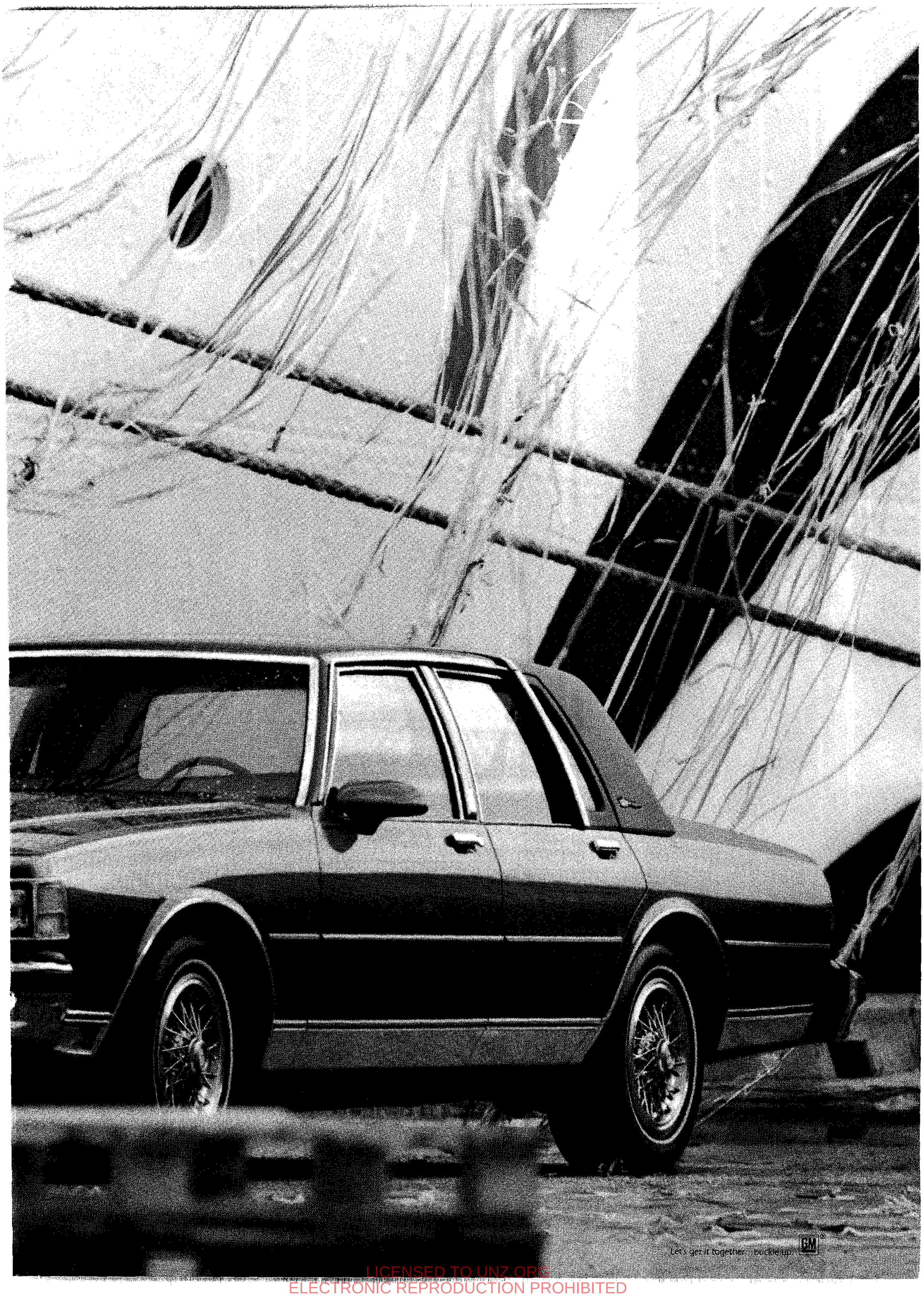
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